

One Step at a Time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34467775) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34467775>.

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| Rating: | Teen And Up Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Gen |
| Fandoms: | Dream SMP-Fandom , Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF |
| Relationships: | Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Wilbur Soot & TommyInnit , Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & Phil Watson , Tubbo & Technoblade , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) |
| Characters: | Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade |
| Additional Tags: | Fluff , sibling hijinks , Tags to be added , not chronological , Sickfic , Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Hiding Injuries , Don't worry though Wilbur and Techno won't have that , Swords , Background Angst in Chapter 4 , Chapter 3 is a Sickfic |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 5 of Stepping Stones |
| Collections: | Found family to make me feel something |
| Stats: | Published: 2022-03-17 Updated: 2025-03-19 Words: 58,504 Chapters: 45/? |

One Step at a Time

by [AdrianaintheSnow](#)

Summary

This is a one-shot book for stories that take place between the last proper chapter of One More Step Out of the Pit and the epilogue. It's the first 6 months of Tubbo and Tommy living with a group of supervillains.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Timeline Guide

Chapter Notes

The chapters in this fic are posted all out of chronological order, so I decided to stick a chapter here to give you a rough timeline for each of them. I will update this as I post new chapters. Everything in this fic takes place between the main events of One More Step Out of the Pit (early October) and the epilogue of One More Step Out of the Pit (mid April of the next year).

October

One More Step Out of the Pit

Chapter 38: 2am Coffee Time

Chapter 24: Birthday Negotiations

Chapter 7: Lack of Blue

Chapter 12: Linda Restoration (beginning)

November

Chapter 40: The Fire Burns Bright

Chapter 28: Crime Lessons: Part 1 (Fuck this Politician in Particular)

Chapter 33: Crime Lessons: Part 2 (Coffee Break)

Chapter 34: Crime Lessons: Part 3 (Crime Occurs)

Chapter 35: Crime Lessons: Part 4 (Consequences)

Chapter 10: The First Nightmare

Chapter 18: Raccoon Facts (Techno Scene)

Chapter 3: Sick Day & Chapter 4: The Duality of Wilbur and All of the Reasons Technoblade Despises Him

Chapter 11: Pink and Blue

Chapter 29: The Death of TommyInnit

Chapter 30: Brownie Bonding

December

Chapter 6: Phil's Reaction Time "Training"

Chapter 15: Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Two: Phil's Revenge (Part 1)

Chapter 16: Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Two: Phil's Revenge (Part 2)

Chapter 20: Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Three: Family Photo

Chapter 23: Training Arc (But What Are We Learning?) (Part 1)

January

Chapter 41: A Headache Song

Chapter 21: Late Night Guitar Session

Chapter 9: Powerless

Chapter 14: Pillow Fort (Part 1)

Chapter 19: Pillow Fort (Part 2)

Chapter 25: Pillow Fort (Part 3)

Chapter 27: Pillow Fort (Part 4)

Chapter 22: Remote Control

Chapter 12: Linda Restoration (ending)

February

Chapter 13: Twisted Training Strategies

Chapter 44: Fits the Crime

Chapter 18: Raccoon Facts (Wilbur's Scene)

Every Path Has It's Puddle

Chapter 32: 3am Milkshakes

March

Chapter 36: The Curator

Chapter 26: Ghostbur+

Chapter 2: Shampoo Drama

Chapter 5: A Day of Training

Chapter 17: Skinned Knees

Chapter 42: Spring Morning; Hashbrown Breakfast

April

Chapter 31: Cape Caper

Chapter 8: A Disaster in 3 Acts

Chapter 18: Raccoon Facts (Phil's Scene)

Chapter 39: Swimming Lessons

Chapter 45: (Pumpkin) Seeds of Learning

Chapter 37: Henry III

Chapter 43: Nighttime "Walks"

One More Step Out of the Pit Epilogue

Shampoo Drama

Chapter Summary

It's a normal morning in the SBI's household. AKA Tommy and Wilbur are screaming and chasing each other.

Chapter Notes

I am sorry to all only children reading this. This is very sibling.

This is probably nearing the end of the 6 months. Probably less than a month before the epilogue.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a shrill shriek and a bang from down the hallway followed by the sound of running. It said a lot about both how much progress they'd made gaining Tubbo's trust and how often events like this occurred that instead of looking at all worried, Tubbo just closed his eyes and sighed with a mumbled, "here we go again." He was curled up in one of the living room armchairs and had tugged his hood up over his head, still not quite awake enough for the tornado coming down the hallway.

Half a second later, a red and white blur leapt over the entire couch lengthwise with just enough height to not kick Phil or Techno in the face, on a direct path towards the front door. He was out of it within milliseconds.

A few seconds later, Wilbur barreled much less lithely into the living room, having to round the couch normally.

"Coats," Phil reminded him before he shoved open the door himself.

"He can freeze!" Wilbur snapped, pausing for half a second to grab the two nearest coats from the hook.

"That was my coat," Technoblade sighed as the door snapped shut behind him.

There was screaming going on outside. "I wonder what happened this time," Phil said. He was sure he'd learn one way or another eventually.

"Something stupid," Tubbo offered.

There was more screaming. Some of it had a hint of Wilbur's superpower to it, but nothing that sounded like it could do any harm.

"God, they just like to hear themselves make noise, don't they?" Tubbo asked. "It's like they're each other's own personal echo chamber."

It was true that Wilbur and Tommy had a tendency to work each other up. They seemed to have fun with it though somehow and there never was any bad blood between them because of it. They were just both very dramatic and expressive people, and that self-expression was often screaming: Wilbur because of his powers and Tommy because... Tommy liked to scream.

There were a few minutes of relative peace. They could still hear noises from outside every so often, but it was mostly distant until it eventually drew closer again a while later. Tommy was already tearing off Technoblade's coat by the time he was fully in the room. He launched it straight at its rightful owner and shot over to the side of the room nearest Tubbo's bathroom. There he paused and waited.

It took a good 15 seconds for the door to open once more. Now, Wilbur was not unfit by any means. Certainly, he depended more on his voice than physical attacks while fighting, but he still trained with Techno on a regular basis. Yet, he was huffing and puffing like he'd never moved faster than 3 miles per hour before today and had pneumonia.

"Holy. Shit." He sunk to his knees in the entrance to the living room. "I'd forgotten for a moment that he was the Red Glider," Wilbur said, "and now I'm going to die." He flopped over straight onto his side with his eyes closed.

"Wilbur," Phil sighed.

"Dead, Phil," he replied, his lips the only part of him that moved.

Tommy watched him skeptically for a few moments before inching closer. When he didn't move to jump up and chase Tommy again, he moved to stand only a couple of feet away. "Get up, you dumbass," Tommy said, prodding him lightly with his foot. "You're weak and old."

Wilbur did not respond.

Tommy edged closer to him and bent down a bit to get a better look at his face. "You good?" he asked, sounding just a touch genuinely concerned. "Wil-AH!"

"I got you, you little fucker."

"Get off of me, you're fucking cold!" Tommy said, laughter bubbling forth at being caught. Wilbur had astral projected behind him, a bit more solid than he usually was in that form with his waking mind aware and his body nearby. He'd snatched Tommy while he was distracted with one arm around his middle and the other trying to pin his arm to his side as the boy immediately started to wiggle.

"Give it back!" said Wilbur.

"No!"

There was a pause and then Tommy shrieked like a fox that had just gotten its leg caught in a bear trap. Phil would be worried if he couldn't clearly see that all Wilbur had done was put an unnaturally cold hand on his neck. Still, he crumbled dramatically to his knees similar to how Wilbur had done only moments before. Wilbur shoved him all the way down to pin him with a knee on his back.

"Give."

"I will not give it up even under pain of torture."

"That can be arranged, you *fuck*."

Tommy writhed on the floor. "I will bite you," he threatened with a growl that sounded like it was from a wild animal that would, indeed, bite.

"Oh, yeah?" Wilbur taunted. "Go ahead. See how that works. I hope you bite your own tongue."

"Get back in your body and fight me like a man," Tommy challenged.

"Can't. It wouldn't be fair, because I'm fighting a toddler."

"I'll show you a toddler."

"You already do every day."

"Phil, he's bullying me!"

Phil raised an eyebrow at being drawn into this mess. "Well," Phil said, diplomatically. "You did steal his shit." Phil tilted his head. "What did he steal?"

"He hid my shampoo!"

"This is about shampoo?" Phil asked. "Wilbur, there is so much shampoo in this house."

"It's special shampoo and Tommy knows it."

"Oh, yeah, Wilbur's Monday Morning Mint Shampoo, meh, meh, meh. Just use the normal shit, you prick."

"I would rather die again than use your Axe Shampoo, Tommy."

"Then perish."

Wilbur's eyes narrowed, and he put his hands back on Tommy's neck.

Tommy screamed and shoved at him. "You're going to lose your corporality eventually even while awake and when you do, I will beat your actual body up!"

"I'd like to see you try."

"Yeah, well-"

"Your shampoo's in my bathroom," Technoblade interrupted, his voice nonchalant.

"Traitor!" Tommy gasped, immediately.

"You *helped* him?!"

"Suffer," he said, and Phil couldn't tell which one he was speaking to. Probably both.

Wilbur's astral projection disappeared, releasing Tommy, and his actual body turned onto its back. He shoved himself to his feet. "I'll be back for you," he promised, pointing at the boy still on the floor.

Tommy just raised his head and stuck his tongue out, not moving from his spot on the floor. Apparently, he'd worn himself out too. Wilbur stalked off into Techno's bedroom to grab his shampoo.

“Anyway,” Tubbo said, peaking his head out of his hoodie pile. “Are we going to have breakfast soon?”

“I’ll make some eggs and toast,” Phil said.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy is fast and with 5+ months of healthy living under his belt. Wilbur is not catching him except through trickery. You would think he knows this by now.

Sick Day

Chapter Summary

Wilbur is sick and Tommy is worried.

Chapter Notes

This ones probably only about a month or so into Tommy's stay with them.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You know,” Wilbur mused, his eyes still closed. He’d been trying to fall asleep to no avail. His body just hated him in all ways today even though he’d done all it had asked. That is, he’d laid around watching the entire first season of *The Nanny* (since Tommy needed to be *educated*). “Technoblade has been telling me for years how creepy that is, but I never quite got it until now.” He peeked open one eye to take in the figure sitting on the edge of his bed. Tommy was turned to face him, watching him intently as though he expected Wilbur to stop breathing at any moment. That one was probably half Wilbur’s fault since he’d been putting on a show of acting like he was going to die a few hours before. He’d forgotten in his dramatic misery that they had new people in the house that may not understand the difference between an actually seriously ill or wounded Wilbur and a miserable Wilbur who had decided to make that everyone else’s problem.

He was still miserable now, but it was hard to be cranky when Tommy was being so vigilant in his mollycoddling. He’d kept him company all day, not even getting up to go to the bathroom unless Phil or Techno was with him. How could Wilbur act like a raging bastard in the face of that?

“Do you need anything?” Tommy asked now.

“No,” Wilbur said. He’d already taken plenty of pain killers and there was a warm thermos full of tea at his bedside along with an entire box of baby crackers. Dad would check back frequently to make sure he was fully stocked in both, and he’d brought Wilbur a ham sandwich on his last check in. The empty plate was still on the dresser. “I’m fine, Tommy, really,” he said softly. “It’s just a cold.”

He frowned and Wilbur wanted to laugh. Oh, he was silly, not that Wilbur didn’t appreciate it. He was sure Phil and Techno appreciated it too. Usually, Wilbur would insist one of them sit with him constantly when he was sick. Sore throats always made him feel vulnerable since his powers came from his voice and feeling poorly made him clingier. Today though, there was no need to cling because Tommy had refused to leave his side, leaving Techno and Phil to come and go as they pleased to check on him uninhibited. He was sure Technoblade was chuffed at not being trapped in this room by puppy dog eyes or Wilbur pretending to fall asleep on him.

Though, they did both learn rather quickly that they needed to announce themselves before coming in because just opening the door would make Tommy bristle defensively until he realized it was just them.

He was *protecting* Wilbur in his vulnerable state like the two of them weren't safely in a house in the middle of nowhere that no one knew about with Philza and The Blade in the living room. It was sweet. It was probably born out of trauma. He'd probably held vigil over Tubbo before because they had been truly unsafe wherever they were with one of them down. It hurt to think about. Still, it made Wilbur feel too soft to be an asshole like he usually was when he had the sniffles.

"At least come over here, if you're just going to stare," he said, patting the bed next to him.

To Wilbur's surprise, he didn't even put up a token resistance, standing up to move over to where Wilbur had indicated and sitting.

"You can lay down," Wilbur said, reaching up to poke at his shoulder. He stared down at Wilbur for a second and then slowly lowered himself down onto the comforter, turning so he was facing Wilbur.

"Do you...?" he started to ask, eyes not quite looking at Wilbur. "I mean when I... but Tubbo, and..."

"What?" Wilbur asked.

"Uh," he said, and a hand reached out to pat Wilbur's shoulder a couple of times like he was consoling him about his dead fish. The hand awkwardly stayed there when it was done. "Is that okay?"

"Touching my... shoulder?" Wilbur asked.

Tommy nodded.

"Tommy," he said. "We hug all the time."

"Yeah, but," he said. "Tubbo's not a fan of being touched when he's sick. I didn't want to crowd you."

"Well, I'm the opposite actually," Wilbur said. "In fact, Techno complains about how much physical affection I demand when sick."

Tommy scooted closer at the confirmation that Wilbur was okay with the contact, and after a second of hesitation, wrapped his arms around Wilbur loosely. "I like hugs when I'm sick," he confessed.

"I'll keep that in mind," Wilbur said, a hand coming to settle on his back. "...Hopefully you don't get sick from this."

"I don't get sick," he claimed. "Germs are scared of me."

"You," Wilbur said, a smile growing on his face, "literally just told me what you're like when you're sick."

"No, I didn't," Tommy claimed. "Shut up."

"Did so," Wilbur said, laughing softly.

"Shut up or I'll stab you," Tommy grumbled, moving to hide his face in Wilbur's chest. "...When you're better."

"Oh, well, I'd better be quiet then," Wilbur teased.

Tommy blatantly ignored the mocking. "You better," he agreed.

Wilbur hummed, his chin settling on top of Tommy's head. His head ached something awful and his throat was scratchy, but he was also getting baby brother cuddles without the boy's customary bitching about it to keep up pretenses. Wilbur squeezed him softly and closed his eyes. He rubbed small circles on his back and Tommy's fingers gripped at his nightshirt in return.

There was a knock on the door a few minutes later. "Just me," Phil's voice announced before opening it. Tommy didn't even twitch, staying pressed against Wilbur. Phil was carrying a thermometer, a bottle of pills, and a cup of fresh water. He eyed the two of them with something soft in his eyes. "Did you claim another victim?" he asked Wilbur.

"I'll have you know, he hugged me," Wilbur sniffed, hugging him closer.

"Tommy makes for a very good nurse for you." Phil said it like a joke, but it was also just true. Wilbur hadn't been this content while ill ever. He was pretty sure Phil and Techno had never been this content when he'd been ill either.

"I just sat here," Tommy said, pulling away a bit to look up at Phil, "and then laid here."

"Yes," Phil said, "but that's what Will needs most when he's sick." He patted Tommy's hair.

"I could also do with some of that DayQuil," Wilbur said.

"I'm thinking the NyQuil actually at this point," Phil said. "You need to get some rest."

"If you want to deal with Ghostbur on NyQuil, be my guest," Wilbur said, moving to half sit up and reach for the pills.

"Is Ghostbur different when on NyQuil?" Tommy asked.

"Ghostbur, predictably, is a touchy drunk," Phil explained, as he handed over the pills and the water.

"Is that different than usual?" Tommy asked.

"You'll see in about an hour," Wilbur said after swallowing the pills. He put his arm back around Tommy once he was done, settling back down. "Want to start the second season of The Nanny while we wait for me to fall asleep?" he asked.

Tommy nodded and reached for his phone since Wilbur's was still charging from their last binge.

"Wanna join?" Wilbur asked Phil.

"Sure," Phil agreed. He checked quickly to make sure Wilbur still had enough tea even though he wouldn't be drinking it soon and then rounded the bed to sit near Wilbur's head on the side opposite Tommy. Tommy shifted onto his back to hold the phone so they all could see the screen and started the episode once he'd settled. Wilbur closed his eyes instead of actually watching the episode, content to rest. Dad's hand started gently stroking through his hair after a few moments and it didn't stop until Ghostbur appeared an episode and a half later.

Meanwhile, Technoblade was told Phil was going to give Wilbur NyQuil, so he has grabbed Tubbo and the not as touchy squad is hiding from what is to come. But they cannot escape.

The Duality of Wilbur and All of the Reasons Technoblade Despises Him

Chapter Summary

Tubbo's day when Wilbur is sick.

Chapter Notes

You all saw NyQuil Ghostbur and demanded that be put to paper. My mind went brr.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo knew instantly that something was wrong when Wilbur stumbled into the kitchen in the morning. Tubbo and Technoblade were already sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee while Phil scrubbed at a pan that had been left to soak overnight. Wilbur immediately went careening into Phil, bending his neck so his forehead hit the older man's shoulder.

"Dad," he said in a whinny whisper.

"Wilbur, what's wrong?" Phil asked, abandoning the pot, and wiping his hand off quickly on a nearby towel.

"Dad," he said again. "Daddy, I don't feel good."

Tubbo felt a spike of worry at that, because Wilbur rarely even called Phil 'Dad.'

Phil put a hand on Wilbur's forehead. "You are warm," he said. "What hurts?"

"Throat," he said, and the word cracked in the middle to prove his point, "and head. I'm a bit nauseous."

"Congested?"

"Yeah."

"Tech, can you get him something to take down the fever and help with the congestion?"

"Yeah, I got it," Technoblade said, standing up.

"How bad is it?" Phil asked.

"I'm dying, Dad," Wilbur said. To Tubbo's surprise, Phil's reaction to that was not more worry, but pursed lips. Wilbur slipped down onto his knees and Phil didn't even bother to try to catch him. He didn't land that hard anyway.

“You are not dying, Wilbur. Don’t say that,” Phil said, exasperated.

“I am in abject misery,” Wilbur said as he crumpled to lay on his side on the floor. “Donate my body to science.”

“Get off of the floor, Wilbur.”

Wilbur glared up at him, squinted because of the light on the ceiling above him. “I know only pain and suffering.”

Footsteps were heard in the hall, as Technoblade returned. His eyes found Wilbur on the floor. “I see the idiot’s fine,” he said, dryly, handing the box of medicine to Phil.

Wilbur flipped him off. “Fuck you.” His voice sounded worse when he wasn’t doing his whisper whine thing. “I’m dying.”

“Whose dying?” Tommy asked from the hallway. He walked into the kitchen and his eyes narrowed in on Wilbur, curled up on the floor. “Are you okay?” he asked, worried.

“He’s got a bit of a cold,” Phil said. “He’ll be fine.”

“He doesn’t look fine,” Tommy protested with a frown. “Did you fall?”

Wilbur looked up at him, seeming a bit surprised by the genuine concern. “No. I’m okay actually Tommy,” he said. “I’m just being dramatic.”

“You’re on the floor,” Tommy said, stressed.

“I know,” he said, pushing himself up into a sitting position. “Here, I’ll go back to bed now, how about that?” He got to his feet and didn’t even seem dizzy, but Tommy did not appear soothed.

“Take the fever reducer,” Phil said, “and then lay down. I’ll bring you some tea.”

Wilbur nodded and reached for a glass of water and a couple of pills. Then, he turned to go back to his bedroom, both Tommy and Technoblade shadowing him to get him settled in his room.

To Tubbo’s surprise, Technoblade was the one to come back to the kitchen a few minutes later. Tommy stayed with Wilbur. Even when Phil went in with the tea and other supplies, Tommy stayed, and Phil let him.

It wasn’t odd to Tubbo for someone to be sticking near Wilbur or that Tommy wanted to do so, but he was surprised it was allowed.

When one of yours was sick, you closed ranks tightly. Everyone in The Pit knew that. Even when Tubbo had still been small with his own father and they’d been marginally safe, Tubbo being sick would mean he’d be locked away. His dad would spend most of the time hovering over him except when he had to leave to get food or things Tubbo needed. Tubbo’s own grandmother was never allowed near him during those times.

So, it was strange that Technoblade and Phil were okay with Tommy being there. They shouldn’t, really. If Tommy had been the one who’d gotten sick, Tubbo would have not let them anywhere near him. And...the thing was they didn’t just let Tommy near him, they were allowing him to take the roll of protector. Wilbur was vulnerable, and everyone could see it. More than just being ill, his voice was

shot. The higher registers he usually used to attack or defend on the battlefield were unreachable to him, meaning he was weak.

They should not let a threat near him. Even if they didn't register Tommy as a threat, they should then leave someone they saw as more powerful to protect him. They didn't though. They allowed Tommy to slip into that role when he stepped forward. They both saw him as capable enough to defend, but not as someone who might attack. It was the most convincing evidence Tubbo had seen that they truly saw Tommy as one of theirs, because it couldn't be a lie. The room, the clothes, the food, the safety. Those could be an act. Tommy sitting at Wilbur's sickbed could not be.

Tommy had to know it too. He'd always taken to protecting Tubbo with a seriousness he gave to little else. He understood the rules better than Tubbo did himself having grown up on the streets with no one.

Tubbo wasn't sure of his own place here though, so he kept away from the room for the most part, not even daring to walk by it to get to the living room. So, he stayed mostly in his bedroom. Luckily the kitchen was between Wilbur's bedroom and Tubbo's, so he was able to dip in there for a glass of water every so often. He did have to pee though after a few hours. He wondered if it would be better to use Wilbur's bathroom quickly without them knowing or to pass the bedroom to get to Tubbo's bathroom off the living room.

He was in the kitchen getting another cup of water and contemplating if he should just go outside through the garage and pee in the woods, when Phil walked in. Tubbo tensed, unsure of his welcome in this part of the house right now, but Phil smiled at him.

"Hey, Tubbo," he said.

"Hi," he said. Usually, he'd leave it at that when it came to Phil, but today he was curious. "How's Wilbur doing?" he hedged.

"He's fine," Phil said. He smiled slightly. "Tommy's doing good sitting with him. I'm on tea duty."

Tubbo nodded. "That's good." He bit his lip. "Can, I, uh, do anything?" he asked.

"Actually, if you wouldn't mind, could you go see if there are any not red cough drops in your bathroom? I can already tell Will's getting pissy about the lack of variety, and I'd rather head that off. They'd be under the sink. Maybe take them to him on your way back if you find any?"

"Oh, sure," Tubbo agreed, surprised that Phil was not only giving him permission to go near Wilbur's bedroom, but inside of it. He and Phil did not exactly get along. "I'll go do that while you make tea."

He left the kitchen and wandered down the hallway. He paused when he hit the living room and saw Technoblade sitting on the couch.

"Phil said to get Wilbur some cough drops," he said when Technoblade glanced at him.

Techno just nodded. "He likes the blue ones the best," he told him.

"Okay," Tubbo said, quickly passing by the man to get to his bathroom. He breathed a sigh of relief when he closed the door. He took a moment to actually use the bathroom before opening the cabinet under the sink. There were four whole different types of cough drops stored away there; Tubbo shook his head at them. Rich people. One of the bags was cherry flavored, so he left that, but he snagged the bag of blue metho flavored and yellow lemon and honey flavored. He hesitated at the one that was red

striped and said it was strawberry smoothy flavored, but figured it was probably okay since it wasn't the same flavor as the red, red ones, so grabbed that one too.

He snuck back out of the door, and Technoblade gave him nothing but a cursory glance, so he thought it was fine to approach Wilbur's bedroom door.

"Hey," he called before knocking twice on the door. "It's Tubbo, can I come in?"

"Yeah," Wilbur's scratchy voice called back.

Tubbo opened the door and slipped in. He took one glance at Tommy and knew immediately that he was right in thinking Tommy knew exactly the gravity of the role he'd been given. He was calm, because it was Tubbo, but alert where he was sitting on Wilbur's bed holding the man's phone with a movie paused on it. Wilbur was sitting propped up against his headboard, looking feverish and with raw skin under his nose, but otherwise relaxed and in good enough spirits.

"I brought you more cough drops," he offered quietly.

"You're a lifesaver," Wilbur said, his voice hoarse. "I was honestly planning to jump out the window if someone tried to hand me another cherry one." He reached for them and Tubbo stepped closer to the bed to hand him the blue bag. He set the other two on the nightstand next to a packet of baby crackers. "Thank you Tubbo," he said.

"You're welcome," Tubbo answered. "Do you need anything else?"

He shook his head. "Phil's at my beck and call already, and Techno's a text away for anything I want him to slip me that Phil won't let me have, but thanks."

"What about you Tommy?" he asked. "Do you need anything?"

Tommy shook his head. "Phil's been getting me shit too," he said.

Tubbo nodded. Having more than one person to care for the sick one must make things a lot easier.

"We're watching *The Nanny*, if you want to join," Wilbur said.

Tubbo shook his head. He appreciated the offer, and Wilbur seemed okay with him, but he knew he was still on the fringes of their group, especially with how he didn't get along well with Phil. He wasn't going to push his luck. "I'm good," he said. "Call me if you need me."

"Okay. Thank you Tubbo," Wilbur replied.

Tubbo backed out of the room then, closing it firmly behind him. Technoblade was still in the living room, scrolling through his phone on the couch. Usually, Tubbo would dip back to his and Tommy's room if Tommy wasn't around, but he'd been trapped in the bedroom all morning and Technoblade was the easiest one to be around. So, instead, he walked cautiously into the living room and took a seat on one of the armchairs.

"Hey," Technoblade said after a moment.

"Hey," Tubbo replied.

"How are you doing?"

“I’m alright,” Tubbo said, picking at the sleeves of his hoodie.

Technoblade made an acknowledging grunt. There was about a minute of silence before he spoke again. “Bored?” he asked.

Tubbo shrugged.

“Let me teach you to play Mario Kart,” Technoblade suggested.

“Is that... a videogame?” Tubbo guessed.

“Yep.”

Tubbo had seen Technoblade and sometimes Phil and Wilbur play different videogames since he’d moved in. He’d also seen Technoblade calmly teaching Tommy the controls. He’d offered to teach Tubbo something once or twice, but Tubbo had declined.

“Sure,” he said today, because he was bored and honestly a bit anxious, and Tommy wasn’t around to fix it.

Technoblade nodded and stood to go set up one of his videogame consoles. He handed Tubbo a controller a few minutes later and booted up a game.

Tubbo struggled, obviously, at first with the game, being unused to the controller let alone the game, but Technoblade talked him through it, and he managed to mostly get the hang of it over the next few hours. Phil would pop his head in every so often or sit and watch but would mostly be in the kitchen. They had to pause every so often for Techno to check on Wilbur or for them to eat lunch and then dinner, but mostly they played all day.

It was about half an hour after eating dinner, that Phil came back into the living room. “He’s still not feeling great,” Phil told Techno. “If he hasn’t been able to get to sleep when I check on him, I’m probably going to give him NyQuil. I thought I’d warn you so you could, you know, change.”

Technoblade paused the game and closed his eyes. “Why must you do this to me?”

“What?” Tubbo asked, confused.

“Phil’s giving Wilbur a sleep aid,” Techno explained.

“So?” Tubbo asked.

“Ghostbur,” Technoblade explained. “Ghostbur on NyQuil.”

“He’ll be a little out of sorts,” Phil said, “but it’ll help him feel better quicker, so I’m giving it to him.”

Technoblade groaned, but he didn’t protest otherwise as Phil disappeared into Wilbur’s bedroom.

“Alright,” Technoblade said, moving to turn off the game. “Get changed into something you don’t mind getting stained, and then we’re escaping.”

“Is it that bad?” Tubbo asked, tense.

“It’s not bad,” Technoblade reassured. “It’s just like... Ghostbur+. He’s not mean or anything, just annoying and affectionate. We definitely want him to get to Phil and Tommy first.”

“Uh, okay.”

“Meet me in the kitchen in 10,” he said before crossing to his own bedroom and shutting the door.

Tubbo looked after him for a moment, but then decided to do as ordered, going to the bedroom to change into something he liked a little less than his current outfit. Though really, there was nothing they’d given him that was bad. He carefully put the remote that could summon Ranboo into his pocket, holding it in one hand and reached over to touch the soil in one of the potted plants with the other. A Green Zinnia flower sprouted there, and he could feel a distant pull as it’s twin sprouted in a window far away. Green Zinnia: possible danger, but probably not. Be at the ready. A few seconds later, he felt the remote in his pocket buzz twice as Ranboo teleported in place two times as confirmation. He breathed a sigh of relief.

Then, he turned to meet Technoblade in the kitchen.

The man was already there, dressed in light grey sweats and an old t-shirt Tubbo had never seen him wear. He’d grabbed a bag of chips and some bottles of juice along with a Tupperware container of cookies Phil had made yesterday.

“Anything else you think you’ll want?” he asked.

Tubbo shook his head.

“Alright, carry this and let’s go.”

“Where are we going?” Tubbo asked, taking the container of cookies.

“Downstairs,” Technoblade answered, taking him to the fake plate display in the hallway, and ushering him inside the hidden entrance to their supervillain lair. “Ghostbur will search the house to find people to smother in attention first. It’s best to let him get it out of his system a bit before he finds you.”

He seemed to consider their options when he got to the bottom of the stairs, and then guided Tubbo down one of the hallways. They walked for a few minutes, Tubbo making sure to memorize the path until Technoblade stopped outside of a room.

“Here,” he said. “Let me put your DNA in so you can open the door yourself just in case.” Tubbo offered up his arm when Techno gestured for it and his finger was pricked. Technoblade input something onto the scanner by the door. “We should be good,” he said.

He opened the door then, and gestured Tubbo inside. It was a good-sized bedroom that mostly had white furniture. “Where are we?” Tubbo asked.

“Holding cell,” Technoblade answered. “It’ll be one of the last places he looks.” He shut the door behind him.

Tubbo peered around himself at the room. He wouldn’t have guessed it was a cell. It more looked like an impersonal bedroom.

Technoblade crossed to the bed on the far side of the room and sat. He patted the bed beside him, tearing open the bag of chips, and Tubbo walked over to join him. The bed was soft, almost as good

as the one he and Tommy shared upstairs. Technoblade offered him a chip and he took it.

“Is this the cell you put Tommy in?” he asked curiously once he’d finished the chip.

“Yeah, it is,” he said.

“It’s not bad,” Tubbo said softly. It was a little too white and sterile, but not to the point where it disturbed you. The lights were not painfully bright to make you feel like you were under a microscope. There were chairs to sit up in and a table next to the bed. The pillows seemed nice. It didn’t make him feel claustrophobic.

There was a good amount of space here. There was comfort here. There was dignity here. There was a sink with little paper cups next to it and a small sectioned off area with a toilet that could be hidden from the wall that was obviously a two-way mirror. Honestly, other than said two-way mirror and the lock on the door, this was the type of room he might have expected them to give him and Tommy when they’d offered an alliance. He had certainly not expected the room they’d given them. The one decorated with care and in their house proper.

No wonder, Tubbo thought, Tommy had been able to love them so easily. Tommy could get attached in moments. All it took was a bit of kindness and he was gone. Just being given a cell that wasn’t torture in and of itself was enough to soften him.

The real question was why they seemed to care too. Why was Tommy upstairs in Wilbur’s room and Technoblade down here with Tubbo? Why was Tommy trusted to watch Wilbur when he was going to be sleeping soon, so that Technoblade felt secure enough to run off to a place where he couldn’t hear Wilbur scream if he needed them... even if Wilbur could have screamed today?

Tubbo stared at the wall behind Technoblade. “The heroes would put you in a tiny cell if they caught you,” he said. “Assuming they didn’t just kill you. They’re always too bright or too dark and you’d be better sleeping on the bedframe than the mattresses. Some of the older cells at the prison still have power drainers instead of power suppressants that no one’s bothered to replace. I had to provide extra security for the maximum-security parts of the prison when there was a breach in the minimum-security area once. I ended up throwing up from the drainers after being in the hallways outside of the cells for an hour. They’re bad.”

“I know,” said Technoblade. “I’ve been in one.”

“You have?” he asked.

“Not the worst cell I’ve been in. Not the best.” He glanced at Tubbo. “Why do you think this one is nice?”

Tubbo didn’t answer. Instead, he just took another chip.

“I brought a portable charger, so feel free to play a game or watch something on your phone,” Technoblade said when it was clear Tubbo had nothing else to say.

“Okay,” Tubbo said.

They ended up watching garbage on YouTube together, mostly reviews of bad movies neither of them had ever seen so they could trash talk them with the reviewer.

They had a little under two hours of peace before Technoblade sighed suddenly. Tubbo looked up at him questioningly. “He found us,” he explained.

There was a giggle out of thin air that had the hairs on the back of Tubbo's neck standing up even though he knew exactly what Ghostbur was. Arms appeared out of thin air and threw themselves around Technoblade's neck from the back. A couple of seconds later, Ghostbur's face appeared as well. He smushed his cheek against Technoblade's leaving a huge blue mess taking up half of Technoblade's face. "Hiii Technoblade."

"Hello Ghostbur."

"Missed you," Ghostbur said. "Love you."

"I saw you two hours ago, Will."

"Love you," the ghost said insistently.

"I love you too, Ghostbur," Technoblade placated.

Ghostbur smiled and reached up to pat Technoblade's hair. Technoblade grimaced but didn't say anything. Ghostbur seemed to notice something was wrong anyway.

"Oh no," Ghostbur said. "Hair. I'm not supposed to. Bad."

"It's alright," Technoblade said, gently. "You're a little out of it."

Ghostbur started tearing up, his tears staining the sheets under them as well as Techno's pants.

"You're so nice," he said. He reached up to hold Techno's cheeks between his hands. "Oh," he said, staring at him with his creepy wide eyes. "You are so small." Techno frowned, and Ghostbur smushed his cheeks. "You are just a baby," he cried. "I love you."

"I'm 6'4" and I'm going to kill you when you wake up."

"I love you so much." He leaned forward to give him a little kiss on the nose. "My baby brother."

"I am not," Technoblade grouched.

"Don't be grumpy Technoblade. Here, kiss makes it better." He leaned forward to smack a kiss on Technoblade's forehead. By the look of pain on Techno's face, Tubbo would guess it did not make it better. Then, Ghostbur moved to climb into Technoblade's lap and cuddle up against him. No wonder he'd changed clothes...

Technoblade patted him lightly on the back when he started to cry again, though his hand went through him a bit twice.

"I like being real," Ghostbur mumbled into his neck after a bit.

"I know, Will."

He leaned back then, seeming more liquid than solid. Usually, he regulated himself, so he at least almost seemed like he was sitting on things at first glance, but today he just twisted oddly in the air.

His eyes landed on Tubbo. "Hi Tubbo," he said and Tubbo took a breath, bracing himself for the same level of invasive attention Technoblade had just gotten. "I like you," he just said instead.

"Oh, uh, thanks?" he said, confused. "Er, aren't you going to...?"

“Wilbur says ‘m not supposed to blue you ‘cause it’d make you uncomfortable,” Ghostbur said. “I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.”

Tubbo felt something lodge in his throat at that. He was drugged off his ass, but he still didn’t move to cross Tubbo’s boundaries. Tubbo sighed after a moment. “You can hug me,” he said.

“Really?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Tubbo confirmed, and Ghostbur reached for him happily. “Holy shit. You’re cold,” he said. His brain was having a hard time comprehending Ghostbur’s touch. It was cold and not quite solid. It felt more like water formed into a body was touching him.

He giggled breathlessly. “I don’t have a body to make me warm,” he said. He paused. “Well, I do now,” he said, “but it’s not here.” He paused, drawing away to look at Technoblade with a pinch to his brow. “Where’s my body?”

“I would assume still upstairs in your bedroom.”

He blinked slowly, his eyes going distant. His arms were still on Tubbo’s shoulders. “Oh, you’re right. Oh, Dad. I want Dad. You’re safe right?”

“Yeah, Ghostbur, we’re safe.”

“I’ll be back, but I want to find Dad again.”

“Okay, Ghostbur,” Technoblade said. He disappeared then, leaving it looking like Technoblade and Tubbo had lost a paintball fight spectacularly. “It’s going to be that all night,” Techno said before getting up. “We might as well go upstairs. He’s a bit calmer now.”

“That was calm?”

“Oh, you don’t even want to know what he was like when he first went to sleep,” Technoblade said. “Phil and Tommy aren’t going to be recognizable for a week.”

Chapter End Notes

Technoblade is going to murder Wilbur when he feels better and then make him help him dye his hair back pink. For now though, he's going to allow Ghostbur to squish his cheeks and climb into his lap or onto his back all night. He ~~loves~~ hates his brother.

A Day of Training

Chapter Summary

Tommy likes training with Technoblade.

Chapter Notes

This one probably takes place right around the epilogue if not actually on that day.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Good,” Techno said, his sword still in front of him defensively even though they were now at opposite ends of the training area. Tommy had managed to land a hit on him a few times during this spar and had blocked or dodged all but one attack from him. “You’ve been improving even quicker than I thought you would.” Techno took a step and Tommy took a step with him, eyeing him carefully.

“Thanks?” Tommy said.

“I think,” he contemplated with a flash of teeth. “You need a challenge.” He was on Tommy in a flash, his sword glinting menacingly in the overhead light.

“Oh fuck!” Tommy shouted as their swords clashed much harder than before. “Oh shit!”

Techno gave just a little and he was able to disengage and flee back a few steps. “Save your breath,” Techno reminded, taunted really, a spark of amusement in his eyes.

Tommy took the time to throw him the bird and almost got it smacked with the broad side of a sword for his efforts. He squeaked and pulled it away. He barely had time to raise his sword with his other hand to block the next strike. Adjustment period was over, apparently, because there was no break before Techno was swinging at him again.

Tommy tried his best to dodge and block, but Technoblade was relentless with his attacks, and ultimately, he managed to disarm Tommy, his sword flying across the mat. Tommy’s back hit the mat right after, the dull edge of Techno’s practice sword pressed against his neck.

He was gratified to see that Techno’s breath was just a little elevated even while Tommy felt like he was trying to breath in lava.

“You know,” Techno said, studying Tommy as he panted with a sword pressed to his sweaty neck. “If the heroes were smart, they would have looked at you and immediately put you in a long training program 3 or 4, maybe 5 years instead of whatever half-baked combat training they put you through. They would have seen the way you think and move, and they would have built you up slowly and patiently and when they were done, you would have shot up their ranks. You would have decimated.”

“Are you,” Tommy said, trying very hard to recover his breath. “Villain monologue complimenting me with a sword to my throat?”

Techno tilted his head. “Yes.”

“You’re a prick, Technoblade,” Tommy grumble gasped. “Are you going to let me up now?”

“Are you yielding?” he asked, curious.

Fuck.

Tommy took a breath, staring at the ceiling, and thought for a moment. Quick as a flash, he brought up a hand, using the metal on his wrist to shove the sword away from his neck. If it were a real sword, he probably would have gotten nicked slightly, but it was dull enough that when it lightly brushed his skin, it didn’t leave a mark. At the same time, he kicked at Techno’s knees. Technoblade was steady enough that it wasn’t nearly enough to throw him off balance, but it was enough to get the sword away from Tommy’s neck and roll away.

“Smart,” Techno acknowledged, inclining his head. Tommy had managed to roll off in the direction his own sword had landed, and Techno let him pick it back up. Their swords clashed again a moment later.

It became clear after a few minutes that Techno was mostly done with fighting him for real, probably noticing his energy flagging. He slowed his movements a bit, going from actually trying to knock Tommy off his feet at every turn to mostly just letting him use him as a moving training dummy and giving suggestions about foot placements and form.

“Alright,” Tommy finally gave after a few more minutes. “I’m done.”

Technoblade nodded and took Tommy’s training sword from him to put it away along with his own. “Go take off your armor and walk a couple of laps to cool off.”

Tommy turned to do so, taking off the protective layer of armor and putting it on a nearby bench. They’d had it made especially for him. It was light weight and bendy to fit with his fighting style. He’d had to get used to it at the beginning, because it was pretty different from his hero suit. In some places it was sturdier than the armor on his super suit, but in some places it was lighter. There was a bit more protection around vulnerable areas including the neck, but it didn’t have some of the bulk the super suit had had near the shoulders and torso to make him appear a bit bigger. He probably did not need it when practicing with dull swords, but Technoblade wanted to make sure he was used to fighting in it. It was a good thing too because now it felt almost like a second skin.

He also popped off the metal around his wrist he’d used to block Techno’s sword. They’d been using a power suppression cuff for training today. Removing that made him feel even lighter than taking the armor off had. He let himself bounce a couple of times to get reaccustom to his weightlessness and then started walking as instructed, rolling his shoulders a bit and swinging his arms to loosen up the muscles from using a sword. Techno joined him as he started his second lap, pushing a bottle of room temperature water into his hand.

“Gross,” Tommy complained, even though they had already had the conversation about shocking his system with cold beverages after working out many times before.

“Just drink it.”

He did drink most of it because he *was* thirsty. However, he saved about an inch at the end to reach over and splash at Techno's face. Technoblade looked at him, unimpressed and then reached over to dump the rest of his own water (which was way more than an inch) onto Tommy's head.

"Jokes, on you," he said shaking his head like a dog. "That felt nice."

"Same," Technoblade said. "Which is why I kindly repaid the favor."

When they got back to the bench with Tommy's armor, Tommy sat on the ground and started stretching without Techno having to tell him to.

When he'd finished the routine, he collapsed onto his back. He was sore, but it was a good type of sore deep in the muscle that said he's pushed his limits, but not too far.

"On the bench," Techno said a few minutes later, having finished his own stretching.

Tommy groaned in answer, not moving.

"Tommy," he said.

"I'm fine, I promise," he whined.

"Tommy," he warned, firmer, and Tommy sighed.

He pushed himself up and sat down on the bench as instructed, grumbling all the way about how he was perfectly fine. Technoblade ignored him, simply gesturing for him to hand over his wrist.

Tommy had made the mistake of hiding injuries during training at the beginning, and he'd been caught three times. The first two times, he was by found out by Wilbur and they were just a couple of steadily bleeding cuts from falling too hard that he'd treated alone in the bathroom without telling anyone. Wilbur had been very unamused when he'd found bloody tissues hidden at the bottom of his bathroom's bin the first time and even less amused when he had accidentally pushed down on a bandaged injury while trying to steal the remote the second. Technoblade certainly hadn't been happy about those two occasions either, but he'd been levelheaded. He'd just reminded Tommy that he wanted to know if Tommy was injured during practice even if it was something simple, so he didn't get injured more.

It had ended up following the three strikes you're never living it down rule. The third injury they'd caught him lying about had been a twisted ankle. Technoblade had caught that one when he'd taken his shoes off back at the house and he'd noticed it was already starting to swell. Unlike the scrapes, finding out he'd kept practicing on that and then walked all the way home had made Technoblade fucking irate. Tommy had tried to tell him that it wasn't that bad, and he'd thought Technoblade was going to throttle him. Instead, he'd called Wilbur to wrap it (which was honestly, fucking worse) and they'd made him do nothing but sit on the couch for a week with his leg elevated and iced even though it had felt perfectly fine by the next day.

Now, Tommy had to suffer through the indignity of an injury check after every practice, else Techno would summon Wilbur. He didn't even get away with scrapes anymore. He hated it, but... it was also kind of nice how invested he was in making sure Tommy was truly okay after training.

Techno quickly, but efficiently scanned him for any blood that had been hidden by armor or signs of swelling. He gently rotated his wrists and then his ankles, watching him closely to make sure he didn't flinch.

He drew back when he seemed satisfied, but still looked up into Tommy's eyes. "Any pain anywhere?" he asked.

Tommy rolled his eyes. "I already *said*."

"Yes, well, that's what you said last week only for me to find a chunk taken out of your leg."

"That didn't happen in training," Tommy argued. He'd accidentally ran into the side of the porch earlier in the day. He'd been fine; he'd just smacked a band-aid on it and gone on his way. Techno hadn't agreed with his assessment.

"And do you think that I care where you got it?" Techno asked lightly.

"Well, apparently not," Tommy grumbled, glaring at Techno's knees as he got to his feet.

A hand descended on his head. "You did good today," Techno said, and Tommy couldn't help but lean into the affection.

"Thanks," he said instead of trying to list out all of the missteps he'd made today. They'd already addressed his own and Techno's concerns during the training, so there wasn't a need, even though the instinct to do so was still there, tap dancing at the back of his throat.

"I won't be making the same mistakes the heroes did," he said as though he could hear the thoughts in Tommy's head. Tommy pressed even harder into his hand. It lingered there for a second before Techno moved to pat his head once and draw away. "Lunch will be soon, but do you still want a snack?"

"Mmm," Tommy said, "maybe just an apple. Phil promised to make that one pasta with the little bowties and I'm going to eat all of it."

"I guess I'd better have a big snack then," Techno said, amused. He offered Tommy a hand to pull him off the bench.

"Let me put away my stuff," Tommy said, stretching a bit because his muscles had started to tense up just from sitting there for that short amount of time.

He liked training with Techno. He liked that Techno held back enough that it was still a challenge, but Tommy had a chance to actually use the skills he was supposed to be training instead of getting beaten into the ground repeatedly with no recourse. He liked that there were water breaks, and just break breaks, and it would all stop when he asked. It was annoying, but he liked that he was checked for injuries at the end each time, that pain beyond sore muscles was seen as unwanted and detrimental. He liked that it felt like he'd improved, and he liked that Techno told him he improved even during times when it didn't feel like he had.

He finished putting away his armor. Techno had stepped aside to put away the suppression cuff where it went and they met by the door, stepping into the forest. The training area was about a 10-minute walk away from the house and hidden expertly in the woods. They had plenty of time to talk about what they would do during their next training session on the trip back.

Dream: I have made a superhero.

Technoblade seeing this kid who is very smart, wants to learn, and is eager to please: You almost ruined a perfectly good child is what you did. Look at it, it's hiding injuries.

Phil's Reaction Time "Training"

Chapter Summary

Techno thought Phil needed a little training to improve his reaction time. Techno was incorrect.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Why?” Tommy asked, eyes narrowed.

“Phil has become complacent in his training as of late,” Technoblade said. “I simply wanted to demonstrate that his reaction time is not as polished as it could be.”

Tommy tilted his head skeptically.

Techno pressed two of his fingers to his lips and thought for a moment. “You can wear the crown for two hours.”

“Well, that’s all you had to say, Technoblade!”

“Phil, could you come out here for a minute?” Technoblade called from somewhere outside. The window was cracked to let a little bit of fresh air in, though it would not be for long since it was still almost at freezing outside.

“Sure, give me a second,” he called back. He set his laptop aside from where he’d been working on synthesizing the spreadsheets with seed orders that had been coming in recently from the different gardens across the city and stood up. He walked to the front door and grabbed a winter coat before he stepped out onto the porch. Wilbur and Techno were turned away from him and angled towards each other as though they had been speaking about something while looking off into the woods.

Wilbur turned to look over his shoulder when he heard the door open. “Hey, Phil,” Wilbur said. “Could you come here and look at this?”

“Look at what?” he asked, stepping down from the porch to walk over to him, but just as his feet hit the ground, he heard a sound from above him and then the faint sound of air whistling. Every child-is-going-to-crack-his-head-open parental instinct Phil had must have reacted in that moment because without quite realizing what had happened, he’d reached out and snatched a falling body out of the air.

Tommy blinked up at him from his arms, startled, as Phil’s brain rebooted.

...

Had that little shit just launched himself off the roof at Phil’s head?

He slowly looked up at Wilbur and Techno standing a few feet away.

Had those little shits...?

“Oh shit,” said Wilbur, conversationally.

“Abort,” replied Techno just as calm.

They both took off running in opposite directions.

“Hey!” Tommy yelled after them. His affronted expression was hilarious.

“It seems your coconspirators have abandoned you,” Phil said with a laugh.

Tommy turned to look up at him with a bit of trepidation, but Phil smiled at him reassuringly and it faded quickly. “It was Techno’s idea,” he informed Phil with a pout. His hand fisted loosely in Phil’s jacket. “I tackled him last week like that. Fucking terrified him.”

“I bet you did,” Phil said. “Is that what you were trying to do to me?”

“...Techno said something about training.”

“Techno is full of shit,” Phil replied and by the look on Tommy’s face, he was already well aware.

“Yeah...maybe,” he conceded. Phil grinned down at him. “So, anyway, are you going to let me go now?”

“Oh?” Phil teased, raising one eyebrow. “Do you deserve leg privileges?”

“...Yes?”

“Hmm,” Phil said. “Now that is an interesting opinion to have.”

He started to try to wiggle, and Phil let him... a bit. “Phil,” he whined, “let me down.”

“And where should I let you down?” Phil asked, smiling down at him.

“The ground.”

“Mmm,” Phil replied, taking a step towards the snowy woods. “See, I was thinking a snowbank.”

“No,” Tommy protested, a bit of a nervous, but not near scared, laugh bubbling up in his tone. “No, Phil, don’t.”

Phil gave him a fond look and a little squeeze. “Carrying you around it is then,” he concluded.

“No!”

“No?” Phil tsked. “Well, you’re rather picky for someone who dive bombed me from a rooftop.”

“It was Techno and Wilbur,” Tommy claimed. “They used me!”

“Hmm,” Phil considered. “Alright, how about a deal then? Promise to help me find Techno and Wilbur, and I’ll let you go.”

“Oh, fuck yes,” Tommy said, eye lighting up. “Those bitches abandoned me.”

Phil laughed and shifted Tommy in his arms, so he had one arm free. “Deal?” he asked offering his free hand.

Tommy shook it. “Deal.”

Phil grinned at him and then with one last squeeze, set him down on his feet.

“Alright! Let’s go get those assholes!” Tommy cheered.

Chapter End Notes

An image of Tommy upon being caught by Phil instead of spring-boarding off of him like he's been doing to Techno and Wilbur recently.



Tweet



Herro: CA →_{SOON} NM →_{SOON} FL →_{SOON} GA

@Jackalcakes



My mother caught a hawk while it was diving to get her chickens and it just has the most confused face ever that this could have gone so wrong



Tweet your reply

Lack of Blue

Chapter Notes

This is within the first month Tommy and Tubbo are living with them. He hasn't even gotten the gall to steal Wilbur's bathroom yet!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy scowled at his own face in the mirror once he finished brushing his teeth in his and Tubbo's new shared bathroom.

"Tommy, are you almost done?" a voice asked from behind the door. "We're going to be late for meeting at Niki's before going to the garden. Don't you want your hot chocolate?" Usually, the prospect of getting to go to the city and do crime things would excite him, but now it just made his scowl grow. Still, Tubbo was already ready and probably waiting for them, so he crossed to the door and yanked it open.

Wilbur was there, waiting for him in casual clothes (that were still far to fancy for planning to go dig things up in a garden today in Tommy's opinion). He'd been in the bathroom all morning (which seemed completely pointless since *they were going to go dig up a garden*), so it was the first time Tommy had seen him that morning.

"Ready," Tommy said, moving to squeeze past him since he was mostly blocking the door, but was stopped when Wilbur threw an arm out to block his path.

"Everything alright?" he asked, and Tommy could feel himself being studied intently despite refusing to look at him.

"Yes," he said, jaw clenched.

Wilbur hummed and the arm that had blocked him off began to move, not to let him go, but to come closer. He slowly, but unhesitantly brought his hand up; the bastard somehow had already figured out that Tommy was likely to startle at fast movements when agitated, but also that he always wanted...

Wilbur's hand touched his cheek and he applied soft pressure to get Tommy's turned away face to look at him. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," Tommy insisted.

"Uh huh?"

Tommy narrowed his eyes. "Fuck off," he spat.

"C'mon Toms, tell me. Maybe I can fix it."

The thing was, Wilbur could fix it. He could fix it so easily, but what was Tommy supposed to do? Ask? He would rather go jump in the lake outside and then stuff himself into their way too big freezer. Honestly, who had a freezer that big if they weren't planning to stuff bodies into it? Yet, Tommy had

looked through it and found no human bodies on one of his and Tubbo's midnight reconnaissance excursions.

"There's nothing to fix, Wilbur," Tommy said.

"C'mon, Tommy, talk to me."

"Fine. Hi Will," he said pleasantly. "How are you today? Spent the entire morning in your bathroom just to look like a normal human, I see. Sounds like fun. Did you have a nice night? Has Ghostbur been busy recently?"

And like a fucking hawk, Wilbur managed to spot the one part of that spiel that let Tommy's resentment leak through. He tilted his head at him. "No, he hasn't. Why?"

"...No reason," Tommy grumbled back.

"No," Wilbur said. "What?"

"Nothing."

Wilbur scanned his face and Tommy wanted to pull away, but he didn't quite have it in him to resist the gentle touch on his cheek and so had to suffer the indignity of being observed so intently. "Are..." he hesitated, suddenly looking a bit awkward. "Is this about Ghostbur not leaving blue on you the last few days?"

Tommy wished he was better at lying. He knew he was caught the second he felt his eyes flick away from Wilbur's face.

"Oh," said Wilbur. "I'm sorry. I've been trying to reign him in lately because I thought you thought it was annoying."

Tommy glanced at him and immediately felt his cheeks start to burn. "It fucking is," he said defensively.

"Uh huh," Wilbur said, and the cheek burning only intensified with the soft way Wilbur was looking at him.

"Bitch."

"So, this isn't you pouting because you don't have any blue on your face today?" Wilbur asked, a wide smile on his face.

"I don't pout," Tommy hissed.

"You don't want Ghostbur to get blue on your face then?" he asked.

"I..." Tommy said, "well, it... it's sort of his thing innit? So, I mean. It's whatever."

"Whatever, huh?" Wilbur asked, eyes sparkling.

"Shut up, you *prick*!"

"Aw! You can just ask for ghost forehead kisses, Tommy. I don't mind."

Tommy finally had enough and batted Wilbur's hand away from his face, but Wilbur, dumbass that he was, chose to take this as permission to pull him into a hug. That was honestly tolerable, but then a second later he smacked a kiss onto Tommy's forehead and Tommy fully considered homicide. "You fuck!" he yelled, squirming for freedom.

Wilbur laughed and released him. "I'll go back to normal with the blue," he promised. "Just tell me if you want me to scale back, alright? I know it can be a little annoying."

"Yeah, alright," Tommy grumbled, rubbing at the place Wilbur had kissed him on the forehead. "Just, like." He looked at the ground. "Me telling you to scale back is only if I come and actually say to scale back. With those words."

"Oh, I see how it is," Wilbur said. "You want it, but you also want to whine and complain about it loudly to everyone else every morning."

Tommy scowled at him.

"You're cute Toms," he said with a laugh.

"I am not cute!"

"Sure..." he sang.

"Aren't we supposed to be going to help harvest fucking potatoes or something?" Tommy grumbled.

"We are," Wilbur agreed. "We should probably get going." He threw an arm around Tommy to lead him towards the garage.

Tommy bared his teeth at the offending limb even while not throwing it off. "I'm going to pour dirt on your head," he told Wilbur.

"Do it," Wilbur challenged, "I'll put mud down your shirt."

"Cool! Free mud." Tommy said gleefully. Wilbur just rolled his eyes and tugged him along.

Tommy woke up with half a blue face the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy be like:

cat when I'm snuggling him: I've never met you in my life. you bastard. you fiend. stop this at once

cat when I'm busy doing something and can't pet him right that second: Where Is My Kisses From Mommy??? Where Is My Snuggles And Cuddles That I Crave So Dearly. You Are A Cruel And Unjust Mother And I Am Going To Scream

ifunny.co

Just replace mother with brother.

A Disaster in Three Acts

Chapter Notes

Just a short little thing that had me laughing today.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The attic at the SBI's house was the exact opposite of the basement, Tubbo had discovered. The basement was clean, organized, and a literal supervillain lair. The attic, on the other hand, was an absolute mess: a hodgepodge of old furniture, holiday decorations that looked like they hadn't seen the light of day since the 90s, and what seemed to be school projects. Tubbo had given up on finding anything of note on their snooping mission, since it was all just domestic crap, but Tommy seemed to be having fun shifting through what was actual garbage in most cases. For his part, Tubbo had brushed the dust off an old chair that ended up actually being pretty comfy despite how faded the cushion was and had curled up on it to listen to Tommy digging through the attic.

"Look Tubbo!" Tommy called. "I found a weapon."

Tubbo glanced over to see what he was holding above his head in victory. "I'm pretty sure that's just a water gun, Tommy," he said, looking at the bright orange and blue colored plastic.

"Exactly," said Tommy with sparkling eyes.

Oh no.

~

"Phiiiiil," Tommy drew Phil's attention away from making himself a pot of coffee. Phil looked over to see him already with an angelic, pleading look on his face. The little fucker was holding a water gun. "How do you fill this up?" Judging by the wet spots on his shirt, he had definitely already tried and failed to figure out how to fill it up himself.

Phil sighed. "It's only to be used outside of the house," he warned. "If you use it in the house, it gets taken away for however long it takes what you got wet to dry times 10."

Tommy nodded eagerly and handed the weapon to Phil.

~

"I hate this fucking child," Wilbur spat. He'd taken cover behind a bush, having already gotten a taste of how cold the water was that the little bastard had used to fill the water gun he'd somehow managed to dig out of the bowels of their home. Technoblade had so far managed to just barely avoid the water barrage.

Yet, even as he had that thought, a precise arc of water sprayed over the bush directly onto the top of Techno's head. "Well," Techno said as water dripped down his face. "So much for having a pleasant afternoon."

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” Wilbur asked.

Technoblade nodded once. “He has very good aim. We should teach him how to use a real gun.

“What? No!” Wilbur said. “...Maybe. That’s not what I’m getting at right now.”

Technoblade stared at him blankly.

“The hose, Technoblade. I’m talking about getting the hose.”

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Powerless

Chapter Notes

Quick note since all of this has been fluff so far. This one has some angsty bits, but is hurt/comforty. Also there are references to past abuse.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Training with Techno was something completely different than training had been for Tommy before. Now, he'd always liked normal training at the Guild. He'd liked learning new strategies and being able to practice and hone his skills. He... hadn't been a particular fan of 'extra' training since those had always been less about learning skills and more about... learning lessons.

Training with Techno, however, was better than even just normal Guild training. Sure, Tommy liked to complain about the boring bits like running and lifting weights, but in reality, he knew that those things were good for him to do. In fact, he'd seen a lot more progress doing those types of things with Techno in the past couple of months verses doing the program at the Guild that was almost solely sparring.

There was also some sparring with Techno, of course, but Techno's teaching method for that was different than Dream's and the other Guild instructors'. He didn't throw himself all the way into the spar, choosing instead to restrain himself to a pace that Tommy could just almost keep up with. Considering Tommy had seen Techno fight Phil once, he was very grateful for that, because the man would slam him into the dirt repeatedly if he used his full skillset. (At least in a close-range fight. If Tommy was given space to move, he could probably dodge most of the time.) Instead of pushing him down over and over again in spars, Techno would correct mistakes he saw and let him try again without consequence.

The best thing about Techno though was that he surprisingly wasn't one for the 'no pain; no gain' philosophy. Tommy almost never got hurt on purpose or on accident in training. The worst had been a couple of bruises and one or two scrapes. He was also kind with breaks and letting Tommy drink water, almost to an absurd degree. It was so much easier to come back fully focused the next day when he hadn't had to crawl into bed the night before and sleep fitfully because he couldn't lay on his back or stomach.

Today, it had been snowing a bit on their way to the training building. Tommy peeled off his outer-layer and hung his winter coat on the hook near the door before shaking his head like a dog to try to get rid of the dusting of snow on his head.

"Your coat has a hood for a reason," Techno pointed out.

Tommy just shrugged and rubbed his face to try to get feeling back in it. "So, what are we doing today, Big Man?"

Techno put his own coat up, watching him bouncing around trying to warm up. "Well," he said. "I was thinking we could try out training without powers today. I've been noticing you use your powers sometimes to make things lighter while doing certain exercises."

“I have?” Tommy asked, thinking back. He didn’t remember using his powers for anything except for sparing, of course, where it was expected or when they were specifically training something with his powers. “I didn’t realize.”

“Not your fault,” Techno assured. “I’m sure you didn’t do it on purpose. It’s just instinct, but weightlifting isn’t exactly effective if you’re making everything you touch lighter.”

“Okay, well, I try to not do that then,” Tommy said.

“You’re probably not going to be able to just ‘not do that’ if you didn’t realize you were doing it in the first place,” reasoned Techno. “So, today I thought we should try out training with a suppression cuff.”

Tommy felt his heart plummet immediately at the words. “Uh,” he said. Had he really messed up that much that Technoblade wanted to bring a suppression cuff into training? “I mean, is that really necessary?”

“Yes,” Technoblade said simply. “It’s good to have training without your powers in case you don’t have them for some reason when fighting.”

“That’s true,” Tommy said. He swallowed his fast-growing nervousness. There wasn’t exactly a choice about this anyway. Well... there might be with Technoblade. Training had always been optional with the SBI. Tubbo had started out training the same as Tommy but had chosen to back off a bit to only a few times a week versus most days after a bit, and no one had batted an eye. They’d maybe be okay with Tommy just stopping, but Tommy *wanted* to train with Technoblade. He didn’t want to stop. But, if he wanted Technoblade to be his teacher, he had to do as he said. “Yeah, okay.”

“Go set up and start your warm-up then,” he said.

Tommy nodded, and Technoblade walked off towards where they stored the ‘specialized equipment.’ Tommy worked on taking deep breaths as he walked over to the mats. Focusing on breathing right was part of exercising anyway; he was just getting a head start.

Tommy was using a foam roller on his calves when Technoblade walked back over to him. He was used to the man watching him exercise at this point, but today his presence made Tommy start to sweat before he’d even really done anything. He finished the first part of his warm-up and stood.

“Can I see your wrist?” Technoblade asked.

No, Tommy thought. *No, I don’t want to*. He stuck his arm out, offering it to Technoblade. The suppression cuff locked around his wrist with a click and Tommy did his best to keep his breathing steady through the sensation of his powers no longer being accessible.

It wasn’t really the suppression cuff itself that made Tommy as uncomfortable as he was right now. Tommy used to wear suppression cuffs for multiple occasions including just going into some government buildings, and he was usually okay with that.

It was the suppression cuff combined with the prospect of training that made it feel he’d eaten a live worm that was now trying to get revenge by eating him from the inside.

He heard the lilt of a question in Technoblade’s tone through the buzzing in his ears. “Sorry,” he said. “What?”

“I asked if it was fitting alright. Any risk of chaffing?”

Tommy shook his head. "It's fine," he said even though he wasn't sure. He was mostly trying to ignore the thing's existence even though the cold weight on his wrist wouldn't let him forget.

"Good," Technoblade said. "Let's do a short jog today and then upper body weights."

Tommy nodded, relieved as they walked towards the indoors track. Those things would be fine. Though he was well aware they'd only be half of his workout.

Tommy ended up being correct. Running and weightlifting were not too bad even with the suppression cuff. He didn't notice any differences in his running, but there was a noticeable change in how much he could lift to his disdain. He was able to lift on average 20lbs less on every exercise with the suppression cuff than without. Technoblade had been right, apparently. He had been using his powers. No wonder he wanted to put a suppression cuff on him if he couldn't even control himself enough to not cheat at weightlifting. Techno barely batted an eye at his clear incompetence, adjusting the weights with barely a word and certainly not with a word against Tommy even though Tommy deserved it.

After finishing with the weightlifting routine, they took a short break on one of the benches, and Tommy already knew exactly what was coming because Technoblade had chosen the one nearest the blocked off square they used for sword fighting. It'd be a perfectly normal thing if it wasn't completely not normal today.

"We'll do a bit of sword training, mostly because I want to see if you have the same problem as with the weightlifting since swords are heavy. Then, if we have time, maybe just some regular sparing."

That was normal. That was normal. Tommy was not thinking about fists that moved too fast to dodge and how it was even harder without his powers and trapped in a little tiny space...

"Okay," Tommy said and Technoblade stood up. Tommy followed after him to the rack of training swords.

Techno had taken to teaching him sword fighting, mostly at Tommy's insistence because it was very pog. Learning it was a lot of fun too, especially because it was Techno's *favorite* fighting style and he enjoyed someone taking an interest in it. Today, the sight of the swords made Tommy want to be sick.

Still, he grabbed his training sword and ran through a few warm-ups with it at Technoblade's insistence. It may have felt a bit heavier today, but it was hard to tell. It might just be in his head and not because of the suppression cuff.

Then, Tommy blinked, and they were in the sectioned off fighting area. Technoblade had his own sword in his hands, casual and calm. This was Technoblade's *favorite* fighting style: his best fighting style. He could beat the shit out of Tommy any day with or without the suppression cuff, but without the cuff, Tommy might have actually had a chance to get away. Now he was a sitting duck without his powers, at Techno's mercy in a much more absolute way than usual.

It was familiar. Sparring matches with Tommy in a suppression cuff never were very fair.

"You're shaking," Technoblade commented suddenly, and Tommy's eyes shot down to his own arm holding the sword. Seeing the metal cuff against his skin probably wasn't helping the problem, so Tommy tore his eyes away to look back at Technoblade. "Are you alright?"

“Yes,” Tommy said with a wince. “Sorry,” but Technoblade was already frowning.

“Give me the sword,” he said, and Tommy swallowed nervously. He’d fucked up, hadn’t he? He was shaking even more as he handed the sword over to Technoblade silently. “Go sit,” he said, nodding to the bench on the side they’d been sitting at before.

That was a surprise. “I thought you were...” He cut himself off, deciding not to argue. “Okay,” he agreed.

Technoblade walked back over to the sword rack and put both of their swords away before walking over to a cabinet Tommy knew he kept water bottles in. Then, he came over to where Tommy was sitting.

“Here, drink this,” he said, plopping a bottle in his hand.

“Gatorade?” Tommy asked, surprised.

“Your blood sugar might be low,” Techno replied. “See if that helps.”

Tommy’s blood sugar most definitely was not low. He knew what that felt like and that was not what was happening. Still, he complied and screwed off the top to take a couple of sips. He eyed Technoblade suspiciously as he squatted in front of him to be eye level.

“Dizzy?” Technoblade asked.

Tommy shook his head.

“You look a little clammy, but it’s hard to tell with the sweat.” He studied Tommy for a moment. “Finish that and then we’ll give it 20 minutes and see how you’re doing.”

Tommy nodded and then took another sip of the drink. He glanced at the cuff on his wrist. “Can...?”

Techno glanced at him when he trailed off.

“Can you unlock it while we’re taking a break?”

“It doesn’t have a lock, Tommy,” Techno said, one eyebrow raised. “It’s a training cuff. You can take it off whenever you like.”

“Oh,” he said. He lifted the arm with the cuff and actually bothered looking at it for a moment. There were two little buttons on either side near the latch. He put his thumb and pointer finger on them and it popped off like a cheap bracelet when he squeezed softly. He puffed out a slow breath once it was off, tension he didn’t even realize was in his shoulders draining away.

“So,” Techno said and, fuck, Tommy had forgotten he was there for a moment, crouched in front of him with a very nice view to study every expression that crossed Tommy’s face. “Not low blood sugar then.”

Tommy frowned and averted his eyes from Techno, staring instead at the floor a few inches to his left.

“If you’re uncomfortable with anything we do, you can just say.”

Tommy shrugged, unsure what to say to that.

“We can just not work with the suppression cuff, Tommy,” Techno said. “That’s fine.”

“I’ll...” he said softly, “be fine now that I know I’m able to take it off.”

Techno paused. “Let’s table that for another day,” he suggested. “We’ll talk after we’ve had time to think about it in a calm environment. Okay?”

“Sure,” Tommy said. “Whatever.”

“Training shouldn’t hurt you,” Techno said.

“Okay,” he replied softly.

There was a long silence where Tommy could feel Techno’s eyes boring into him. “I think that’s enough training for today,” he eventually concluded. “We’ll pick it up tomorrow.”

Tommy’s head shot up. “But we weren’t done,” he complained. “We didn’t get to everything.”

“We’re done,” Techno said firmly. “You need a break after that.”

“No, I don’t,” Tommy argued. “It’s fucking off now. I’m fine.”

“No, Tommy.”

“Yes, Technoblade,” Tommy insisted.

Techno said nothing. He just raised one eyebrow and stared at him.

“I’m not a pussy, bitch,” Tommy spat both in reference to being able to train more and to the fact that he was not going to be giving in to Techno’s do-as-I-say intimidation tactics. “I want more training.”

Techno took a breath and thought for a moment. “How about a different type of training? Let’s do some applied training.”

“Applied training?” Tommy asked, curious.

“You verses me. The first one who successfully finds and manages to take down Whippoorwill wins.”

Tommy thought about it. He knew what Technoblade was doing but also... could he pass up this opportunity? “Fine,” he gave in.

“Good,” Techno said. “Should we give him a warning?”

“s more fun if he’s trying to escape, innit?”

Techno smiled at him.

Wilbur, who was back at the house, retrieved a single text message that said ‘Run.’

Tommy having a
silent mental breakdown



Technoblade: Do
you have low blood sugar?



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

The First Nightmare

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took a few moments after waking up for Tommy to remember that he could breathe. His hands curled into fists as he slowly forced air out of his lungs before sucking more in. The smell of cinnamon swamped his senses reminding him of where he was and calming him down a bit. Wilbur had brought home a giant bag of cinnamon scented pinecones for fuck knows what reason. Tommy and Tubbo had agreed that whatever the reason, it was very, very stupid... but they'd still stolen 5 of them between them and had hidden them under the bed.

He'd managed to not wake Tubbo up thankfully. Tubbo was always weird about Tommy's nightmares. The one time Tommy had told him what little he could remember from one of them (and he never remembered much), Tubbo had gotten really worried and overprotective.

Tommy stared at the ceiling, still breathing in the cinnamon scent slowly. His hand reached out blindly for Henry, and he pulled him to his chest. To Tommy's surprise, Henry chased off a little bit of that cold creeping feeling in his gut. Tommy squeezed the stuffed cow a bit harder. It was the first time he'd had Henry after a nightmare. He'd never had a nightmare since joining the SBI a month and a half ago. He'd hoped he was done with them. Apparently not.

God, he was exhausted, but it was the kind of exhausted that came with a squirming in his stomach and a lump in the back of his throat that told him he wasn't going to be falling asleep again tonight. He probably wasn't going to be falling asleep tomorrow either, at least not easily.

After about half an hour of just staring at the ceiling, he decided to get up. He'd go get a glass of water to sooth the pang in his throat and then watch a video on the phone they'd given him in the living room.

He carefully snuck out of bed with Henry still squeezed a bit desperately to his chest. He was like a band aid on a stab wound, but it was more than Tommy usually had during these moments.

He carefully shut the bedroom door behind him and walked down the hall to the kitchen on silent feet. He grabbed a glass of water before continuing on to the living room. There was a light they kept on at night near Tubbo's bathroom, and so Tommy was able to see and promptly steal Technoblade's usual blanket. If the man wasn't there to stop him, it was his loss. Plus having it... made him feel a little better. Pleased with his acquisition of the soft fabric, he curled up on the couch with it.

He was still scrolling through YouTube trying to pick something out to watch when he saw movement out of the corner of his eye. Ghostbur phased through Technoblade's bedroom door into the living room.

"Hi Tommy," he said with a wide glowing smile when he spotted him, and Tommy smiled back, instantly feeling a bit better.

"Hey Ghostbur," Tommy replied. "Doing the rounds?"

"Yep," he said. "You were asleep last I checked. Why are you awake now? It's only 3am."

Tommy shrugged. "Just woke up and couldn't get back to sleep," he said.

Ghostbur tilted his head, studying him, and studying the way Henry was still being squeezed to his chest. “Did you have a nightmare?” he asked softly.

“No!” Tommy protested, probably too loud considering that Phil and Techno’s rooms were both directly off the living room. “I’m a big man. I don’t have nightmares! I only dream of women.”

“Of course, Tommy,” Ghostbur said, amused to Tommy’s chagrin, “but big men need to sleep too. You should try to go back to bed.”

Absolutely not, Tommy thought, hugging Henry tighter. All that would bring was suffering and staring at a wall in the dark as morning slowly dawned. “I’m fine,” Tommy said.

Ghostbur frowned at him, but then brightened. “I know how to help!” he declared. “Follow me!”

“Uh, sure,” Tommy agreed with a raised eyebrow, standing up to follow him. He took Technoblade’s blanket with him along with Henry. They ended up not going very far at all. “This is just your room, Ghostbur,” Tommy said, side eyeing the ghost.

“You can sleep with Wilbur tonight,” Ghostbur stated. “I’ll protect you from the nightmares!”

“I don’t have nightmares,” Tommy insisted, crossing his arms and looking away, “and even if I did, you can’t protect me from them.”

“I can try,” Ghostbur declared. “You might be surprised. I’m good at scaring away nightmares.”

“I don’t know...”

“Please let me try,” Ghostbur begged, and... dammit...

“Fine. We can try it out,” Tommy sighed. “Once.”

Ghostbur beamed in response and reached for the doorknob with no care for how he’d stain it and the door around it blue with his touch. He shoved the door open and gestured for Tommy to enter.

Tommy tiptoed inside. Wilbur was curled up on his side facing Tommy. It was obvious he was deeply asleep even without Ghostbur currently hovering next to Tommy. Tommy hesitated. “Are you sure this is alright with Wilbur?” he asked in a whisper.

“He’s me silly,” Ghostbur said moving over to ‘sit’ on the bed next to his body’s feet. It was always a bit weird to see both versions of him together. “Go ahead.” Ghostbur gestured at the bed.

“I...” Tommy said. “But...” Wilbur had different boundaries than Ghostbur. Tommy didn’t want to intrude. It’d be horrible and mortifying if he woke up to Tommy next to him and was mad, or worse, uncomfortable with him being there.

Ghostbur squinted at him for a moment and then his visage flickered and glitched.

“Mmphf,” Wilbur groaned, stirring slightly. He didn’t open his eyes, but he did move his head to face Tommy. “Tommy, com’ere.” An arm reached out blindly and ended up smacking him lightly in the stomach.

“Alright, alright,” Tommy said, unable to not smile softly. Luckily Wilbur wouldn’t be seeing it. “Prick,” he muttered, cautiously sitting on the bed, and then laying down beside him. Wilbur’s previously flailing arm reached over to tuck itself around him loosely. There was a huff of breath and

then some shuffling from Wilbur before he settled down once again. Ghostbur stabilized after a few seconds. “Happy?” Tommy asked him.

“Yes,” Ghostbur said without hesitation or remorse.

Tommy rolled his eyes and sighed, trying to relax. The bed was surprisingly nice, he decided after a few minutes. It was comfy, not that Tommy’s bed was not, but Wilbur had a stack of nice fluffy blankets; Tommy was contemplating swiping one later even as he spread out Technoblade’s onto the pile. He ran his hand over one of the softer ones a few times.

Unexpectedly, with Wilbur half hugging him, Ghostbur sitting on the edge of the bed, and Henry pressed to his chest, Tommy felt himself start to melt more and more into the bed. He was growing sleepy instead of staying in that sickeningly exhausted state he’d been in before. Maybe it was the added security of Ghostbur watching over him, but he felt... secure suddenly and he was so *tired*. He glanced up at the ghost sitting near his feet. “Are you going to stay?” he asked.

“Of course,” Ghostbur promised. “I’ll stay right here until one of us wakes up.”

“Okay,” Tommy replied. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, focusing on trying to fall asleep. It was easier than he’d thought it would be to start to drift off. The cold hands on his cheeks and the brush of lips against his forehead a moment before he fell asleep were a stark contrast to the warmth of the room.

Chapter End Notes

And then in the morning, Tommy takes one look at his face in the mirror and attempts to make Ghostbur a permanent fixture in the house (affectionate).

Also! You should read "Every Path Has Its Puddle" (next fic in the series) for more Tommy nightmares. That one is not in this book for *reasons* and is required reading for the sequel.

Pink and Blue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade's ire waited for him for three whole days and nights. Wilbur had known; even Ghostbur had known the second he'd done it that Techno was going to be pissed off at him. Yet, he'd waited patiently until Wilbur's fever broke and his sinuses cleared. It wasn't until all that was left of Wilbur's cold was a lingering cough that agitated his throat rarely and a bit of roughness to the higher registers of his voice that Technoblade tossed a plastic bag in his lap.

He'd been about to start watching a new episode of a television show he liked, and knowing how petty Techno was, the other man was probably well aware.

Wilbur looked up at him and sighed. "Yeah, alright," he said, getting to his feet. Apparently, Technoblade had decided it was time for him to pay for his sins. (The joke was, of course, on Techno, because Wilbur would take any excuse to fiddle with his baby brother's hair.)

Ghostbur had some rules that he had to follow with his family, and he did his best to follow them mostly, not wanting to make the people he cared about unhappy or uncomfortable. He mostly avoided getting blue on Techno and Phil's faces, though it wasn't a hard and fast rule. If left to his own devices their faces would be covered in blue all of the time, but they'd start to complain after a bit. So, Ghostbur mostly restrained himself unless he had a particularly strong urge. They'd accept the occasional blue fingerprint on their cheeks as long as he didn't do it too often or around times where they had to do something important without masks. (There may be a school photo of a very grumpy 13-year-old Technoblade with a blue fingerprint on his nose.)

Yet, while they were a bit flexible on the face touching, there was one thing Techno was not flexible on: the hair. Mostly because, while Ghostbur's blue stained skin for almost a week, it was known to stay in hair for months. Considering Techno was very attached to his pink hair, having it unwillingly dyed blue was not his favorite thing in the world. So, Wilbur was now tasked with rectifying it.

They left the door to Techno's bedroom as well as to his ensuite bathroom open for ventilation. Also, it would let people know where they were since responding to texts might get a little dicey at some points in the process.

Phil had designed Technoblade's bathroom with the fact that he dyed his hair frequently in mind, so his sink was basically a modified salon sink with detachable sprayers as well as normal faucets and a front that dipped down and made it easier to lean back into. It was also black, which was a much better idea than the easily stainable white sink they'd had at their last house. They also had a shampooing chair which Techno had already gotten out of his closet and set near the sink. His preferred shampoo and conditioner were already laid out along with towels, which just confirmed that he was being a dramatic asshole by throwing the hair dye at him minutes before.

Yet, Wilbur could only feel fond as Technoblade took his seat and Wilbur pulled up a playlist of songs he knew Techno liked on his phone. He set it off to the side out of the danger zone. Then, he turned to carefully undo the braid Techno had been sporting and used his fingers to gently unravel it before taking the brush to it. It didn't take much to brush out his hair as he never let it get very tangled, but Wilbur still took his time with it. It was just so soft and fluffy and was a familiar shade of pink that meant home even if there were a few specs of Ghostbur blue in it today. In fact, the blue in it and on his face just made the big brother instincts perk up even more.

Techno let him brush uselessly at fully detangled hair for a while before finally saying, “You know you have a job to do, right?” he asked.

“I can dye your hair green instead, Technoblade,” Wilbur threatened even as he set down the brush in favor of opening the drawer with hairclips.

“I can drown you in that bathtub,” Techno replied without missing a beat, eyes still closed and features soft and relaxed. Baby. Baby brother.

“And then I can dye your hair blue,” Wilbur retorted. “...Again.”

Techno snorted out a half laugh. “Better keep you alive then,” he said.

“You’d better,” Wilbur agreed as he started pinning up Techno’s hair into sections. The process was second nature at this point, Wilbur having done it for 18 years now. Once finished, he turned to put on plastic gloves before opening the hair dye and beginning to mix it up.

It was a different brand than the first one they’d nicked from a corner store, since the nosey cashier wasn’t going to let a 6- and 8-year-old buy it themselves. (Phil had gone back and paid for it.) This one smelled a lot nicer than that first cheap box had and Wilbur liked the slightly less bright color it produced more. He grabbed the dye brush and carefully started to apply the color to Techno’s hair.

It was a testament to how much Techno trusted him that he sat still with his eyes closed and let him do this. Perhaps it was less so now than it had been then when he was a twitchy 6-year-old 20-year-old straight out of fighting a war. Still, it was always a treat to see him so calm. He didn’t even seem to sense the new presence that arrived and lingered outside of the bedroom doorway.

“We have a guest,” Wilbur told Techno with a lip quirk.

Techno let his eyes flicker open to see the blond head that was peaking through the doorway at them. “You can come in Tommy,” he said.

Tommy stepped into the bedroom and crossed to linger in the doorway to the bathroom at the invitation. Techno had gotten half of his face and neck along with a bit of his hair stained blue, but Tommy and Phil had been the main casualties of a drugged, clingy Ghostbur. Pretty much his entire face was blue, and his hands and arms had a good amount too. Because Wilbur had been sick, he hadn’t even complained about the unwanted face paint job much other than some comments on it that almost seemed fond if Wilbur squinted. “What are you doing?” he asked.

“Dyeing Techno’s hair,” Wilbur answered.

“You can play DJ if you want, since Wilbur can’t touch his phone,” Techno offered. Wilbur was almost done and would be able to touch his phone soon and it was playing a song he knew Techno liked.

“Sure,” Tommy agreed, perking up at the suggestion and stepping fully into the bathroom. He swiped up Wilbur’s phone before sitting on the side of the bathtub.

“Don’t mess with my settings,” Wilbur warned.

“Or what?” he asked, swiping a finger across the screen, hopefully looking for music and not being an actual gremlin. “Going to stain my entire face blue?”

Wilbur hummed, dipped a gloved finger into the pink dye, and leaned over to swipe it across his nose.

Tommy looked up at him with a confused blink at the cold feeling on his nose. There was one second... two. "You actual bastard!" Tommy yelled. His instinct was to rub at his nose which only served to spread the dollop around and also get it on his hand.

Wilbur bent over double laughing at the look that crossed his face when he realized this, being careful to keep his hands from touching anything.

"Do anything that will get hair dye on my floor, and you'll be the one to clean it up," Techno warned in reaction to whatever Tommy was doing while Wilbur was indisposed with his laughter. "Take it outside after he's finished."

"He's a bastard," Tommy sulked.

"Yeah, and he's better at dying hair than Phil."

Tommy grumbled something under his breath and elbowed Wilbur away from the sink so he could wash his hands and face before returning to the bathtub to get on Wilbur's phone again.

Wilbur had mostly finished up dyeing Techno's hair at that point but had to pause when the songs abruptly changed. "Is that the 'Baby Shark' song?" Wilbur asked, feeling exhausted.

"It's my favorite song," Tommy claimed with a smirk on his face. Little fucker.

Wilbur rolled his eyes. He finished up with Techno's hair and peeled off his gloves before snatching his phone from Tommy to set a timer for 30 minutes.

He frowned at his phone. "Joke's on you," he said. "I speak Spanish."

Tommy just stuck his tongue out at him.

The joke, however, ended up being on Wilbur, because he let Tommy use the phone again while rinsing Techno's hair and got it back with its language set to Japanese and also all of his ringtones set to 'Baby Shark.'

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Linda Restoration

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil didn't know much about reupholstery. He was good at designing and building large projects. He enjoyed learning about architecture and sketched out building designs in his free time often. He'd all but single-handedly built their entire house and the secret lair beneath, and, with the help of Wilbur and Techno, he'd arranged all of the furniture. However, all of said furniture had been bought and bought new. He'd never really gotten into the hobby of building or restoring furniture himself. The most he'd done was make makeshift bedframes so his and Techno's mattresses didn't have to sit on the train car floor when they lived in the trainyard.

Yet, he was good with his hands, and good at researching how to do new things. With a bit of research and effort, he was sure he could manage. He... certainly couldn't make the chair Tommy had dubbed 'Linda' look any worse.

Wilbur had told him about 'Linda' behind Tommy's back after he and Techno brought the boys home, his nose scrunched up in disgust. A little less than two weeks after Tommy and Tubbo moved in, Phil decided to check it out for himself. Upon being informed that Phil planned to work on cleaning and fixing it up, Tommy and Tubbo decided that they were going to come with him. Tommy had trailed him to the garage after breakfast, insisting he keep an eye on the proceedings since it concerned his beloved chair. Tubbo had trailed after him; he clearly didn't give a shit about the chair.

The chair was... bad. It was bad. Before he could even think of trying to salvage it, it needed to be thoroughly cleaned. This proved to be an arduous task. Phil discovered many, many unidentifiable stains and some things he'd assumed were stains only for them to *not* be. This was somehow infinitely worse.

He'd been wary to stick his hand into the deep hole in its arm (the 'cup holder' Tommy had informed him) and for good reason. The hole had clearly been chewed into the piece of furniture by some sort of burrowing animal. There was a (thankfully long abandoned) nest made out of the torn-up foam cushioning, newspaper dated more than a decade ago, and old sticks.

It took him days to clean and even then, he decided to pass it over with the steam cleaner one more time just to be sure. By the time it was clean enough that Phil didn't shudder just looking at the thing, his audience had dwindled from two to one. Tubbo had decided to trust Phil enough or had simply gotten bored enough watching the circus act that was Phil repeatedly dirtying water, to not hang over his shoulder clutching a poisonous plant all day. He'd still stop by and check on the proceedings occasionally, but he didn't stick around.

It began to get cold in the garage and the chair was sanitary enough, that Phil decided to bring it inside. He still wasn't going to let the damned thing into his house proper, but he felt content enough to designate a room in the basement for storing and working on the chair.

Tommy tried to insist he could help carry the chair downstairs, which was endearing. Phil pointed out that he could carry both him and the chair without breaking a sweat. He learned saying this was a mistake because, while it was true, carrying a chair with a wiggly teenage boy perched on it through many narrow doorways was not as easy as he'd thought. Phil would swear the number of knees and elbows on the boy grew exponentially during the trip.

Tommy stuck around even after the chair had been transported downstairs. Since it was clear he'd be hanging around anyway, and the thing was less of a biohazard now, (Yes, he was aware that Tommy and Tubbo used to sit on the thing all the time before they moved it, but he didn't care.) he started to involve the boy more and more in the project.

He started with just having him hand Phil supplies, but let him help carefully tear the old, gross fabric off the frame when he asked. To his horror, Phil found that the seemingly grey chair must have once been blue, because the small bits of fabric protected from the elements by the wooden base were blue.

Once they'd pulled away the disaster that was the cover, the chair was surprisingly solid despite its condition at first glance. None of the fabric was salvageable, nor was the foam even in the parts that hadn't been chewed up and the wooden legs needed to be re-stained and buffed, but it had a good barebones structure. With a bit of work, they could probably actually make something of it.

It became clear that Tommy legitimately liked helping Phil with the chair, and Phil let him do more and more as the project progressed. He'd insisted on watching the same videos Phil did, so he'd understand what was going on, and even found some of his own to show Phil. They'd spend an hour or two every few days researching or working on the chair together in their make-shift workshop for the next few months. The goal for Phil slowly changed from fixing up the chair enough to pacify Tommy, to trying to make him a good chair, to trying to make the best chair they could with their combined skillset.

Tubbo would come by to check up on them and Wilbur was interested enough to come see the progress sometimes (Techno didn't seem to care), but most of the time it was just the two of them.

He was different with Phil than he was with Wilbur and Techno. Phil thought, despite trying to correct him, that he still saw Phil as *the* authority figure in the house. He tortured Wilbur relentlessly and messed around with Techno, but he still clung to just a bit of caution when it came to Phil. It was a constant loop of him relaxing enough to be a little shit to Phil, to looking at him with wide eyes afraid he'd overstepped, to calming down but warily backing off so he didn't end up pushing too far, to relaxing enough he forgot his caution once more and the cycle began again.

It was an uncomfortable cycle for Phil to be at the center of, but at least it was, in some ways, an easy thing to treat. All he had to do was laugh with him when he was relaxed, treat him with kindness when he was afraid, and encourage him to play around more when he was wary. It was easy. Phil just had to consistently not be a horrible person and treat him with respect and the periods of fear and wariness grew shorter while the periods of calm stretch longer. The fact that clearly multiple somoenes with power over him had not done so, had done the exact opposite in fact, pissed Phil off.

He looked to Phil every time he did something and preened when Phil gave him so much as a nod and smile. A hair ruffle or a pat on the shoulder was almost always leaned into. Words of affirmation made him much happier than they should. He wanted approval. Approval was easy to give.

Phil didn't even have to work to compliment or encourage him with how carefully he treated the project. He truly did a good job.

Once they'd removed the chair's old fabric completely, they tossed out all of the foam, and painstakingly replaced the worn springs. Then, Phil checked once more for structural integrity before starting to put Linda back together.

This was where Tommy really shined. Phil had had or quickly picked up most of the supplies himself up until that point, but he took the boy shopping for the rest of what they needed.

Tommy did a lot of research and eventually decided to use foam as the stuffing the same as it had originally. He prattled on for a few days about ILD numbers and the differences between molded and all-foam. The woman working at the store had seemed amused by his list of specifications; they had ended up having to special order it.

Then, it had come to picking out the fabric, which had taken literal hours. Tommy had insisted on touching every piece of fabric in the store even though Phil already knew going in that he planned to get something red. Phil refused to complain, however, even if the outfit and glasses he wore to attempt to hide his identity when laying low in public were annoying. The workers thankfully seemed more smitten with his enthusiasm than annoyed that he was touching *everything* and being loud as fuck.

Tommy eventually ended up circling back around a few times to a soft, white and red plaid patterned fabric and ultimately chose that one. Phil made sure to get way too much of the fabric. It was probably enough to reupholster the chair three times over, in fact. Tommy also, at some point in his wandering, took a shinning to a desk lamp that was in the shape of an anglerfish, which Phil also put in the cart.

The next few weeks were them being very careful and precise with everything they did. Tommy ended up being far better than Phil at the more intricate things, already knowing how to sew very well and having a delicate touch. Phil was impressed when he carefully hand sewed the cushions himself with neat little stitches that would only be rivaled by a machine. They carefully left room to insert a plastic cup holder about where the old hole had been and glued it in once everything else was done.

For the finishing touch, Tommy embroidered the name ‘Linda’ onto the back of the seat in golden, slightly sparkly, thread to Phil’s amusement. Which, if Phil was being honest, by the end of the project, he’d started to agree that she deserved a human name after all the bullshit she must have been through in life.

She was a good chair in the end, worth the time and attention. Tommy’s pride and joy at her being fixed up was worth even more.

Phil ended up carrying the finished project back up the stairs in the same way he’d carried her down them: with Tommy perched on top of her. (He hadn’t taken no for an answer.)

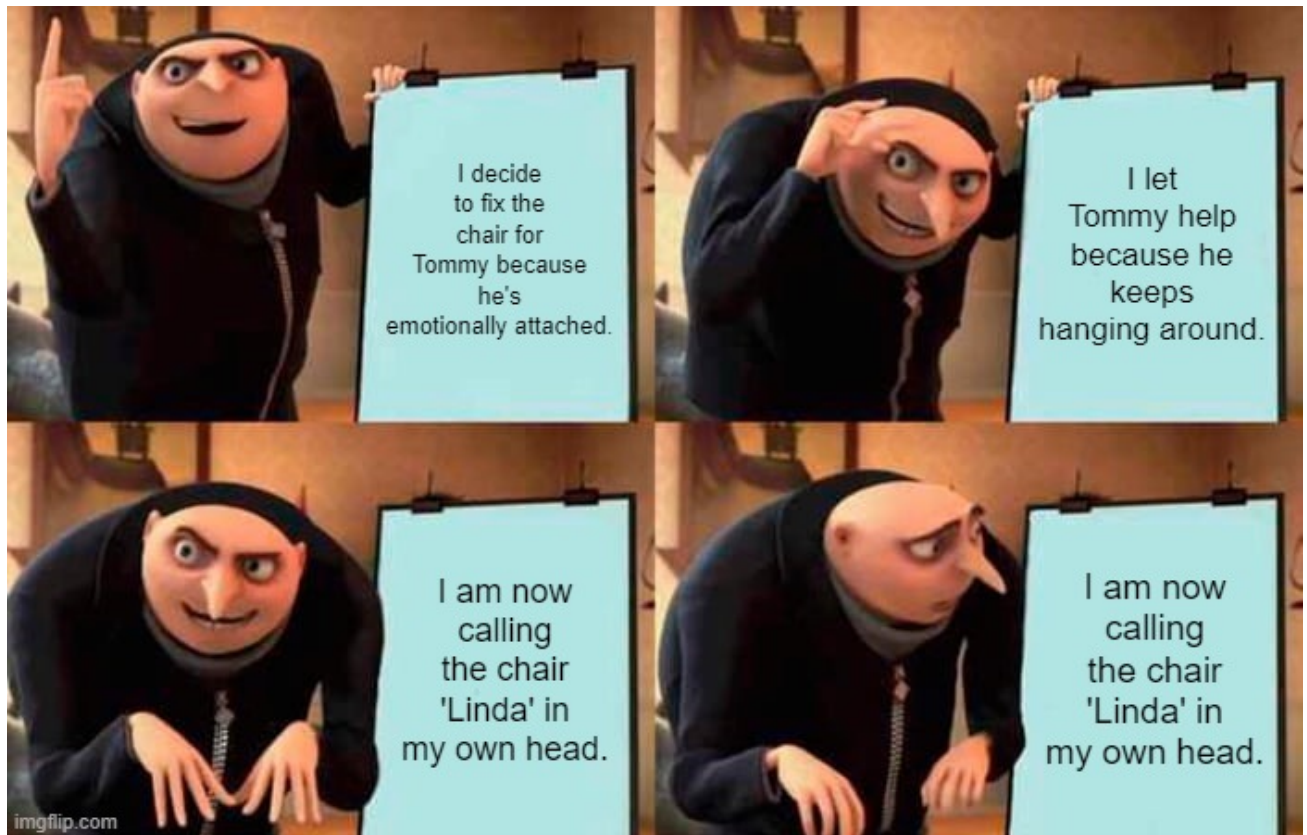
They put her in his and Tubbo’s room near the window and their two potted plants. (They were... probably not poisonous. Maybe.)

“Did you just go buy the kid a new chair without telling him?” Techno asked after seeing the chair. Unlike Tubbo and Wilbur, he hadn’t seen Linda since she was first cleaned. She was drastically different now.

“No,” Phil said with an eyeroll.

“It looks like an actually decent chair now.”

“It ended up being a decent chair underneath it all,” Phil said. “Tommy just... has a good sense for when something’s worth the effort.”



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Twisted Training Strategies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was relieved that training was over for the day. He was just starting to get used to the way Techno trained him and how their sessions usually ended with Tommy tired and a bit achy, but not wanting to curl up into a miserable ball in his and Tubbo's bed for the rest of the day. Yet, the sensation of bone crushing relief when Techno finally called an end to their training was not an unfamiliar one.

Tommy almost wished Techno was more like Dream today, that he'd just leave and let Tommy lick his wounds on his own for a bit before dragging himself back to the house. Unfortunately, Techno was already waiting by the coats to walk home with him; Tommy would have to grin and bear it for a little while yet.

He'd been stupid. His form had been wrong, and he'd gone down during the spar. Of course, going down when up against Techno wasn't particularly unusual, but Tommy had fallen wrong this time with a sharp sting of agony. Techno was kind enough to back off and let him get back to his feet. The problem was, Tommy hadn't wanted to get back to his feet with his ankle screaming at him in agony.

He'd briefly thought about telling him something was wrong. Wilbur had been pissed the couple of times he'd figured out Tommy had gotten a cut in training and hadn't told them. Techno had just reminded him he should always tell him when he was hurt. Yet, this injury had been Tommy's fault. He didn't want Technoblade to be pissed when he found out Tommy's inability to maintain a proper form had gotten him hurt. He didn't want to face Technoblade being disappointed in him when they had to stop training early. (He didn't want the illusion of training with a gentle hand to break. He didn't want Techno to know he was in pain and make him keep going. He didn't want Techno to know he'd been stupid enough to get hurt and punish him for it.)

Tommy had gotten up, gritted his teeth, and gotten on with it. It wasn't that hard to push through. He'd had much more grueling training in much worse conditions in the past.

Techno seemed to notice something was off or he just got annoyed with Tommy's increasing frequency of mistakes as the pain threw him off his game, because he ended training a bit early. He threw a few certainly disingenuous compliments Tommy's way which only served to frustrate him more.

Now they were walking back to the house side by side. It was quieter today than it usually was. Usually, Tommy was the one to talk a lot, but he didn't feel like it right now. Techno, for his part, didn't bring up anything that happened in training like he normally might. He seemed more contemplative than anything.

Tommy was glad to get back to the house and escape the awkward atmosphere. His bed was so, so close. He shucked off his coat by the door and hung it on the coat hook next to the one Techno had just taken off. Techno kicked off his shoes and headed into the living room. Tubbo was there, and he said hi to Techno before his eyes traveled to Tommy. He seemed to be able to tell something was wrong. Tommy just shot him a half smile and bent down to start unlacing his shoes.

He made the mistake of looking away to focus on slowly wiggling the shoe off of his injured foot. He made the mistake of not thinking he was being observed.

“Tommy,” Technoblade’s voice said from above him. When had he walked back from the living room? “Is something wrong with your foot?” His voice was level, but there was something in his tone that made Tommy go completely still.

Tommy didn’t look up, keeping his eyes on the swelling and developing bruises he’d just revealed as he took his shoe off. “No?” he said.

“When did it happen?” he demanded.

Tommy swallowed around the lump in his throat. He glanced up at Technoblade. He looked *pissed*. “During sparing,” Tommy said and rushed to say. “Near the end though, so I wanted to finish. It’s not that bad. It doesn’t even really hurt.” Technoblade raised one eyebrow. “Really! I didn’t even think it’d be swollen when we got back. Honestly, this is as much a surprise for me as it is for you, Big Man. I can barely even feel it! No need to worry about me. I’ll just go take care of it nice and quick on my own and it’ll be fine...”

His expression darkened more and more every second Tommy rambled. “We don’t train on injuries,” he said. “We don’t walk a quarter of a mile home on a twisted ankle.”

“It’s not that bad,” Tommy tried meekly.

“I don’t care if it’s a paper cut or if you’re dying from an infection. Wilbur and I have explained to you twice before that you do not hide injuries.”

Fuck. *Fuck*. He was mad. He was boiling mad. Tommy didn’t think he’d ever seen Technoblade actually angry before. He was always the calm one. Even when Tommy fucked with him on the battlefield, he’d not seemed to care. Even the last two times when Wilbur had raged and fussed at Tommy being injured, Techno had just told him not to do it again, but then Tommy had done it again multiple times, and now he was pissed. He was pissed and he was looming over Tommy. Tommy was injured and he was too close for Tommy to successfully bolt. He hadn’t been this scared of Technoblade since the time he’d held a sword to Tommy’s throat alone in a back alley. Tommy didn’t think he planned to walk away this time.

“I...” Tommy said, not sure what he’d been planning to say.

“Get up,” Technoblade said. “I’m helping you to the couch.”

Tommy nodded, moving to obey.

“Take your weight off that foot or I’m carrying you,” Technoblade said once he was standing.

Tommy shifted from resolutely putting equal weight on both ankles to leaning completely on the uninjured one. He went so far as to pick up the injured foot fully from the floor.

He considered protesting when Technoblade offered him a shoulder to lean on. He’d managed to walk all the way from the training building on his own; he could manage the distance to the couch. However, he could still feel the anger pulsing off of him and decided not to push his luck.

He was deposited on the couch in short order. A pillow was placed on the table in front of him. “Your foot goes here,” he said gruffly. Tommy extended the injured leg and dutifully put his foot on the pillow. “I’m going to get you some ice.” He turned to Tubbo who’d been watching them intently the entire time. “Don’t let him get up,” he said. Then, he turned around and left the room in the direction of the kitchen.

There were a couple of seconds of silence. "You alright?" Tubbo asked in a whisper.

Tommy felt his breath hitch.

Tubbo was there in a second, moving so silently across the floor that one would think he had Tommy's power and had made his feet hit lighter. He knelt next to the couch and Tommy squeezed his hand when it was offered.

"We can leave if you want," Tubbo said, just loud enough that Tommy could hear. "Say the word and we'll bolt, but," he paused for a second. "I honestly don't think we need to." Tommy blinked down at him, because Tubbo was the one who was constantly on his toes. He didn't fully trust the SBI. He didn't even really seem to like them. The part of Tommy that wasn't locked in a cycle of fear, guilt, and dread was confused as to why he wasn't insisting they get the fuck out when the Blade was that angry. "He's mad," Tubbo explained, "but I don't think he'll hurt you. Do you?"

Tommy squeezed Tubbo's hand again and took a moment to breathe. He rolled Tubbo's question over in his mind for a moment and found that he... didn't. Under the instinctual fear of someone who was in a position to hurt him being mad, it didn't really make sense to think Techno would hurt him. He was mad because Tommy was hurt and didn't tell him just like Wilbur had been the last two times because he was worried. It didn't make sense for him to hurt him when he was clearly unhappy Tommy was hurt in the first place. He hadn't shown any signs of wanting to hurt him either. He'd helped him to the couch gently when he could have been rough, and he'd even left him alone with Tubbo who he had to know was far more Tommy's ally than his. There would be some sort of consequence for this considering how unhappy he was with Tommy, and the thought made his stomach twist, but no. No, Tommy didn't think he'd do *that*.

Tommy shook his head.

"I'll still get you out if that's what you want," Tubbo said.

Tommy shook his head once more. "I'll be fine," he said.

Tubbo considered him and then nodded. He squeezed Tommy's hand once more and then he was gone, back to sitting in his chair like he'd never moved a few seconds before Techno reentered the room.

He had a blue towel thingy in his hand and no baggy full of ice or frozen vegetables. Tommy twitched when he settled it on Tommy's foot, and it was cold. It bent around his foot unlike bags of ice and was heavier than expected.

"I'm setting an alarm for 15 minutes," Techno said, messing with his phone. "Keep it on until then. I've texted Wilbur. He'll be up to look at it and wrap it in a bit."

"Okay," Tommy agreed.

Technoblade sat down on the other side of the couch and Tommy glanced at him warily. Techno reached over to grab the remote from the side table. "Here," he said tossing it at Tommy. "I'd suggest you choose an interesting TV show to start watching. You're not doing anything but sitting on that couch for a week and that's only if Wilbur clears you at the end of it."

Tommy hesitated, running his fingers over the buttons on the remote, but not pushing any. "And?" he asked.

“And what, Tommy?” he asked. He was still angry, that much was clear, though he’d managed to rein it in while in the kitchen and wasn’t quite as terrifying. Or maybe Tommy had just calmed down.

“I disobeyed you,” Tommy said. There was the sharp burn of building tears at the edge of his eyes, but he refused to let them escape. “I didn’t say I was injured even though that’s a rule. I lied when you asked.”

He looked at Tommy for a moment before turning to look at the still off TV. “I’m not punishing you, Tommy. We don’t do things that way here.”

“Oh.”

There was a long silence.

“I can set you up a video game if you’d prefer,” Techno eventually said.

“You said you wanted me to try out Persona 5 once, but it was really long,” Tommy said tentatively.

Techno nodded. “I’ll get it set up for you,” he said and stood.

“Thanks.”

By the time Techno managed to find the game and get it set up on the TV, Wilbur had already come upstairs to be a wanker about Tommy’s ankle. Despite his ankle feeling perfectly fine by the end of the first day, Tommy spent his week sitting on the couch playing the video game when Techno was there to help him and watching movies with the others when he wasn’t. He was not allowed any reprieve from his restriction to the couch. Even Tubbo got in on guard duty to Tommy’s annoyance, though he just seemed amused, not at all concerned like the others.

There were worse ways to spend a week after being injured. (Not that Tommy would tell any of the fuckers that.)

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Pillow Fort (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Wilbur, I’m cold,” Tommy complained.

“Have you thought about not standing near the window?” Wilbur asked, glancing up from his phone. The man himself had a blanket thrown over his legs as he had been cold before and rectified this discomfort in a civilized and rational way. “Or wearing something more than a T-shirt?”

Tommy glared at him from his seat on the window ledge. He’d been staring forlornly out at the quickly falling snow since Phil had told him in no uncertain terms that he was absolutely not allowed to go running out into a blizzard.

Of course, Phil had then proceeded to fuck off downstairs leaving Techno and Wilbur to deal with the consequences.

“Technoblade, I’m cold.”

Techno rolled his eyes without looking at him.

“...Tubbo I-”

“Stop complaining and come here,” Technoblade interrupted his whining, finally having had enough.

He frowned, but obeyed, his curiosity over what Techno wanted winning out over his desire to endlessly mope.

“Sit,” Techno said, gesturing to the ground in front of him.

Tommy seemed a bit leery of the request. Tubbo either for the same reason or because he could sense Tommy’s anxiety also sat up straighter in his seat. The moment of caution passed in a second though, and he settled down on the floor facing Techno and tilting his face up to look at him curious and trusting.

L to him.

Techno tossed a blanket over his head.

“...Bastard,” Tommy said after a few moments to process.

“Still cold?” Techno asked pleasantly.

“Yes.”

“Ah. I see.” He threw a pillow at him. It smacked him on the head and fell into his lap. “Better?”

A hand came from under the blanket to flip Techno off.

Techno reclined back against the couch and looked over at Wilbur. Wilbur had looked up from his phone and was watching them with amusement. “Do you see that?” Techno asked. “I think that means

he's still cold."

Tommy whipped the blanket off of his head to point warningly at Wilbur. "Don't start." His eyes flickered between him and Techno distrustfully. Ah, so the child was learning.

Wilbur just smiled and stood from his seat opposite Techno on the couch with a slow stretch. Tommy watched him warily as he took a step, so he was looming over him. "Of course not, Toms," he agreed with a smile before turning to exit the room without another word. Tommy collapsed back onto the floor at his exit, clearly sulking at being ignored. He let out a groan after a couple of seconds.

"Truly, it must be difficult to be Tommy in these trying times," Technoblade commented.

"Shut up, Technoblade," he muttered, throwing the blanket back over his own head and cuddling miserably around the pillow. Techno met eyes with Tubbo sitting on the recliner across the way.

Tubbo looked back at Tommy after a moment and then slowly shifted from his position with his legs folded under him. He extended one leg until he could tap Tommy's head through the blanket with his socked foot.

"Fuck off, Tubbo," Tommy growled, swiping at the leg through the blanket.

Techno watched as Wilbur returned to the living room, or at least, he assumed it was Wilbur. He could not be sure as he couldn't see him over the giant pile of blankets stacked in the man's arms. He seemed to have emptied the entire hall closet of blankets and pillows.

Tubbo also saw him, obviously, but Tommy did not considering he was busy pouting under a blanket. Techno and Tubbo were silent as Wilbur walked to stand over Tommy.

"Tommy," Wilbur called.

Tommy pulled the blanket off of his face at the sound of Wilbur's voice, and the moment he did, Wilbur gleefully let go of the entire pile of blankets and pillows in his arms.

"You dick!" Tommy yelled, trying to struggle out of the pile. He was not making much headway. He did, however, manage to grab the nearest pillow and violently throw it at Wilbur's face.

Wilbur just barely dodged the projectile with a laugh. "Stop being grumpy."

"FUCK YOU!"

"Calm down, child, we're building you a blanket fort." He eyed the pile of blankets critically. "I'll go get some more."

"How many blankets do you fuckers have in this house?" Tubbo asked.

"A normal amount," Wilbur declared. Normal, Techno thought, was actually probably somewhere between what Tubbo and Wilbur thought of as 'normal.' Though, it probably leaned more towards Wilbur's side.

Tubbo rolled his eyes, and Wilbur tossed a pillow at him underhand in response. It smacked him in the face gently. The plant God seemed displeased by this, but he fortunately did not quite look murderous.

Wilbur wandered back off into the hallway to dig up some more blankets. Meanwhile, Tommy managed to worm his way out of the blanket pile. As soon as he managed to free himself, Technoblade reached over, grabbed the last blanket on the couch that Wilbur had been under before getting up, and tossed it over his head.

He shoved the blanket off his head and glared at Techno. "This means war, Blade."

Techno leaned back on the couch, far from concerned. Tommy threw a pillow at him, and he caught it midair easily, immediately throwing it back. Yet, then the boy was somehow springing to his feet and dodging the returned pillow before Technoblade could blink. The next thing Technoblade knew, there was a boney teenager on top of him, blanket in hand. Said blanket was shoved over Techno's face and pinned down to keep it there. It wasn't enough to restrict his breathing, but it was enough to darken the world almost completely. The shock of the maneuver getting past his defenses was enough to surprise Techno into actually tensing. His hands shot up to fend off attack on instinct, but he calmed a moment later, relaxing back onto the couch casually despite the blanket over his head.

This of course, confused his opponent, and Techno felt him hesitate for a moment. "The element of surprise," Technoblade said softly, arms bracketing suddenly around his middle. He squeaked, and Techno allowed himself a full smirk hidden by the blanket. "Will only get you so far." He pulled Tommy down and to the side, so he landed on the couch. Techno held him down with one arm and reached blindly for a pillow to slam over his face.

Techno managed to shake the blanket off his own head, keeping Tommy pinned down while he did so. To prevent biting, he was careful to keep the pillow pressed to his face, though he only held it firm against his forehead, so he could still breathe easily. He turned his head to Tubbo even as Tommy tried to scratch at his arms to get him away. "You can have a free shot at him with a pillow if you want," Techno offered.

Tubbo was watching them carefully from his seat, tense, but he relaxed marginally at Techno's offer. He considered his struggling friend for a long moment. "Well," he finally decided, "he has been fucking annoying today." Tubbo said.

An affronted, "Tubbo!" came from behind the pillow.

Amusement sparked in Tubbo's eyes at that, soft in a way Techno only ever saw from him in flashes and always directed at Tommy. Techno relented with the pillow as he approached, letting Tommy bat it away, but keeping one hand on his sternum to pin him to the couch.

"All yours," Techno said.

"Don't you dare, Tubbo! Don't you dare!" Tommy said, squirming desperately as Tubbo lifted his weapon, like Tubbo was carrying a bucket of ice water instead of a pillow.

"Long live the king," Tubbo said darkly, pillow raised high in the air. (Wilbur should have never shown them that movie.) He brought it down in a violent arch to smack Tommy across the face.

"What the hell?!" Tommy asked as the pillow came back up.

"Still cold, Tommy?" Tubbo inquired with too many teeth.

Techno watched Tommy's face as he debated with himself over the correct response. Techno knew his answer probably before he himself did. Tubbo almost certainly did as well. The bastard was getting exactly what he wanted, after all: attention. "...Yes?"

Tubbo immediately smacked him with the pillow again. Tommy grabbed for the pillow as it pulled away from his face this time, and Techno decided that was the best time to release him. He had only offered Tubbo *one* free hit. Tommy launched himself at his friend, and they went rolling across the blanket covered floor together.

“Technoblade, I left you alone with them for 30 seconds, and you’ve already incited a battle royale,” Wilbur chided upon reentering the room. He set yet another pile of blankets on the couch, these ones Techno recognized from Wilbur’s room.

“Which one are you putting money on?” Techno asked.

“Well,” Wilbur contemplated, “Tubbo’s technically stronger, but Tommy bites.”

“Both good points,” Techno said. “I’ll put \$10 on Tommy. He has more energy today.”

“I’ll throw it for 5, Will,” Tommy offered without hesitation.

“Deal.”

Tommy immediately played possum, going so far as to stick his tongue out of his mouth as though dead.

Techno sighed as Tubbo frowned down at him. “It’s not fun if he lets it happen,” he said.

“That’s called match fixing and it’s definitely illegal,” Techno pointed out, glaring at Wilbur who seemed far too pleased with himself.

“Good thing you’re a supervillain who doesn’t care about legality,” Tommy said, peaking one eye open to look up at Techno.

“Little monster,” Technoblade said.

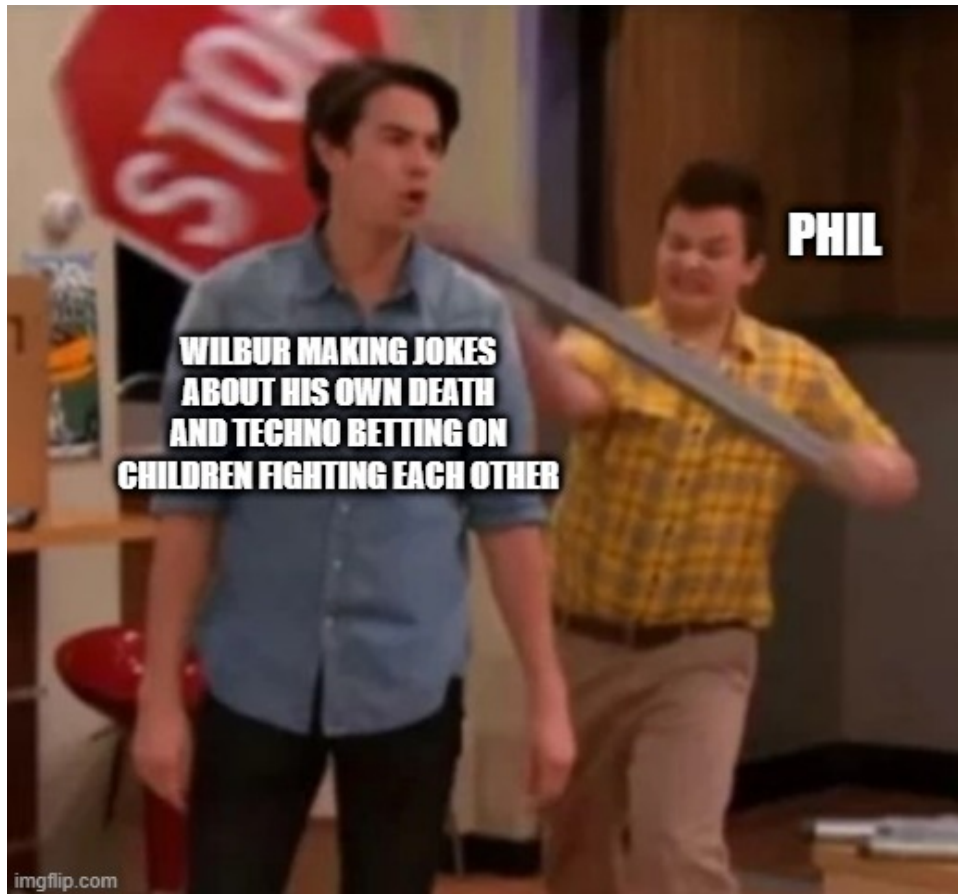
“Bested by a child, Technoblade?” Wilbur said. “For shame.”

“I am not a- oof.” Wilbur threw a pillow at Tommy to cut him off.

“Yes, yes, you’re not a child, child. Now!” he cut off Tommy before he could complain more, “it’s time to destroy the living room so we can make Phil clean it up later.”

“Ah, petty revenge for leaving us all trapped here alone to drive each other crazy,” Technoblade said. “I’m in.”

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

It's how they deal with trauma Phil!

Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Two: Phil's Revenge (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

This is a direct follow up to Chapter 5.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They met back up behind the still broken garden shed. It was not the most strategic meeting location because, while Techno and Wilbur both knew that was where each other would be, so did Phil. Considering they were currently fleeing Phil, it was probably not the best place to be hanging out. Techno had stopping bringing up tactical issues such as this at around 8-years-old. Wilbur had always looked at him like he was an idiot.

“This is your fault,” Wilbur groaned.

“You seemed perfectly content with the plan 5 minutes ago,” Techno reminded.

“It was your idea,” Wilbur accused.

“And you were not forced to be involved.”

Wilbur puffed out an agitated breath. “So, what’s the plan?”

“Oh, you want to follow another one of my plans then?”

Wilbur reached forward to shove his arm.

“Honestly, Wilbur, the only way the two of us are going to live through this is by dying and I doubt our opponent will allow us that advantage.”

“Really?” Wilbur asked. “That’s all you’ve got?”

“There is no beating Phil,” Techno said with a shrug.

“Ugh, you’re useless. I should have just hidden in the woods,” Wilbur said, getting to his feet.

“You also really shouldn’t be standing up right now,” Techno said.

Wilbur blinked down at him and then looked to the side with a wince. “Heeeey, Phil,” he said. Techno, being the only one with a brain, peered at the approaching figures through a hole in the broken wood of the shed in front of him instead of standing up and revealing himself.

“Hi, Will,” Phil replied jovially.

“I thought you’d take longer to kill the gremlin.”

“Tommy’s joined my team,” Phil said with a smile.

“Traitor,” Wilbur hissed at the boy.

“Oi! You abandoned me first!” Tommy yelled, which was a fair and valid point.

Phil set a hand on the boy’s shoulder. There was a glint in his eyes that spelled mischief. It was one of the few expressions that Techno could look at and clearly see Wilbur in the lines of his face.

“Tommy,” Phil said, “go and corner Wilbur for me.”

Tommy, the poor oblivious fool, agreed easily with a vicious and excited smile on his face.

Wilbur narrowed his eyes at him for a moment, before deciding to cut his losses and bolt for the woods behind them. Tommy was flying after him with a battle cry a moment later.

“So,” Phil said once their ruckus had faded into the distance a bit. “What exactly was the plan there?” Amusement colored his tone and there was a smile on his face as he regarded the broken garden shed. Techno was not fool enough to speak. “I know you’re back there,” Phil said. Techno still said nothing. “Okay,” Phil chuckled. His footsteps crunched in the snow as he approached the shed. Techno took a breath, positioning one foot in front of the other, still crouched. One hand settled on a more intact part of the shed to steady himself while one hand was on the ground.

Phil took one step around the side of the shed and Techno sprung. He tossed a handful of snow right in the man’s face, distracting him for a moment as Techno dashed to the side.

The problem with fighting Phil was that, while Techno was very skilled in fighting, his advantage in most fights came from being able to predict his opponents’ moves while being unpredictable himself. Phil knew him too well for that to work. They could share a look across a room and know what each other was thinking. In battle, they moved as one unit without ever missing a step. Every fighting skill Techno had ever learned was learned from Phil or beside him. It was perfect when fighting with him. It sucked when Techno had convinced Tommy to dive bomb Phil from a rooftop and the man was now hellbent on burying Techno in snow.

Honestly, Techno thought, it should take Phil longer to turn than it did with the huge wings on his back. The little bit they did slow him down, he made up for by using them to launch himself forward towards Techno.

Techno dodged and managed to avoid his first strike, but he didn’t get very far before arms grabbed him and his feet were off the ground.

Techno sighed as Phil tossed him over his shoulder. This result was inevitable.

“I hear this was meant to be a training exercise,” Phil said smugly. Techno rolled his eyes. There was the Wilbur in him once again.

“I was worried your reaction time might be slowing in your old age,” Techno informed him blandly.

“Losing a fight to me and immediately calling me old,” he tsked. “Wilbur is a bad influence on you.”

“Just throw me into a snowbank and get it over with old man.”

“Not going to fight me on it?” Phil asked.

“I’m not making more of a fool out of myself for your amusement by struggling,” Techno said. “You have Wilbur for that.”

“That I do,” Phil agreed with a laugh. Then, with no warning whatsoever, Techno was suddenly being dropped.

Phil had chosen a large snowbank of soft snow and Techno ended up sinking almost completely into it. The cold was sinking into his skin even through his thick coat in moments.

“Welp, now I’m cold,” Techno said.

“Are you?” Phil asked, sounding faux intrigued. A handful of snow was dropped on his face.

“Was that part necessary?” Techno asked, wiping his face with his coat sleeve. It didn’t help much considering his entire arm was currently covered in snow.

“That was for the face full of snow coming around the shed,” Phil informed him.

Techno sighed and stared at the sky for a long moment until a hand entered his field of vision. Techno took it and let Phil pull him to his feet. Phil brushed some of the snow off his shoulder and then almost bent over double laughing at the expression Techno shot him. “Oh, you deserved it,” he said, patting Techno on the cheek with his cold fingers. “Now, go inside and get some dry clothes on.

“Fine,” Techno agreed, stripping off his own gloves and tossing them at his face. Phil caught them with a nod of thanks before turning to look in the direction of the screaming currently coming from the woods.

Techno turned to go dry off inside as Phil walked away.

Chapter End Notes

Techno, 7-years-old: ...Then, we switch busses in Milwaukee to throw him off. After riding on the next bus for 5 hours, we get off at a small town where we get dye our hair and change our names. Our backstory is that our parents died in the coal mines.

Wilbur, 9-years-old: Okay, again, I think you fundamentally misunderstand what is going on here. Let me explain one more time. First, any plans that take us out of the yard, let alone out of the city are not considered valid and we are not doing that. Second...

Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Two: Phil's Revenge (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The tables had turned from Tommy chasing Wilbur to Wilbur chasing Tommy rather quickly. The problem with Tommy chasing Wilbur was that it was rather counterproductive for the child. Tommy's advantages in a fight came from not getting too close to his opponent. If he did get close enough for Wilbur to touch him, Wilbur would simply take him down immediately and without mercy. Upon remembering this fact, Wilbur had switched tactics.

Tommy shrieked and danced out of the way as Wilbur lunged at him. Yet, he didn't take off running as fast as he could in the opposite direction but stopped a few feet away. This meant Wilbur was still losing despite being the pursuer.

Today, Tommy's job wasn't actually to catch him, Wilbur knew. His job was to keep track of him for Phil so Wilbur couldn't go hide away somewhere. Tommy was much faster than Wilbur. He wasn't going to be able to get away from him and he wasn't going to be able to catch him. His hope when he'd started chasing Tommy back was that he could get him running and then dart off in a different direction before the boy realized he was no longer being pursued. Unfortunately, Tommy was far too smart for that. Well, that or he just relished in messing with Wilbur. Perhaps it was a bit of both.

Every time Wilbur grabbed at him, he'd spring away, run a few meters, and then stop to turn back and eagerly wait for Wilbur's next move. It reminded him of a puppy who would dart away from the human trying to put it on a leash because it thought it was a game. It'd be cute if he wasn't a fucking traitor.

"You'll pay for your disloyalty," Wilbur told him, taking a break from running to glower at the ball of energy bouncing in place in front of him.

"You'll have to catch me first," he said, sticking his tongue out at Wilbur. His cheeks were red with the cold and his eyes were sparkling with glee, certain he was on the winning side. Wilbur shot the little asshole a smirk. Oh, Wilbur would not have to catch him for him to pay for his transgressions.

Wilbur could still try though.

Tommy screamed as Wilbur lunged for him but managed to avoid Wilbur's grasping hands. He laughed loudly, continuing to dodge as Wilbur continued to go after him. If Wilbur could just get a hand on him, it'd be all over for the little fucker.

Yet, it was already too late. The sound of flapping wings was Wilbur's cue to abandon trying to catch Tommy and take off as fast as he could in the opposite direction. He barely even made it a step.

"No!" he yelped as he was lifted off his feet.

"Yes," Phil corrected, paying no attention to Wilbur attempting to escape his grip with frantic thrashing.

"I cornered him for you, Phil!" Tommy declared.

"Yes, you did," Phil said amused. "Thank you, Tommy."

“Fuck you, Tommy!”

“Now, now, you’ve already been rude enough today,” Phil scolded. Wilbur was shifted around so he was being held in a princess carry. Taking a page from Tommy’s playbook in the hopes he could surprise Phil, he craned his neck and licked his wrist.

“I used to change your diapers. I’ve had far worse of your bodily fluids on me during your lifetime, Will,” Phil drawled.

“Let me go,” Wilbur demanded, squirming fruitlessly.

“No,” was the reply.

“Please, Dad?” Wilbur said with a pleading expression.

“Dad, huh?” Phil asked, eyes full of enough affection that Wilbur thought for a moment he had a chance.

Then, he was being tilted backwards. He yelped. “Fuck you! You are no father of mine!” Wilbur screamed at him, while hanging upside down in his father’s arms.

Phil just laughed and pulled him back up after a few moments more.

“Alright, alright,” he said, smiling in response to Wilbur’s glare. “I can see you just want to go in the snow already.”

“No! Let me go!”

Wilbur and Tommy had run a bit into the forest, and Phil didn’t want to dump him into an unknown pile of snow in the woods that might have a pointy tree branch or rock near the surface. So, Wilbur had to suffer the indignity of being carried all the way back to the house. He fought the whole way, but he never had any chance of getting away from Phil. On the list of benefits of having a father with superstrength, this was surely on the bottom.

Tommy seemed to be having a good time at least. He was literally running circles around them the whole way. He would get what was coming to him soon enough.

They eventually made it to a snowbank Phil approved of.

“One-” Phil said.

“Oh, fuck you-”

“Two-” and he tossed Wilbur into the snowbank before getting to three.

“Ahh!” Wilbur yelled in surprise as he flew through the air. He hissed in a breath as he landed in a pile of cold fluff. “You’re going into a nursing home in your old age, I hope you know,” Wilbur said, crossing his arms. “The worst one I can find!”

Phil seemed entirely unconcerned.

“Hah! Loser!” Tommy mocked, sticking out his tongue at Wilbur once again. Wilbur just raised an eyebrow at him.

The next moment, Phil had swooped Tommy up into his arms as well and he was being tossed into the snowbank right beside Wilbur with an ear-piercing demonic screech.

“I helped you!” Tommy yelled, affronted and covered in snow.

“Phil doesn’t appreciate disloyalty,” Wilbur told him, “and neither do I!” He pulled the boy’s coat away from his neck and shoved a handful of snow down his shirt.

“You fucking bastard!” Tommy shrieked.

“Yeah, yeah. Take the L and wait for us to save you the next time you get captured, asshole.”

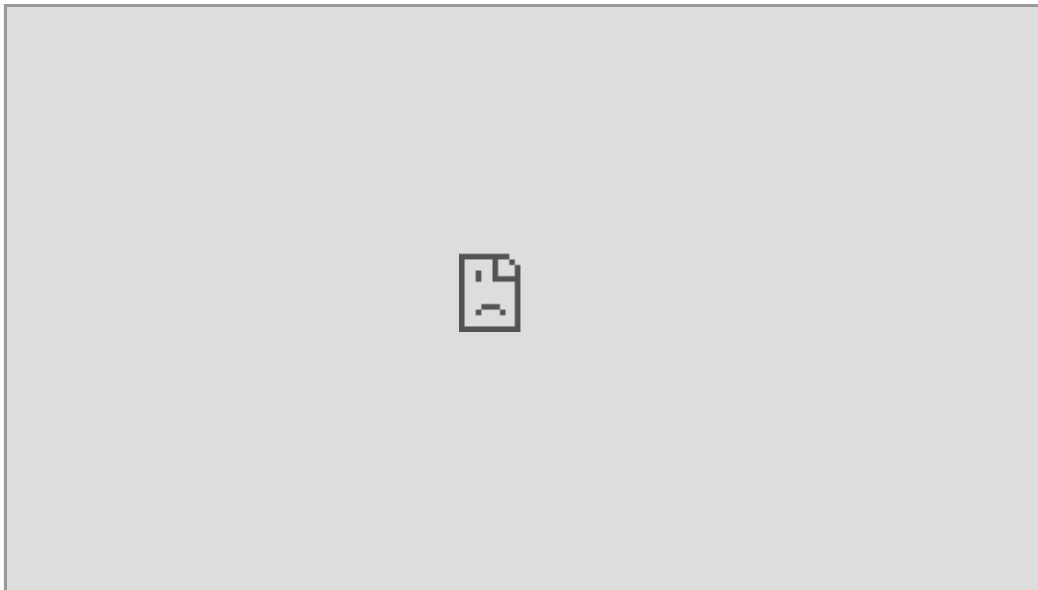
“That’s fucking cold! Holy shit!” He started rolling around on the ground which, honestly, Wilbur wasn’t sure how he expected that to alleviate the problem. “Shit! Fuck! Piss!”

“Alright, alright,” Phil said with a chuckle. He bent down and offered a hand. Tommy just glared at it suspiciously. “It’s fine,” he reassured. “We’re done playing now. Come here.” Tommy still didn’t look completely convinced but took the offered hand. As promised, Phil pulled him to his feet. He pulled the back of Tommy’s coat away from his body so most of the snow could escape out of the bottom. “There you go.” A shivering Tommy leaned into him, and Phil fulfilled the silent request for a hug, rubbing a hand across his back to try to warm him up at least a little bit. He did not seem concerned by the fact that he was getting himself wet in the process. “Let’s go inside and get some dry clothes. I’m sure Techno’s made something warm to drink by now.” He pulled away from Tommy and glanced down at Wilbur. “You too, Will.” He reached down to pull Wilbur to his feet as well.

Tommy glared at him as he stood. Wilbur just ruffled his hair. “You can have your pick of my sweaters,” he offered. “Since the one you’re wearing now is probably wet.”

Any ire on his face instantly melted away. “I was also promised Techno’s crown,” he reminded.

“Oh, we’ll be sure to remind him,” Wilbur promised before nudging him to get him walking towards the house.



Once again, videos do not embed into notes. :(So, see above for a video detailing how the chase between Wilbur and Tommy went down.

Skinned Knees

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil paused with a piece of toast halfway to his mouth when he saw the look on Tommy's face. He'd heard the teenager walk into the kitchen and had expected him to grab a glass of water or a snack. Maybe he'd even pause to talk to Phil if whatever activity he'd taken a break from to attend to his bodily needs wasn't too pressing.

Yet, to Phil's surprise, he'd ignored the sink and cabinets of food to come and stand on the other side of the kitchen table from Phil. He had an accusing glower on his face that made Phil cast his mind back trying to remember if there was anything he'd done lately that could have upset him. He couldn't think of anything. Phil put the toast back on his plate without taking a bite.

"Hey, mate," he said, and Tommy's eyes burnt with the ferocity of hellfire as he looked at him. "Did you need something from me?"

He saw a muscle tick in Tommy's jaw. "I-" he ground out and then stopped.

"...Do you want to sit down?"

"No."

"Okay," said Phil.

"I-" Tommy tried again. His face scrunched up like speaking was causing him physical pain. "I scraped my knee," he finally bit out.

"Oh," Phil said with a blink. "Do you-"

"It's not bad," Tommy cut him off, "but I'm supposed to tell one of you about that sort of shit, and I'm training with Techno later. He will find it, and he'll tell Will who'll be a tosser about it. So, can you just tell them I told you, so they won't be all weird about it when they see it?"

"Of course," Phil said, and Tommy's face brightened momentarily. "Can I see it?"

His expression came crashing down at that. "Not you too Phil!" he whined. "It's just a scrape!"

"I believe you," Phil said. "I'd still like to see."

"Ugh," he groaned, "fine."

Phil abandoned his toast, directing him across the hall to what used to be just Wilbur's bathroom before Tommy had forced him to share. Phil still wasn't sure how he'd done that, not to mention why he'd chosen to subject himself to sharing a bathroom with Will.

He sat sullenly on the toilet lid while Phil grabbed a pack of Band-aids and antibiotic ointment from under the sink and washed his hands. He knelt on the floor in front of the boy.

"I can handle it myself," Tommy said spitefully when Phil asked him to roll up the leg of the sweats he was wearing, but he did as Phil asked.

It truly was just a small scrape that Tommy surely could have treated himself without any issue. Phil still dabbed it clean with a washrag and spread a bit of the ointment on it.

"I don't get you people," Tommy grumbled. Phil glanced at him. "It's just a scrape."

"It is," Phil agreed. If Wilbur had brought him this wound at 16, he would have rolled his eyes because the boy clearly just wanted attention and an excuse to complain. If Techno had, he'd probably react the same way he was now. "But I, and I'm sure Wilbur and Techno would agree, want to know if you're hurt even just a bit." He selected a Band-Aid of an appropriate size to cover the scrape even though it wasn't currently bleeding. "Besides, it's good practice."

"Good practice for what?" Tommy scoffed.

"Well," Phil said. "It wasn't easy for you to tell me about this, was it?"

Tommy looked away and pursed his lips. "It's basically nothing. Telling you is stupid and fucking embarrassing."

"And you had trouble telling Techno about your ankle," Phil pointed out, "even though that was more serious."

Tommy said nothing about that reminder.

"Techno had the same issue once," Phil told him.

"Well, then why's he such a bitch about me doing it?"

Phil's mind flashed to an uncomfortable number of hidden bullet, stab, and other wounds, and those were only the ones Phil remembered. "Because," Phil said, "he knows the consequences."

Tommy puffed out an agitated breath as Phil placed the Band-Aid on his scrape.

"Pit thing probably," Tommy noted casually.

Phil paused, because Tommy had never actually willingly brought up things about his childhood in the Nether except once to Techno. "Mmm?" said Phil, not wanting to push.

Tommy stretched out his leg to study the plaster Phil had just put there. "We didn't have Band-Aids," he said. "Well, Tubbo probably did, or at least he would have had something." He reached down and tapped an ugly looking scar on the side of his calf. "Someone made me one out of duct tape and a paper towel once."

Phil winced at the mental image. "That's not... the best solution for wound care."

Tommy shrugged. "He tried."

Phil must have let what he thought of that slip into his expression because Tommy narrowed his eyes.

"Oi! Don't judge. You all don't trust me with wound care despite your loads of first aid kits hanging around with proper supplies and I'm 16. He was 14 at the time."

"I... you're right," Phil said. "Of course, you're right." That seemed to be all Tommy was going to offer for the moment, so Phil moved to stand. "Thank you for telling me you were hurt," Phil said. "I

know it's a difficult thing for you. You shouldn't have had to..." He trailed off and there was silence for a couple of seconds. "That place shouldn't exist."

"...Yeah. Whatever," Tommy said. The conversation was clearly over. "You're going to tell Technoblade I told you about the scrape, right? I don't want him to tell Wilbur and then get fussed over 3 times about fucking nothing."

"I'll tell him," Phil promised.

"Great," Tommy said. He made a popping sound with his lips looking a bit unsure. "I'm going to go then." He squeezed by Phil to get out of the bathroom. Phil heard him calling for Tubbo.

Phil glanced back at the remains of his brief first aid. He washed his hands and put it all away.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy after going to Phil so Wilbur doesn't fuss over him only to have Phil fuss over him:



Raccoon Facts!

Chapter Notes

I'm in crunch time with a presentation I'm doing and don't have a lot of spare time right now, but it's the 1 year anniversary of me posting the first chapter of One More Step Out of the Pit, so I wanted to do a little thing at least lol. Here is exactly 365 words of Tommy being an actual raccoon in the SBI household. It's three 100 word drabbles and 65 words of raccoon facts taken from [this source](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Raccoons are omnivores and opportunistic eaters, which means they feed on whatever is most convenient.

“What are you doing?” Techno asked, rubbing sleep out of his eyes.

Tommy turned to him, his eyes almost glowing in the dim kitchen light Phil left on every night. “Umaph yhd.” Techno translated that as ‘chewing the bite of (white) bread I gnawed out from the center of an entire uncut loaf.’

“You can’t keep doing this. That’s for dinner tomorrow... today.”

He shot Techno his starving orphan look, cheeks filled with bread.

“We should start setting out prepackaged *reasonable* snacks,” Techno said, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Get down from the counter. I’m making you a sandwich.”

[Raccoons are] not picky about where they live, as long as there’s water nearby. They make their dens in the ground, hollow trees, or in crevices in rocks.

Wilbur opened his closet to grab a sweater. He’d left one on the couch before a mission that morning and it had ‘mysteriously’ disappeared. It was Wilbur’s mistake really; he knew better by now.

Yet, to his surprise, he found the missing sweater immediately upon opening his closet. Said sweater was being worn by a barely visible lump that had burrowed under a nest of clothing, blankets, and pillows gathered from Wilbur’s room.

“Aw!” he said. The lump startled awake and eyes shot to him. “You missed me!”

“No!”

“You curled up in my closet because you missed me!”

“NO!”

Raccoons are incredibly smart. Some scholars even suggest that their discriminatory abilities are equal, if not superior, to those of domestic cats.

Phil watched Tommy stare intensely at a piece of paper. For two hours Phil had been studying instructions on how to assemble the shelf he'd bought for the recently reconstructed shed. Unfortunately... they were in Mandarin.

Tommy had offered to take a shot a few minutes ago. Usually, Phil read instructions when they were building together but, figuring they would have the same amount of luck reading these, he let him try. After a few seconds more, Tommy nodded and picked up one of the wooden pieces, a nail, and a hammer. The shelf was perfectly constructed in 5 minutes.

Chapter End Notes

Me thinking about the next year of fics in this series:



Pillow Fort (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy had always been the one to take the hits for Tubbo. That was just a fact. Tubbo hadn't started out particularly world wise, especially when compared to Tommy who'd been a Pit Rat his entire life. In the early days when they'd first gotten to the surface and had been living on the streets, Tubbo had often been far too quick to trust people who he really shouldn't have. The number of times Tommy had come out of nowhere to physically insert himself between Tubbo and someone Tubbo had thought he was having a perfectly amicable interaction with, only for them to quickly show their true colors as soon as they were faced with someone not quite as biddable, was uncountable. Tommy always, *always*, knew when someone was shit with one glance, and he was never afraid to bite, scream, and bark at people like a dog until they went away, or Tommy managed to wiggle out of whatever situation Tubbo had gotten him into.

Tubbo had gotten Tommy hurt so many times just by stupidly stumbling into dangerous situations Tommy had to get him out of. Tubbo hated it, but he'd never been able to stop it. Tommy never let him take the hits for himself. He'd done it again less than three months ago when Tubbo had been kidnapped by supervillains and he'd yet again managed to somehow wiggle his way out of it. Just not... in the way Tubbo had been expecting.

Tubbo didn't... get this. Tommy didn't trust people. Well... maybe that was a lie. He'd taken one look at Tubbo and had trusted him. He'd looked at Mabel down in the Pit with wide begging eyes and got Tubbo's tracker removed and repurposed. He'd offered to run errands for the nice librarian every so often and had gotten far more than proper compensation in the form of food when they'd been half to starving.

Still, it was strange to see him so... without caution here in a house owned by supervillains. He was always rash, always a bit too impulsive, but he was always vigilant when it came to people.

He'd been pushing it all day. He was in one of his *Tommy* moods where he would be content about nothing no matter what you did or said. Tubbo had tried many, many things in the past to try to get him to chill, but nothing ever worked.

Wilbur and Technoblade had clearly started to get actually annoyed at him throughout the course of the day and Tubbo was once again left helpless to stop the incoming trainwreck, though this time Tommy was the one putting himself on the tracks instead of jumping after Tubbo. He'd tried to signal to Tommy that it was time to *stop now*, but he was Tommy being Tommy, so he blatantly ignored Tubbo's warnings.

Tubbo expected one of them to snap at any moment.

Yet, when Techno finally did break and react to Tommy's bitching, it was just with light torture in the form of blankets and pillows being thrown at him to try to shut him up. This wasn't anything new for the three of them, and it actually made Tubbo relax a bit to see it. It meant they weren't actually as frustrated as Tubbo had been imagining and it also seemed to draw Tommy out of his mood slightly. If they hadn't smacked him yet today, they probably weren't going to if he went back to acting like his normal self.

Yet, the moment Tubbo finally felt like he could breathe again, Tommy decided the best course of action was to fight Technoblade of all people. It was a stupid move from all angles. For one, this was The Blade. This was Technoblade. He'd won a fight against Dream once with Dream using his superspeed. Then, on top of that, it was a close quarters altercation. Tommy's advantage in any fight was evasion. He needed to have distance between him and his opponent in order to be effective. He'd just literally put himself in Technoblade's lap.

In a flash, Tommy was being pinned to the couch, Technoblade only needing one hand to hold him down. Tubbo fully expected that to be the tipping point. Tommy had been relentlessly annoying all day and while there'd never been anything malicious behind his actions, plenty of people would want to beat the shit of him at this point, especially when they were more than physically capable. Technoblade was fucking massive; Tommy's powers were useless when pinned.

And yet, Techno's fingers did not curl into a fist. Instead, he blindly grabbed for a pillow. Judging by the way Tubbo could still hear cursing from behind the pillow, Techno wasn't pushing down enough to actually restrict Tommy's air.

He pulled the blanket Tommy had tossed at him off of his own head as Tommy pawed at the arm pinning him. Techno seemed unconcerned with the scratching, and why would he be? Tommy wasn't going for damage at all. Tubbo knew for a fact that Tommy knew how to draw blood like that, but he wasn't trying. Techno just looked amused at his 'efforts.' Then, he turned to glance at Tubbo.

He... knew, Tubbo thought. Maybe he didn't know exactly, but he somehow knew something about what Tubbo was thinking in that moment.

That was the thing about Techno. He always seemed to *get* Tubbo. Wilbur was nice, but also had a tendency to bulldoze right past lines without even thinking they might be there. Techno, on the other hand, always seemed to know where the lines were and he never pushed, at least not with Tubbo. He did sometimes with Tommy... but then again, did he? There was a calmness to Tommy's frame even while pinned. As Tubbo had already noticed, he wasn't actually doing everything he could to get away. There was no sense of urgency or panic. In fact, there was a hint of laughter underlying the rage in his tone as he cursed. If Tubbo took a mental step away from the situation, he seemed to be having fun. Maybe Techno just *got* Tommy too.

"You can have a free shot at him with a pillow if you want," Techno said. *You can come over here is what he meant. Come here and stand next to me where you'd be close enough to defend in a moment. Come see he is not being harmed. I will not hurt him.*

Tubbo studied Tommy who was wiggling around like a fool. "Well," Tubbo accepted the silent offer, "he has been fucking annoying today."

Tommy was immediately protesting and throwing a fit as Tubbo approached clutching his own pillow weapon. The worry for Tommy crumbled away completely when Tommy's dumb face and messed up hair was revealed to him. It was like stepping out of his anxiety into a warm soft bubble of play they'd been fostering, but that Tubbo hadn't been able to see until then.

Techno wasn't annoyed despite what Tubbo had thought all day. Or maybe he was, but it wasn't the kind of annoyed that came with sharp edges. It wasn't like when Tommy came home with more bruises than he'd left with because he'd 'annoyed' Dream that day. This type of annoyed was blankets and pillows and hands that didn't bruise. It was like how Tubbo was annoyed with him. Like... how he... really, *really* wanted to smack the fucker with a pillow after how he'd been acting all morning.

Tubbo smacked him with the pillow.

“What the hell?!” Tommy asked seeming legitimately startled by Tubbo actually smacking him.

“Still cold, Tommy?” Tubbo asked.

Tommy narrowed his eyes at Tubbo. “... Yes.”

So, Tubbo smacked him again and the next thing he knew, Tommy had been released and was lunging at him.

“Prick!” Tubbo yelped as he crashed into the floor. Luckily there was already a pile of pillows and blankets, so the impact didn’t hurt.

“Get owned bitch!” Tommy crowed.

Tubbo growled and shoved at him hard; he went over with a surprised squeak and Tubbo was halfway to pinning him before the cagey bastard managed to wiggle out of his grip. Tubbo toppled onto his side and a weight flopped over him.

“Get off!” Tubbo spat.

“Get fucked!” Tommy replied gleefully, squishing Tubbo into the ground. Too bad for the fucker, that was when Wilbur entered the room again. Tommy was easily distractable and looked up as Wilbur started to talk to Techno about them. Tubbo pressed his advantage, elbowing him in the stomach to force him off.

“I’ll put \$10 on Tommy,” Techno’s voice said. “He has more energy today.”

“I’ll throw it for 5, Will,” Tommy offered through gritted teeth as Tubbo tried to pin him.

“Deal,” Wilbur said amused.

Tommy’s resistance stopped immediately. He went limp, allowing Tubbo to pin him down easily. Tubbo glowered down at him and heard Wilbur chuckle at them. “It’s not fun if he lets it happen,” he grumbled. He rolled off of him after a couple of seconds, ignoring the light bickering between the three of them as Techno protested the cheating. Tommy popped up with a grin as soon as he was released.

Despite their alliance for cheating Techno out of \$10, Wilbur quickly went back to bullying Tommy by tossing something soft at him every time he started to complain about something. It was surprisingly effective. Tubbo wished he’d thought of that years ago.

“What even is a pillow fort?” Tommy asked, still half pouting and clutching a pillow that had been lobbed at him a moment before. Wilbur was currently rearranging furniture in the room carefully. They’d already shoved the couch and tables to the sides of the room. Wilbur hadn’t taken to kindly to Tommy sitting in one of the chairs he was attempting to move. Ergo: the pillow.

“It’s a fort made out of pillows,” Techno helpfully supplied even as he walked back out of the room to gather another one of the chairs from the kitchen, “and blankets.”

“A fort made from pillows doesn’t seem like it will give much of a tactical advantage in a fight,” Tommy pointed out.

“It’s not for fighting,” Wilbur said. “No fighting in or around the fort. That’s the first rule.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Tommy said. He glanced at Tubbo. “Are you seeing this shit?”

On one hand Tubbo got what Tommy was saying. The number of pillows and blankets currently being arranged was ridiculous. He didn’t think this many blankets existed in The Pit. Yet, on the other hand, he kind of did understand what was going on. He’d never had this number of blankets, but if he cast his mind far enough back, he could remember stringing up a blanket or two between some chairs with the help of his father when he was really little. Still though...

“Rich people shit,” Tubbo said.

Tommy nodded. “Rich people shit.”

Wilbur, the indisputably most shitty rich person here, rolled his eyes at them. “Why don’t the two of you sort the blankets while we get the structure ready?” he suggested. “We need light ones like sheets to make the roof, thicker ones to put on the floor for padding, and the softest ones to actually use as blankets while in the fort.

Tubbo had to give credit where credit was due. Wilbur knew how to manage Tommy. If there was anything Tommy liked more than annoying the shit out of everyone around him, it was putting his grubbing little hands on everything and deciding which of them was the most pleasant. He quickly got absorbed in his assigned task as Techno and Wilbur finished getting every easily movable piece of furniture from the house into the living room and moved them into strategic places. Tubbo slightly helped Tommy by handing him blankets but found himself mostly watching what Techno and Wilbur were doing. He thought he’d pretty much figured out the goal.

“Would vines help?” Tubbo asked.

“Hmm?” Wilbur asked looking over at him.

“I could grow vines strategically around the room to hang blankets on,” he suggested.

“You’d be willing to do that?” he asked.

“Sure,” he said. “Why not?”

Wilbur’s eyes lit up at the proposition. “New plan,” he said. “No more pillow fort. Pillow forts are fucking lame. We are making a goddam pillow *castle*.”

Chapter End Notes

How Tubbo feels around Tommy constantly:



Phil's Reaction Time "Training" Three: Family Photo

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was screaming shrilly somewhere outside. It was loud and impassioned and would make Tubbo panic if it didn't sound less like a pained yell and more like a war cry. Considering he could also hear Wilbur's raised voice, he figured the two of them were just shrieking at each other as they tended to do.

He still couldn't help but feel a little nervous though no matter how commonplace Wilbur and Tommy loudly fighting like dogs before being found sleeping on the couch three minutes later was. So, instead of continuing to sit in the little blanket nest he'd made near the heater vent in his and Tommy's bedroom, he decided to get up and walk into the living room.

He instantly regretted it. The living room was a lot cooler than the bedroom and his eyes narrowed in on the open window. He walked over to close that immediately with a shudder at the blast of cold. Why did the rich people want to heat the outside? Were they truly that rich?

As he slid the window shut, he heard footsteps on the porch outside. A moment later Techno came stomping into the house absolutely covered in snow and not seeming happy about that fact. Which was fair. Tubbo also would not be happy about that.

"What happened to you?" Tubbo asked.

Techno glanced over at him. "I got thrown into a snowbank," he said, struggling out of his boots at the door and tossing his coat on the nearest coat hook. Despite the fact that he'd been wearing a pretty thick looking coat, his pants and hoodie were still wet, and his braid was partway out.

"That sucks," Tubbo offered.

He let out an acknowledging grunt, turning to walk towards his open bedroom door and closing it behind him.

Welp. That was an interaction with Technoblade.

Not being a big fan of the cold air lingering near the window, Tubbo retreated towards the other side of the room. He could still hear screaming in the distance though, so he didn't feel comfortable enough to return to the warmer bedroom.

Technoblade exited his room again after a couple of minutes clad in completely different clothes and with still slightly damp, unbraided hair. It was always odd to see Techno, The Blade, dressed down like this. He was wearing a sweater that Tubbo was pretty sure was not his, had pink fuzzy socks on his feet, and had very poofy hair. He switched on the gas fireplace they had (which Tubbo eyed with quite a bit of interest). Then he looked back at Tubbo.

"What kind of hot chocolate do you want?" Techno asked.

"Huh?"

"You're the only one I can tolerate right now," he told Tubbo. "So, you get to decide on what type of hot chocolate I make everyone." Not being able to tolerate them, Tubbo noticed, did not exclude them

from getting hot chocolate.

Tubbo eyed him curiously. “Even Phil?”

“Phil’s dead to me,” Techno deadpanned. It was a surprise. He often said things like that in jest about Wilbur and even once or twice about Tommy, but never about Phil. “What do you want?”

“What are the options?” Tubbo asked.

“Come,” he said before turning on his heel to walk towards the kitchen. Tubbo followed behind him and watched as he opened their pantry. He pulled out a box about half of the size of his torso. He shoved this box into Tubbo’s arms. “Pick something out of that.”

“You people have an entire box of hot chocolate in your pantry?” Tubbo asked, nose scrunched up.

“Wilbur,” Techno said as explanation. He was already moving to get the milk out of the refrigerator.

“Of course, it was fucking Wilbur,” Tubbo muttered. He saw one side of Techno’s lips tilt up. “I don’t know what else I expected.”

It wasn’t even just some random box they kept to throw extra hot chocolate into. It was a box specifically branded as ‘designer hot chocolate’ (whatever that meant). The flavors were listed on the side. There were 24.

With an eyeroll, he lugged the box to the kitchen table and opened the top. He rifled through the options for a bit before eventually drawing one of the tins out and handing it over to Techno who was already standing at the stove.

Techno glanced at it. “Good choice,” he said with a nod of approval before taking the package.

The next few moments were peaceful. They didn’t speak except when Techno asked him to get the marshmallows from the pantry, whipped cream from the refrigerator, and 5 mugs from the cabinet. This was why he liked Techno best of the three SBI members.

The calm abruptly ended as the front door slammed open. Tubbo walked to the kitchen doorway to peak down the hall. Phil, Tommy, and Wilbur were all just inside the front door shucking their coats. All three of them were wet, though Phil was less so than Wilbur and Tommy. Tommy was shivering, but he was also smiling. It was a strange sight to see Tommy doing both of these things at once. Wilbur grabbed Tommy’s arm and pulled him down the hall towards Tubbo while Phil turned to go into his own bedroom.

“I’m getting a sweater,” Tommy told Tubbo with a light in his eyes, “because someone ruined this one.”

Wilbur rolled his eyes. “All’s fair.”

“Don’t teach him that,” Techno said from behind Tubbo. “He’ll start committing war crimes when you steal the remote.”

Wilbur didn’t pay any attention to the castigation. Instead, his eyes had lit up. “Aw! Technoblade! You’re wearing my sweater!”

“Don’t you dare,” Techno said, holding out a hand to fend him off even though Wilbur hadn’t taken a step towards him yet. “You’re wet. Go get changed.”

Wilbur pouted slightly, but then turned to enter his bedroom, dragging Tommy behind.

“Help me carry the mugs to the living room,” Techno requested. Tubbo turned to grab two of the hot chocolates while Techno managed to balance three of them. Then, they walked into the living room. The fire had started to warm the space thankfully despite the door having been opened only a minute before. Tubbo set down one of the hot chocolates on the coffee table, claiming the other one for himself as he sat on the edge of the couch.

It was a few minutes of slight chaos from down the hallway as Tommy went from taking a sweater to going to his and Tubbo’s shared room to change. Tommy was done changing first, bounding back down the hallway and into the living room clad in a huge burgundy sweatshirt from Wilbur and his own sweats. He immediately plopped down on the middle seat of the couch next to Tubbo and attempted to cuddle up to him. However, despite having changed, his fingers were still cold, and his hair was all wet.

“No!” Tubbo protested, trying to wiggle away, but he was pinned against the edge of the couch. “You’re still freezing!”

Tommy just laughed and tried to stick his icicle hands in Tubbo’s shirt.

“Get away from me! Just because I’m the only one sensible enough to stay inside when it’s cold, doesn’t mean you get to punish me for still being warm.”

“Have some mercy on your friend,” Techno scolded from his spot warming up next to the fire. “Wrap yourself in a blanket first at least.”

Tommy pouted up at him. “...But.”

“Or you don’t get to wear the crown today.”

“Fine,” he grumbled, sitting back. He grabbed one of the blankets off the back of the couch and wrapped it around himself. He was leaning against Tubbo again the next second, but at least his freezing skin wasn’t touching his. He then looked up at Techno.

Techno just rolled his eyes and picked up one of the mugs of hot chocolate. He pressed it into Tommy’s now cloth covered hands. “Drink this and get warmed up,” he ordered and then turned to walk into his bedroom.

Tommy smiled and took a small sip of the hot chocolate. “What is this?” he asked curiously after swallowing.

“Hazelnut flavored hot chocolate,” Tubbo answered.

Tommy hummed, leaning more firmly into him.

“They have an entire box of flavored hot chocolate,” Tubbo informed him. “It’s ridiculous.”

“We should steal some,” Tommy said.

“I watched Techno make it,” Tubbo said. “It’d be easy to nick the ingredients and make some whenever we want.” He did not mention that they’d probably let at least Tommy have it whenever he wanted if he asked. That was beside the point.

Techno was back a moment later, fancy supervillain crown in hand. He plopped it on Tommy's head who reached up to adjust it the best he could. It was far too big for him. Tubbo could practically feel him vibrating from happiness where they were pressed together.

Techno picked up his hot chocolate then and sat on the couch's last seat on the opposite side of Tommy.

Or at least, he sat on what was the last seat for any reasonable human being. Then, there was Wilbur.

"Scootch," Wilbur demanded of Techno upon sidling up to the couch after changing.

"No," Techno said, taking a sip of his hot chocolate. "There's no room on the couch. Go sit in an armchair."

Wilbur's eyes narrowed. "There's plenty of room," he claimed. There was not plenty of room. Tommy leaned forward to swiftly set his mug of hot liquid on the coffee table in front of them.

"No," Techno said simply.

There was a moment's pause and then Wilbur was cramming himself into the space between Tommy and Techno. Which actually translated to him half sitting on top of Techno while shoving Tommy even more into Tubbo.

"I will pour this hot chocolate on your head," Techno growled, a baseless threat and everyone knew it. Wilbur just continued squirming in his quest to settle in the gap he'd forced until he finally came to rest more or less on the couch between Techno and Tommy. He seemed very pleased with himself. "I hate you," Techno said.

Wilbur just squirmed some more to get his arms around Techno and then set his head on the man's shoulder. Techno huffed, blowing a piece of Wilbur's hair out of his face, but he didn't shove him off the couch like he very much could.

Wilbur glanced at Tommy then. "What about you?" he asked. "Not going to complain?"

"I'm still fucking freezing," Tommy said, picking his hot chocolate back up off the coffee table now that the pushing and shoving was over. "I'll take all of the heat I can get even if it's from a prick."

"Sure Tommy," Wilbur said, his tone colored in affection. He reached over to adjust the crown sitting atop of his head with the arm not wrapped around Techno.

"Watch it, prick," Tommy warned, glaring at him.

Wilbur just laughed.

Phil walked into the room then from his bedroom. "Four on the couch?" he asked amused.

"I'm not a willing participant in this," Techno said.

"Are so," Wilbur insisted. "I have proof." He tugged on the sweater Techno was wearing. "You're wearing my sweater."

"I will go change," Techno threatened. "You'll have no evidence then."

“No!” Wilbur said, shifting so he was more pinning Techno to the couch than just holding him. “Phil, take a picture!”

“Phil, do *not* take a picture,” Techno said, trying to shove him off.

Tommy, being an agent of chaos, chose to dive on top of Wilbur to help keep Techno down. He had a grip on Tubbo’s shirt, so Tubbo ended up being half pulled along too. “Phil, take a picture!”

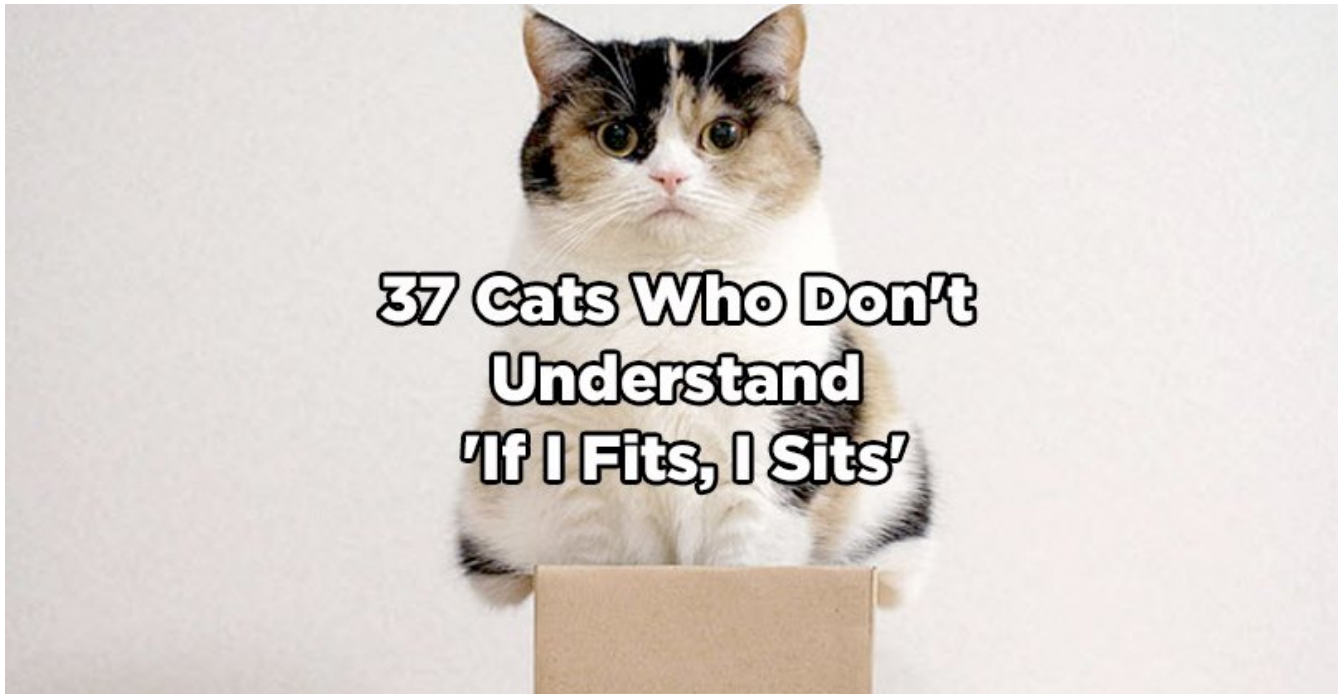
“Ouch, let me go!” said Tubbo.

Phil took a picture.

Chapter End Notes

Techno: Go sit in a chair.

Wilbur:



(Techno knows what happens when wearing a Wilbur sweater. He knows and he did it anyway.)

Late Night Guitar Session

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“No bullshit?” Tommy asked, opening one eye to look up at Wilbur from his spot sprawled across the edge of the bed. Wilbur didn’t reply, just continuing to play a soft melody on his guitar. “Yeah,” he said quietly. “I liked the present. I stand by the fact that it was your birthday though, so *you* shouldn’t have gotten *me* a present.”

Wilbur had gotten Tommy and Tubbo a couple of LEGO sets to split between them as they saw fit. They were the nice, expensive ones that came with a lot of intricate pieces and an instruction manual a mile long. Them getting presents for Wilbur’s birthday had confused both of the younger boys, and Tommy had protested quite vehemently. Wilbur had also found one of them half built in their closet while stealing back a sweater from Tommy.

“Exactly,” Wilbur said, “it was my birthday, so I got to decide if I gave someone else a present or not.”

Tommy just rolled his eyes.

“I got Techno a book too,” Wilbur said.

“You did?” Tommy asked, turning onto his side to look at him.

“Mmm,” Wilbur said.

“Well, then I guess it’s okay,” Tommy relented. “Weird, but okay if you gave all three of us presents. Did you get Phil one too?”

“My presence is enough of a present for Phil,” Wilbur said.

Tommy’s face screwed up at that, but he didn’t argue. He yawned softly, curling up a bit and pressing his face into one of the pillows on Wilbur’s bed.

“Tired?” Wilbur asked with a soft laugh.

“Mmph,” he replied into the pillow. Wilbur just smiled and continued playing chords on his guitar.

This had just kind of become a thing that happened sometimes when Phil went to bed early, Techno needed some alone time, and Tubbo shuffled off to watch Netflix in bed. If Wilbur and Tommy were the last ones up and didn’t feel like going to sleep, they’d go chill in Wilbur’s room. Usually, Wilbur would play him a song on his guitar. Sometimes he’d sing. Sometimes they’d talk.

Tommy was softer when he was sleepy. He wasn’t quite as defensive or insistent upon putting on a show for the world. They often talked about things Tommy would never even entertain discussing in the light of day. They often talked about things Wilbur would never even entertain discussing in the light of day.

He’d honestly thought he’d lost Tommy to sleep when he didn’t say anything or open his eyes for a few minutes. It wouldn’t have been the first time Tommy had fallen asleep in Wilbur’s room during one of these nights.

Yet, Wilbur was proven wrong when Tommy suddenly asked a question. “Why do you wear different costumes every time you go out as Whippoorwill?” he asked.

“Mmm,” said Wilbur, fingers hesitating on his guitar strings before continuing. “I was trapped for a long time as Ghostbur wearing the same outfit every day. I didn’t even like it to begin with, let alone when...” He cleared his throat. “Not wearing the same outfit all the time makes everything seem more real. I don’t panic and think I’m stuck again if I’m wearing something new.”

“Shit dude,” Tommy said. His eyes were still blinking heavily, but he seemed to be trying to wake himself up a bit more. “Sorry for bringing it up.”

Wilbur shrugged. “It’s not a big thing,” he claimed; it was only slightly a lie. “It’s easy enough to manage those fears. Now I can even change my outfit as Ghostbur at will.”

“You can?” Tommy asked, eyes curious despite being sleepy.

“He usually just wears whatever I wear to bed or what I wore right before changing for bed, but if I put effort into it, I can change.”

“Could you wear something you’ve never worn?”

“Probably,” Wilbur replied, “if I had a good enough mental picture of it.”

Tommy grinned at him. “I’m going to convince you to wear a chicken costume.”

Wilbur glared at him. “You will *not*.”

Tommy’s grin turned devilish. “Ghostbur would do it for me.”

It was, unfortunately, very possibly, true. Ghostbur was a sap. Wilbur on the other hand stopped playing his guitar briefly to kick him lightly in the knee. “Devil child,” he said.

Tommy just laughed, rolling so he was out of range of Wilbur’s foot (unless Wilbur decided to fully put his guitar down; he was considering it.). After coming to a stop, Tommy’s hand patted at the bed near his head until it hit a cow stuffed animal. He brought Henry to sit on his chest.

Wilbur glared at him playfully but leaned back against his pillows and started up another soft series of chords anyway.

Tommy had managed to stir himself into being mostly awake. He’d probably not fall asleep for a while yet.

Wilbur focused on his fingers on the strings. Tommy’s chicken costume plans had distracted him a bit from the melancholy the question had brought on and feeling the strum of music at his fingertips chased the rest away.

He looked over at Tommy after a bit. The boy was currently looking up at Wilbur’s ceiling with a distant look in his eyes. Wilbur considered him for moment before finally, without pausing in his music, asking another question.

“Can you not read?” he asked.

Tommy’s head turned to him sharply, and Wilbur was a bit worried that the soft, sleepy atmosphere might not be enough for this conversation, but instead of an immediate denial, he seemed to think

about it for a bit.

“My question wasn’t purposefully digging into childhood trauma,” he whined, which told Wilbur he was okay with the question, but needed time to think.

“But it still did,” Wilbur sang. “Fair is fair.”

Tommy stuck his tongue out, but then sighed. “I can read,” he said. “Just not great. Everything I learned was from Tubbo, and he’s not the biggest fan of letters. So, I can, like, read food labels and signs, but books are a no go.”

Wilbur nodded, fingers still moving. It made him sad, especially considering it was clearly a soft spot if it hadn’t come up before, but Wilbur didn’t want to scare him away.

“Not many of us could read in the Pit,” Tommy said. “There weren’t many books to read anyway. Only people like Tubbo learned anything. It makes me feel...” He trailed off. If there was anything in the world Tommy didn’t like to do, it was directly stating a feeling. Yet, here in Wilbur’s room, up later than they probably should be, he finished his thought, “...stupid.”

“The fact that you can read at all means you’re definitely not stupid,” Wilbur said. “No offence to Tubbo, but he was a kid himself and is clearly dyslexic.”

Tommy snorted out a laugh. “That’s what Techno says. He keeps giving Tubbo different fonts to try reading.”

“How’s that going?” Wilbur asked.

“Tubbo’s started to warm up to the idea. Still not actually joining reading lessons yet though.”

“Reading lessons?” Wilbur asked.

“With Techno,” Tommy said.

“Techno knows you can’t read?” Wilbur asked.

“He figured it out the first time we played video games and I couldn’t learn any of the controls,” Tommy said. He bit his lip. “I’d assumed he’d told you and that’s how you knew to ask.”

Wilbur shook his head. “Nah, I just noticed some things myself.”

He saw Tommy smile softly at thin air for a moment and Wilbur felt his heart squeeze a bit. Tommy seemed surprised that Techno would keep a secret Tommy obviously didn’t want to be shared. The fact that something as simple as not talking about his insecurities behind his back could make him happy was casually tragic.

“If you need any help with that stuff, feel free to ask me, though I’m sure Techno has it covered.”

Tommy nodded. “He does, but thanks.” Then he glanced over at Wilbur. “Could you maybe sing now?”

Ah, questions time was over, then. “Of course,” Wilbur agreed easily. “Any requests?”

Tommy shook his head. “Anything,” he said. He turned to face Wilbur once more with a yawn and curled his body around his stuffed cow.

He was asleep by the end of the first song.

Chapter End Notes

Crimebois slamming both buttons tonight:



Remote Control

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil landed lightly on the front porch after having gone for a quick flight. It had been blizzarding the entire week before, and everyone had been going stir crazy including him. The snow outside was still fairly deep, but now that it wasn't actively snowing, everyone had taken the chance to not be cooped up. (At least, everyone save Tubbo who had been spending most of his winter curled up near the heater in his and Tommy's room even when it was an option to go outside.)

Techno had decided to make the difficult walk through the deep snow to the training area to burn off some steam. Phil hadn't argued with this decision, sick of finding him doing pull-ups in odd places with the only explanation being he was 'preventing multiple homicides.'

Wilbur and Tommy had also left the house a bit before Phil did. The last he'd seen of them, they'd been chasing each other around the backyard. Tommy had had a stick. (Lord knows where he'd found it under all the snow). Phil had just rolled his eyes and flown off.

The backyard was now empty and the area around the house was quiet. He hoped that meant they'd calmed down by now, but knowing them, it could also just mean they'd moved on to something just as chaotic. Knowing them, it could mean they'd moved on from torturing each other to planning out how to torture everyone else in the household.

That last possibility in mind, Phil was cautious as he approached the door. He kept his ears peeled for anything suspicious, but the living room was mostly silent other than the sound of the television playing something. So, he decided it was safe to push open the door.

Wilbur was sitting on the couch with the television remote in hand which would have been normal, except...

"Why?" Phil said with a sigh.

Wilbur's eyes flickered to Phil and then down to the head of the teenager whose back Wilbur was currently sitting on. Wilbur shrugged. "I wanted the remote; so, I sat on him."

"Is he okay?" Phil asked. Tommy hadn't even moved the entire time Phil had been watching him.

"He's fine," Wilbur said, reaching down to pat the back of his head. Tommy made a soft huffing sound at that and tilted his head slightly. "He fell asleep and now it's kind of like the reverse of when a cat falls asleep on you. I cannot get up."

Phil stared at the scene for a moment, trying to decide if it was his duty as Wilbur's father and Tommy's... illegal guardian to intervene in some way.

"I'm going to go make lunch," Phil decided, taking off his coat.

"Make spaghetti," Wilbur said, eyes drifting back to the tv. Phil smacked him gently upside the head as he passed by.

"I'll make you what I make you, you little shit," Phil said.

Wilbur hummed, knowing that meant he'd get spaghetti.

"Love you father dearest," Wilbur sang.

They'd spent too much time in this house together this week.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not feeling well, so wrote this to take my mind off of it. Too tired for meme. Just sibling.

Training Arc (But What Are We Learning?) Part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“So,” Tommy hedged, trying not to shift uncomfortably on his feet. There was a nervous buzzing under his skin which was ridiculous. It was a simple question about a simple thing that should not be scary.

Phil glanced up at Tommy when he spoke. He’d been reading a magazine of some sort when Tommy had entered the kitchen looking for him, but he closed it when Tommy got his attention, setting it aside completely.

Tommy didn’t speak for a long moment, honestly a bit apprehensive about the sudden undivided attention on him. He had really been hoping for a quick dodge into the kitchen to ask his question which would be absentmindedly answered so Tommy could quickly run away. However, instead he had Phil’s eyes boring into his skull. It made Tommy want to fidget even more, but he suppressed the urge.

He shouldn’t feel like fidgeting about this. That was unprofessional and didn’t match the serious topic Tommy wanted to discuss.

“Did you need something?” Phil asked when Tommy didn’t continue within a reasonable amount of time.

Tommy internally winced. Well, that was one thing to count against him before Tommy had even managed to broach the topic. Great start, Tommy.

“I just had a question,” Tommy said. “If that’s alright?”

The hesitancy in his tone probably docked him some points too. How the ever-looming score above Tommy’s head was calculated or what it was for, Tommy did not know, but he knew when he fucked it up.

“Of course,” Phil replied, gesturing to the seat across from him.

Tommy grimaced but walked forward to take the seat at Phil’s request.

“What did you need?” Phil asked, hands folding together in front of him. Phil folded his right thumb over his left, Tommy noted. Dream had always folded his left thumb over his right. He’d also tended to only intertwine his fingers like that if he was planning to put his elbows on his desk and his chin on hands. Phil, however, kept his hands down on the table. That was nice; it made it feel less like Phil was a cat lazily watching a mouse.

If Tommy was the person calculating scores for people, he’d give Phil a B+ at not being intimidating. It’d be an A if Tommy wasn’t hyperaware that Phil could reach across the table at any moment and pop Tommy’s head like a balloon.

Dream would get an F in not being intimidating.

If Dream had ever gotten even an inkling that Tommy had formed that thought, Tommy would have gotten an F in whatever Dream was grading him for. (Tommy never had quite been able to figure out

what that was.)

“So, Tubbo and I have been here for two months,” Tommy blurted, shaking away his thoughts before he was silent long enough for Phil to call in Wilbur to check him for a head injury.

Phil nodded, a curious tilt to his head that sort of made him look like a bird. Not that he didn’t already look like a bird because of the wings folded along his back.

Wilbur also did that head tilt sometimes which made sense because he and Phil were related and that meant that Wilbur also had bird-like power genes even if his powerset wasn’t obviously bird related and...

Tommy had distracted himself again.

“I get that I was injured at first,” Tommy said, “and you didn’t really want me to do anything, but two days ago you, you know, tossed me into a snowbank for fun, so it seems like that isn’t as much of a concern anymore.”

“Yes,” Phil said all of a sudden looking slightly worried. “You’ve healed completely. Unless you’re still having complications, I was not aware of.”

Tommy groaned. He sounded so *concerned* that Tommy couldn’t help but bump him up to an A- on the intimidation score. “No, I’m not. I’m fine. Wilbur already gave me a full bill of health, like, 2 weeks after I was already perfectly fine.”

“Okay,” Phil said. “Good. Then?”

“Well,” Tommy said. Under the table he flattened his hand on his own thigh to remind his leg to not start bouncing. “I was wondering when training was going to start.”

“Training?” Phil asked like he’d never heard of the concept.

“Well, yeah,” Tommy said, a bit thrown by Phil’s confusion. “I’m a supervillain now. Supervillains need training.”

“You’re not a supervillain,” Phil said with a frown. “You’re a 16-year-old.”

“Supervillain in training then,” Tommy said with an eyeroll. “See the *training* part.”

Phil was still frowning. “You’re not a supervillain in training either,” he said.

Tommy squinted at him. “That’s what Tubbo and I are here for, isn’t it?”

“No,” Phil said, eyes gentling in a way that somehow made Tommy’s shoulder want to relax and made him want to squirm uncomfortably at the same time. “That’s not why you two are here. We didn’t invite you into our home to work for us. We invited you because the Guild treated you wrong and we like you. The fact that we got two powerful individuals out from under the thumb of the heroes was just an added bonus. You don’t need to become a villain for us though now or later.”

“Well then what do you want me to do?” Tommy asked.

“Well, my idea was that you could just be Tommy.”

That didn’t make sense. Tommy didn’t know what to do with that statement.

“And what if Tommy wants to train?” Tommy asked curiously.

“Do you want to train?” Phil asked, with his bird head tilt again.

It was a bit of a complicated question. Tommy had a love-hate relationship with training. He liked to learn about his powers and burning off some energy by working out was always nice, but at the same time training had often not been fun, especially when it was being used as a punishment. Especially when he failed at it.

He hadn’t really thought about if he *wanted* to train when he and Tubbo had decided it was about time to broach the question. He’d just thought that it was a thing that would obviously be happening at some point.

Phil had made it clear he was willing to be rough with Tommy now. (Though *rough* was not the right word as the extent of what Phil had done was pick him up and toss him about in the snow. The only thing close to being injured that day was Tommy’s pride and even that had been brushed off gently at the end.)

So, Tommy had thought the *some point* for training would be *now*. Phil though seemed surprised Tommy had even mentioned it.

Did Tommy want to train with them?

He wanted to practice with his powers more, and he’d secretly been looking forward to the prospect of maybe learning about sword fighting from The Blade.

He couldn’t help but feel with Phil being so... A- today that training won’t be as bad here. He wouldn’t be surprised if Wilbur offered medical help at the end of training sessions. (Assuming, of course, they were regular training sessions not punishments and Tommy hadn’t done anything too wrong during them.)

“Yeah, I think I want to train,” Tommy said. “Tubbo probably does too.” Or at least, he’d agreed that Tommy should ask about training, so they could figure out where they stood. He was as unsure if Tubbo *wanted* to train as he was unsure if he did.

“Well, if you’re sure you want to train, Techno is usually the one that comes up with workout routines and schedules our training times. So, you should probably talk to him,” Phil suggested. “I’m sure he’d be happy to figure out something with you.”

“Oh,” Tommy said. “Okay, I’ll do that.”

He was once again surprised by whatever hierarchy (or perhaps more accurately non-hierarchy) *thing* the three of them had going on. Tommy had assumed he should talk to Phil about what they expected of him and Tubbo training wise, but Phil seemed unconcerned with what Tommy did and simply redirected him to Techno to decide if and what training he should get.

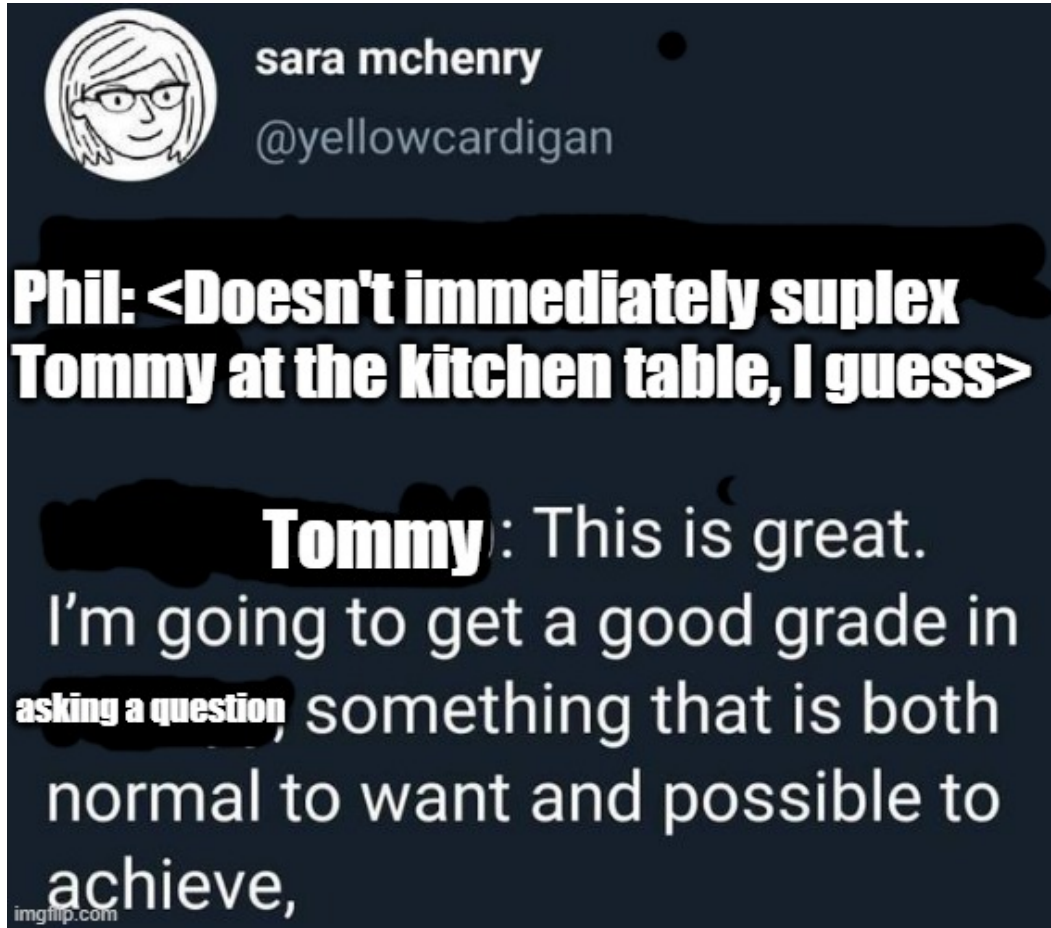
“Did you need anything else?” Phil asked.

“No,” Tommy said with a headshake. “That was it. I’m going to go try and find Techno then, I guess.”

“Alright,” Phil said with a smile, grabbing his magazine up again. Tommy figured that was a dismissal and slipped out of his chair.

He was going to check in with Tubbo and tell him how the conversation had gone. Then, he'd ask Techno about training.

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Birthday Negotiations

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sitting around the business table downstairs wasn't an uncommon thing. It was a plain conference room that looked like it could be in a normal office if it wasn't for the lack of windows. They'd initially set it up incase they had to do business calls, but they ended up using it often as a place to discuss their supervillain activity, especially the heavy thing. Phil didn't like to taint the upstairs with some of the more serious business talks.

Their use of the room had gotten even more frequent in the couple of weeks Tommy and Tubbo had been living with them. They didn't necessarily want to hide things from the boys, but they also didn't need to hear about it unprompted at the dinner table especially while they were still settling in.

So, Phil calling a meeting between the three of them down here wasn't odd, but Techno knew Phil enough at this point to sense something was off.

Phil was looking suspiciously Philish today.

It made Techno watch him suspiciously as he sat at the table with relaxed shoulders and hands folded in front of him. It didn't help that Wilbur was mirroring the same exact pose from his seat at the round table. Clearly, Wilbur knew what this meeting was about and Techno did not. Techno's suspicions grew exponentially at that realization.

"So," Phil said seriously, drawing Techno's attention back to him. He hesitated for just a moment. "Your birthday is coming up."

Techno blinked at him in surprise and leeriness. "...Yes?"

"I was just wondering," he said, glancing at Wilbur briefly, "if perhaps you wanted to do something for it."

Techno narrowed his eyes at him. "No."

"It's just..."

"No no no," Techno said. "You've got Wilbur for that stuff now." Techno pointed at Wilbur. "He likes that stuff. You two can do the birthday thing. I want cake and a new video game. No parties. No decorations. No *any* of that. I don't want it."

"And I get that, however..."

"Please Phil, we agreed no parties after the disaster that was me turning 8."

"It really wasn't that bad."

"I'd *killed* the clown in the first timeline. I made all of the 7-year-olds cry and then Wilbur threw up because he ate half the cake when you weren't looking, and it was a cake for 60 people."

"Worth it," Wilbur muttered. "I'd do it again."

“That’s not helpful,” Phil said with a frown directed at his son.

“Where’s this even coming from?” Techno asked. “You stopped even asking a decade ago.”

“Kids have never had birthdays,” Wilbur said.

“...Fuck,” Techno said.

“Yours is the first birthday that’s coming up with them here,” Phil said apologetically. “I know you don’t like large celebrations, but I am asking that you allow us to do something for it as a demonstration.”

“...Can we unadopt them for a month?” Techno asked.

Phil raised an eyebrow.

“Fine,” Techno sighed. “I’ll be demonstration birthday, but I have conditions.”

“Fair enough,” Phil agreed. “What?”

“Paintball,” Techno said.

Phil frowned, considering. “Laser tag?” he suggested as an alternative.

“But then I wouldn’t get to get paint all over Wilbur’s stupid face.”

“Hey!”

“You wouldn’t be allowed to shoot people in the face anyway,” Phil reminded sternly. “How about laser tag and that splatter painting thing where people put paint filled balloons on canvases and then pop them. You can smash one of the balloons over his head.”

“Excuse me?” Wilbur said. The tone of his voice told Techno it was a good deal.

Still, he countered. “Three balloons.”

“Two.”

“Deal.”

“Do I have a say in this?” Wilbur asked.

“Nope,” Techno answered. “In fact, condition three is that I get to design everything. I’ll set up the laser tag in the training area and do decorations.”

“I still get to design the cake since that falls under normal birthday territory,” Phil said. “And presents are still up to us obviously.”

Techno rolled his eyes. “Fine,” he said. “You owe me.”

“I know, Tech,” Phil said with a smile. “Thank you.”

“If I help you set up, can we decrease it back to one balloon?” Wilbur asked.

“Ah yes,” Techno said. “Two things I do not want. What a great negotiator you are Wilbur.”

Wilbur narrowed his eyes, but then slowly smiled. “That’s okay,” he said. “Presents are up to us, right?”

Techno looked at him skeptically. “Don’t.”

Wilbur just continued to smile. “You already agreed Technoblade. You already agreed.”

Chapter End Notes

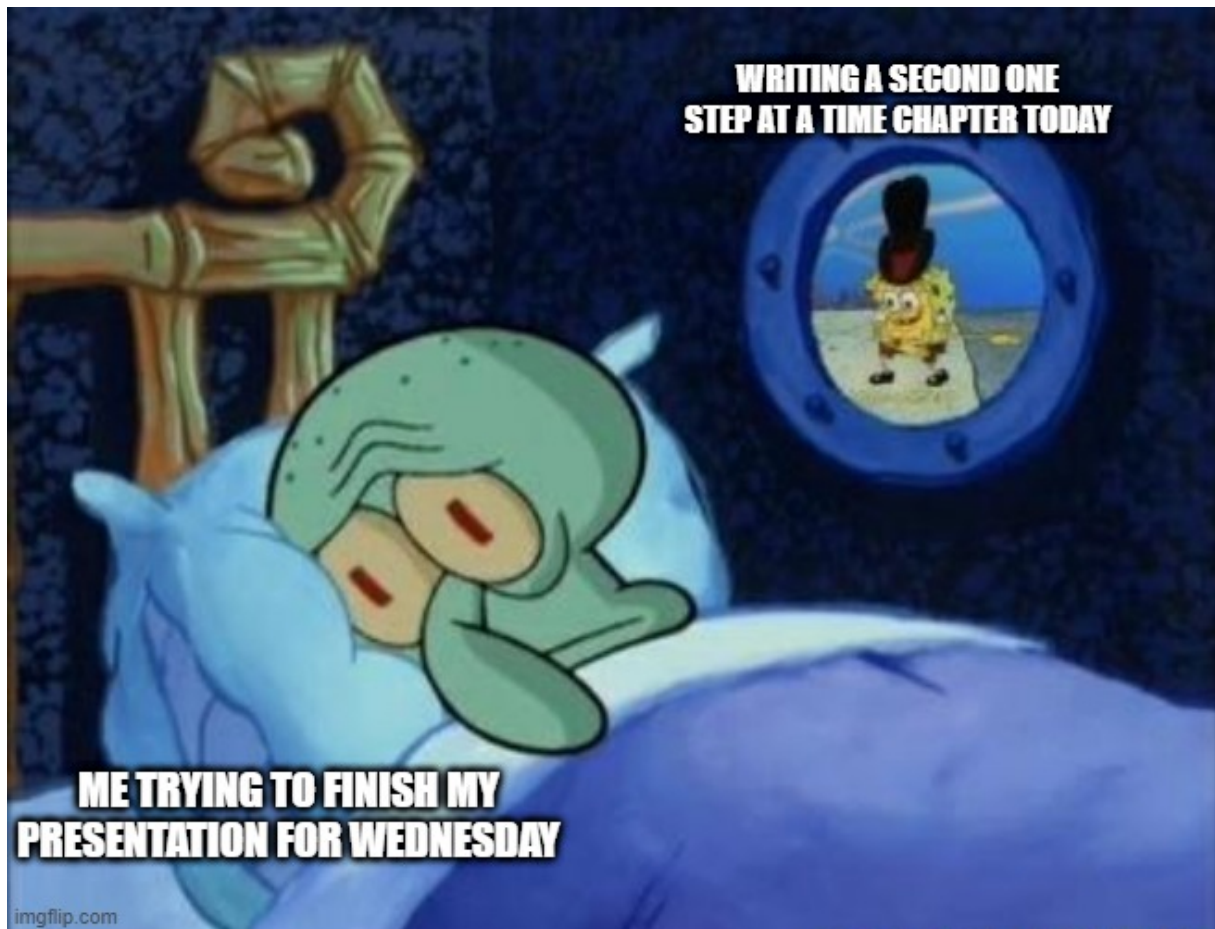
Technoblade with paint filled balloons: Payback time.

Wilbur with a credit card: Bet.

(Their battle will be legendary.)

Pillow Fort (Part 3)

Chapter Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“This is going to be the sickest pillow fort ever,” Wilbur declared as he watched thick vines creeping across the room exactly where Wilbur had instructed Tubbo to put them. “And we won’t even have to clean it up!”

“Why don’t we again?” Tommy asked curiously from his place sitting between his piles of blankets. He had already claimed one blanket, having wrapped himself up in it.

“Phil’s going to clean it up,” Wilbur said with a grin stretching across his face. He wandered over to grab one of the sheets from the pile of lighter blankets Tommy was making. “It’ll be his penance for leaving Techno and I on babysitting duty.”

Tommy gaped in offence. “You are *not* babysitting!”

“Aren’t I?” Wilbur said with an eyebrow raise.

He was not at all prepared for an attack, though he probably should have known better at this point. Before Wilbur could blink, Tommy had launched himself at Wilbur's legs like the ankle biter he was. Wilbur was surprised enough by the quick movement that despite being in an extremely different weight class, Tommy managed to send him toppling back into a pile of pillows.

Wilbur moved to sit up and saw a flash of teeth before everything went dark.

It was exactly what Wilbur should have been expecting really, but he still felt a warmth bloom in his chest. Tommy had been paying attention and learning and growing more comfortable. And now, he'd chosen to throw Wilbur's affection back at him, literally, in the form of a blanket over his head just like Wilbur had done to him earlier.

The absolute fucking bastard of gremlin of a child.

Wilbur lunged; Tommy screamed.

"See Technoblade," Wilbur cooed with a shit-eating grin. "Baby. Sitting."

Tommy, ever the feral raccoon child, tried to turn his head and bite Wilbur's arm. It didn't work and he remained pinned to the floor under Wilbur.

"Yes, Wilbur," Techno said, sounded exasperated. "I see."

"Techno, he's bullying me!"

"Tommy, considering the fact that you've managed to get into a physical altercation with every person in this room in the past 10 minutes, have you considered that you are the problem?" Technoblade asked dryly.

"No!" Tommy replied, squirming. "Wilbur let me up!"

"Mmm nah."

"Tubbo help," Tommy whined.

Tubbo looked over at them, studying their position amongst the ruined piles of blankets for a long moment. "I think you're fine Boss Man."

"This isn't fair," Tommy claimed.

"Just because you lost the fight, doesn't mean you didn't start it," Wilbur taunted. Tommy stuck his tongue out at him.

Wilbur narrowed his eyes, but then laughed, rolling off. "I know you're bored, but can you just be calm for 5 minutes so we can build the fort?" he asked.

"I was perfectly calm before you decided to be a bitch," Tommy claimed. He looked around himself. "You ruined my system!"

"Oh, *I* ruined it," Wilbur said.

“Yes, you,” Tommy said, already grabbing up the blankets they’d scattered during their little tiff to start resorting them into piles.

Wilbur just shook his head and grabbed a sheet like he’d intended to do in the first place.

“Techno, help me hang the sheets,” Wilbur said. “We’ll pin them to the vines Tubbo made and then use the chairs to keep them on the floor.”

Techno helped him without complaint and between the two of them, they managed to make the walls of the fort. Wilbur wasn’t a bad fort maker to beginning with, but with Tubbo’s contribution, the fort was much more structurally sound than any pillow fort Wilbur had ever seen before.

They let Tubbo and Tommy spread out the thick blankets and large pillows on the ground while Techno went up to grab some string lights from the attic.

“What else?” Tommy asked eagerly once all of the floor blankets were set out.

“Not much more for the fort itself,” said Wilbur. “Techno will string the lights and we’ll arrange the last of the blankets and pillows however is comfortable. All we need now is snacks, a movie to watch, and anything else you think you want.”

“Like what?” Tommy asked.

“Hmm,” Wilbur said. “Techno always brings a book. Maybe you want to grab Henry? I think he’d fit in.”

Tommy nodded.

“Alright. You can go grab him. The two of you can change into pajamas if you want too while you’re at it. I’ll take care of snacks.”

They scampered off to go do as he suggested, and Wilbur wandered into the kitchen to grab snacks. He raided the cabinets for anything sweet as well as grabbing a few armfuls of crisps. Then he grabbed some cans of coke. It took him a few trips and by the time he made the last one, Techno was already in the fort hanging up some string lights.

“I also found some old glowsticks,” Techno said. “We can see if they work.”

Wilbur dumped the bags of crisps out of his arms and swept up a glowstick, cracking it. It glowed a soft purple where he’d bent it.

“Seem to,” Wilbur said.

Tommy and Tubbo returned quickly after that, changed into nightclothes. Tommy had his stuffed cow in his arms.

“There’s no way we can eat all of that,” Tubbo said, peering at the literal pile of snacks in the center of the fort.

“We can try,” Wilbur said with a grin.

Tubbo shook his head disapprovingly, but Tommy seemed down for the challenge as he grabbed one of the packaged brownie bites out of the pile.

He also spotted the already cracked glowstick, picking it up with a curiosity that made Wilbur pretty sure he'd never played with one before. Wilbur cracked another one to show him and Tubbo how it was done and then slid the not yet activated ones towards them.

Wilbur and Techno both quickly got changed as well once everything was complete and then they pulled up The Princess Bride to watch on the television that sat right outside the entrance to the fort.

They each chose a blanket or two and settled in to eat snacks, watch the movie, and in Techno's case read a book.

Even Tommy seemed to calm down fully. He chattered a bit during the movie and messed around with the glowsticks, but no one really minded that, except perhaps Tubbo who seemed to want to actually watch the movie.

Yet, even his chatter died down after a bit as he curled up under his blankets and contentedly watched the end of The Princess Bride in silence. He stayed curled up when the movie ended, seeming like he might fall asleep.

Wilbur couldn't help but smile softly down at him.

He picked up a pillow and dropped it on his face.

"Hey!" Tommy said, shooting up and shoving the pillow away before turning to glare at him. "I didn't even do anything that time."

Wilbur shrugged and smiled at him.

"Why are you all ganging up on me today?" Tommy pouted.

"Because you've been the annoying one," Wilbur answered.

Tommy frowned. "Haven't I suffered enough by now?" He turned puppy dog eyes on Techno. "Can't we pick on Wilbur instead?"

Techno thought about it for a moment. Then he shrugged. "Sure, why not?"

"...Wait," Wilbur said a moment too late as Techno had already moved to put him in a full nelson hold.

"Yes!" Tommy gleefully cheered, eyes sparkling with victory.

"Techno, I swear to fuck," Wilbur spat, testing the hold and finding it as firm as expected. He winced at the strain his own struggling put on his arms.

"Nah, Tommy's right. He'd calmed down and *you* were trying to start shit again," Techno said, trying to sound reasonable, but Wilbur could feel the amusement dripping off of him.

"I should have shoved you into the freezer and left you there when you were tiny and I still had the chance," Wilbur hissed.

"You should have," Techno said mildly. "So?" he directed the question at Tommy.

"Oh," Tommy said, clearly not having thought this far. "Uh."

Tubbo leaned over and whispered something into Tommy's ear; Tommy's eyes lit up.

Uh oh.

"We'll be right back," Tommy said, jumping up and pulling Tubbo to his feet before darting out of the room.

"Techno let me go," Wilbur said, straining for freedom once more.

"I'm good," said Techno.

Wilbur craned his neck to send him a pleading expression. "Please?"

"I'm not Phil, Wilbur. That doesn't work on me."

Wilbur's face darkened. "Technoblade, if you don't let me go right now, I will tell those two where you're ticklish. Do you think you will ever know peace?"

"If you introduce them to the concept of tickling, do you think *you* will ever know peace?" Techno asked skeptically.

Wilbur sighed. "Assured mutual destruction."

"Yep," Techno said. Wilbur could hear the smile in his tone even though he couldn't see his face.

Wilbur slumped in defeat.

"I'm sure they haven't come up with anything too cruel," Techno assured. Wilbur felt him lay his cheek on top of Wilbur's curls because, of course, Techno could only find it in himself to be physically affectionate when Wilbur was pinned in a wrestling submission hold.

"If I die, I'm killing you to bring myself back," Wilbur told him.

"Fair enough," Techno said.

Yet, when the boys came back with a package of 12 nontoxic makers, he knew his fate would be much worse than death.

...

And probably a bit deserved considering how much blue was on Tommy's face from the last few nights.

Chapter End Notes

Techno and Tubbo: Middle child superiority. Get wrecked.

Ghostbur+

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy woke up to his stomach growling. He could tell by looking through the window that it was still the middle of the night. The moon was high in the sky and Tommy was starving.

He'd had a stomachache the night before and hadn't eaten much for dinner. Phil had made him some toast and he'd gone to bed early. The hope had been that he'd sleep off the stomachache. Apparently, that had worked, because the churning upset had been replaced by a gnawing emptiness.

He must have moved around a bit while he woke up, because Tubbo stirred beside him. He seemed instantly awake and aware. "You alright?" he asked, concerned.

Tommy nodded. "Stomachache's gone," he said. "Want to come with me to raid the kitchen?"

A few months ago, Tubbo probably would have agreed. However, he'd long since stopped worrying about the SBI catching Tommy in their kitchen when Techno *had* caught Tommy in their kitchen and had proceeded to start laying out snacks for him every night.

Tonight, Tubbo heard that Tommy wasn't about to throw up and was in fact feeling better and was already half asleep again before Tommy finished speaking. "No. It's 3am. Fuck off," he muttered, turning to curl up into a little ball facing away from Tommy.

"Fine," Tommy said, standing up. "Henry and I will eat all of the food and leave you with nothing for tomorrow."

"If you can manage to eat all of their food in one night, I'll eat my own foot," Tubbo grumbled into his pillow. "Shut up and leave."

Tommy didn't bother to retort, since Tubbo was already 99% asleep. Instead, he grabbed Henry from his spot on the bed and turned towards the door with the kitchen in mind.

There were snacks on the kitchen counter, offerings to Tommy so he would not sink his teeth into the food items they wanted to remain whole through the night. He decided to accept these tributes, at least for today.

Tonight, there was more food laid out than there usually was; Techno and/or Phil had probably anticipated something like this would happen if Tommy's stomach felt better in the middle of the night. There was also more of a variety. Everything from just a few packages of crackers to fruit to potato chips were set out. There was even a note next to a wrapped-up muffin in Techno's neat handwriting. By the light of his phone, Tommy was able to read that there was more food for him in the fridge.

Tommy opened the fridge and found an entire prepared dinner plate covered in foil. A sticky note with his name on it was stuck to the top. Upon peaking under the foil, Tommy found there was roasted chicken, rice, and honey glazed carrots. The chicken and rice were what everyone else had eaten for dinner, but they'd eaten asparagus instead of carrots. Tommy wouldn't have minded the asparagus, but the honey glazed carrots were his favorite type of vegetables Phil made.

Tommy pulled out the plate and took off the foil before popping it into the microwave. He poured himself a glass of orange juice while he waited for his food to warm.

Now, he thought about being a civilized human being and eating at the kitchen table, but quickly threw away that idea. He wanted to watch TV while eating his dinner at 3:35 in the morning. So, when the microwave dinged, he stuck Henry under his arm so he could carry both his plate and glass of juice down the hall.

Tommy froze for a moment when he stepped into the living room. There was someone on the couch. Someone a bit transparent with a blue gash on his front and faintly glowing eyes. That was not unusual to Tommy at this point.

What was unusual was the person was a child.

The ghostly figure seemed as surprised to see Tommy as Tommy was to see him, but the surprise faded from his expression after a moment. He seemed to take a deep breath (despite being a ghost) and closed his eyes before starting to change.

It reminded Tommy of one of those hand drawn flipbooks where someone would painstakingly draw a ball in a slightly different position on each page so when someone flipped through the book quickly, it looked like the ball was moving.

He flickered repeatedly and with every flicker he seemed to age little by little until he was no longer a child, but a teenager, and then he was no longer a teenager, but an adult.

The adult form was the one Tommy was familiar with.

Ghostbur opened his eyes once his age matched the physical body sleeping a room over and looked up at Tommy. "Hey, Tommy," he said.

"Hey," Tommy replied softly. After just a moment's more hesitation, he started to walk towards the couch Ghostbur was currently hovering over. He set his plate of food on the coffee table and then sat on the open part of the couch. "What, uh," Tommy asked, "What was that?"

Ghostbur shrugged. "I died when I was 8," he said simply. "Spent a lot of time looking 8. Sometimes I still do."

Tommy nodded like that was normal.

"You're stomach's better?" Ghostbur asked.

Tommy nodded and to demonstrate, picked up his plate and stabbed a piece of chicken with his fork.

"Good," Ghostbur said, turning away.

Ghostbur was uncharacteristically quiet and still while Tommy ate. It was almost disconcerting to Tommy considering how much he usually chattered and moved about. Tonight he just stared into mid distance like he was seeing something that wasn't there.

"Are you doing alright?" Tommy asked cautiously as he finished up the chicken and rice leaving just the carrots for last.

Ghostbur looked over at him, his face softening as he did. "I'm fine," he promised. "Just having a think." He turned away from Tommy once more.

“Okay,” Tommy said, continuing to watch him as he chewed on his carrots. There was something very different about Ghostbur tonight. He seemed more solid in a way despite still being transparent and his voice was different than the wispy echo Tommy was familiar with.

After finishing up his carrots, Tommy leaned forward to put the plate back on the coffee table.

The ghost glanced over at Tommy again as Tommy turned to face him. “Wilbur?” Tommy guessed, his head tilted.

The ghost sent him a half smile. “No,” he said. “I’m not exactly that right now either.”

“Okay,” Tommy said even though he had no idea what that meant. “You’re alright though, yeah?”

“Yes, I’m alright,” Not-Exactly-Wilbur replied.

“Good,” Tommy said awkwardly. This time, he didn’t lose Not-Exactly-Wilbur’s attention. They stared at each other for a moment. “Uh, so, what should I call you?”

“Ghostbur’s still accurate enough,” he replied with a shrug. “‘Wilbur’ is the only one that feels wrong.”

“Okay, um, do you want me to leave you alone?”

“No,” Ghostbur replied. “I’d actually prefer if you didn’t.”

Tommy nodded and looked away towards the empty plate on the table for a moment. He took a sip of his juice before looking back at the ghost. He looked serious, almost sad in a very not Ghostbur like way. He obviously wasn’t feeling good in some way, though Tommy wasn’t sure what that way was. He didn’t quite know how to make him feel better.

He knew how to make Wilbur feel better; he knew how to make normal Ghostbur feel better.

He wasn’t sure what this person would want.

Though... he did have one idea.

“Do you want...?” Tommy started to ask.

“Hmm?”

“Well, you’re still Ghostbur,” Tommy said, “and my face is only, what, 10% blue at the moment...”

“Truly a travesty,” Ghostbur said, amused, but didn’t reach for Tommy.

“You can if you want.”

Ghostbur smiled at him softly. “Come here,” he said.

Tommy scooted closer. “Just so you know, I’m only doing this to make you feel better,” he said.

Ghostbur rolled his eyes and reached out to pull him into a hug, smushing Tommy’s cheek into his chest.

Well, update that earlier percentage to a 50% blue face.

Ghostbur really was more solid than usual. The difference was even more clear now while they were touching. He might as well have been a slightly too cold person hugging Tommy instead of a ghost. Usually, Ghostbur's touch was just a weird tingly pressure, but this felt more real.

Ghostbur squeezed him tightly and Tommy squeezed him back, hoping that whatever was wrong, this would make it better.

After a few minutes, the arms around him loosed a bit. There was a hand in his hair and that would be a bitch to wash out if he even *could* wash it out. Still, Tommy didn't complain. He just closed his eyes and continued to lean against him.

Tommy could feel a cold thumb rub across his cheek. "My little brother," Ghostbur murmured. Tommy's eyes popped open instantly to stare up at him.

He'd heard Wilbur refer to Techno as his brother a couple of times, usually to piss him off. Occasionally Ghostbur would use the word because he was a sap. However, no form of Wilbur had ever referred to Tommy as a brother before.

"You don't mind me saying that, do you?" Ghostbur asked meeting his eyes.

It sounded like a rhetorical question, but Tommy still shook his head.

"I know," Ghostbur said. "Of course, you don't. You're Tommy." He shifted a bit, pulling Tommy a bit tighter against himself. "The living are always so silly never saying the things they think because they're too afraid. Dad told Wilbur again and again that it'd freak you out to say that before you're ready to hear it, but that's silly. You're Tommy. Now Tubbo? That kid would flee the country with his friend if I said that to him, but not you."

"...Brother?" Tommy asked, just to make sure he hadn't somehow misheard.

"Yes," Ghostbur said. "You have been for a long time now."

Tommy had never had any family before. He didn't even know if he really got exactly what being in one meant. He did know that 'brother' was the label Wilbur applied to his relationship with Techno (even if it wasn't mutual) and 'dad' was for Phil. Tommy hadn't even contemplated himself fitting into one of those labels before.

He thought he liked the idea.

"Okay," he said agreeably. "Brothers." He paused. "I'm not little though."

"Sure your not," Ghostbur said amused, patting him on the back of the head.

"If we're going to be brothers, I get to be the big brother," Tommy said decisively.

"That isn't how it works, Tommy," Ghostbur said.

"Sure it is," Tommy said with a smile.

"No."

"Yes!"

"No."

Tommy ended up unsure who won the argument because at some point he ended up falling asleep on the couch. (He refused to acknowledge that since he fell asleep, he'd probably lost.)

In the morning, Wilbur asked him why he'd fallen asleep on the couch, meaning he didn't remember their late-night conversation at least not completely. That was okay though because Tommy did.

Chapter End Notes

Ghostbur: *Having his monthly existential crisis on another plane of existence.*

Tommy: Would it help to... squish my face?

Ghostbur: *emphatically* Yes.

Pillow Fort (Part 4)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Phil returned to his living room destroyed. Or he assumed it was destroyed. He couldn't see much of it as his vision was blocked by a blanket wall. However, he could wager a guess that every pillow and blanket they had (that wasn't hanging in the air) was currently on the living room floor.

He moved towards the front of the fort that had been constructed in his absence, noting a movie was playing on the television. When he stooped over to peer inside, he found he was correct about the pillow and blanket situation. There were also empty junk food wrappers and glow sticks scattered about along with Christmas lights hanging near the fort's ceiling.

All four of the other household members were inside the pillow fort. Techno was the only one in an upright position, reading a novel under the one slightly more intense light, though Wilbur, who was laying on his back, was clearly still awake since he turned to look at Phil when he pulled back one of the blankets.

The two younger boys were currently both asleep.

Tubbo was curled up in a corner of the fort covered in too many blankets and deeply asleep, a surprise since he was still rather jittery and didn't relax well in more public spaces.

Tommy was the reason Wilbur was not sitting up as he'd thrown himself over the man's torso at some point and, apparently, had fallen asleep face first on a pillow. The position didn't look comfortable for him or for Wilbur.

"What happened here?" Phil asked, an eyebrow raised.

"I wish to be an only child again, Father," Wilbur said blandly.

Techno flipped to another page in his book. "I did as much damage control as possible," he said calmly. *I encouraged half of it*, was what his eyes said.

"Wilbur has a dick drawn on his forehead," Phil said.

"With skin safe markers," Techno replied.

Phil sighed.

"I'm not sure what you expected when you left me to babysit the three of them. I kept them alive; my job is done."

Wilbur reached out and punched Techno in the knee. "I'm older. If anything, *I* was babysitting *you*."

"You are *not* older," Techno said, "and talk to me again once your face isn't covered in scribbles."

"I am so older," Wilbur insisted, "and that only proves my point. A responsible babysitter would have prevented his charges from writing on my face, not held me down for it. Phil, tell him I'm the babysitter."

“I’d thought since all four of you are legally old enough to drive that I didn’t need to appoint a babysitter,” Phil said, lips twitching.

Techno shook his head, eyes still on his book. “If you really think that then apparently none of us should be put in charge of children.”

“The two of you turned out fine,” Phil pointed out.

“I was in my 20s during my childhood,” Techno said, “and Wilbur was-”

“Older than that,” Wilbur interrupted him with a grin.

“-basically like owning a really dumb cat.”

Wilbur, ever the wordsmith replied with, “You’re a really dumb cat.”

Techno’s only response was a derisive snort.

Phil shook his head at them. “So, did you all eat too many snacks, or should I make something for dinner?”

Wilbur and Techno exchanged a glance. “Maybe just pop in a couple of the frozen pizzas,” Wilbur suggested.

“I’ll do it,” Techno said, closing his book and setting it down on a pillow near him. “I have to go to the bathroom anyway.” He crawled carefully out of the fort until he was standing next to Phil.

“I want one with pepperoni,” Wilbur requested.

“L,” was Techno’s reply as he scooted past Phil to the doorway.

Wilbur sighed and flopped his head back onto the floor. He looked up at Phil and patted the space beside him near Tommy’s head.

Phil glanced at Tubbo, a bit worried about invading this space when Tubbo still seemed a bit leery of Phil, but the fort was large and Tubbo was on the other side. He wouldn’t be crowding him. Phil bent to crawl into the tent. Wilbur’s hand flopped out to touch Phil’s ankle once he was settled.

Tommy stirred a few moments after Phil had sat, probably disturbed by all of the movement around him.

“Phil?” he asked, voice colored with sleep. He sat up a bit.

“Get your bony elbow out of my gut,” Wilbur protested with a wheeze. Tommy glanced down at him and then rolled his eyes, moving to brace himself on his hands on the floor instead of with his elbows on top of Wilbur.

“Hello Tommy,” Phil greeted. “Do you want to maybe let Wilbur breath a bit?”

“Hmm,” was the reply. “I don’t know. Wilbur’s been a prick.”

“Ah and is that why the work ‘prick’ is written on his cheek?” Phil asked.

Tommy grinned lazily at him. “Maybe,” he said. He did actually start to move then, sliding off of Wilbur into the space between the man he’d been laying on top of and Phil.

Wilbur gave a relieved sigh at having Tommy's weight off of him, but didn't move to change positions, continuing to lay on his back. Tommy, for his part, also didn't go very far, laying face first on the floor next to Phil now.

"It looks like you've worn yourself out," Phil commented. He laid his hand on the back of Tommy's head and Tommy hummed in confirmation.

"Don't say that," Wilbur cautioned. "You'll jink it."

Phil just laughed slightly and reached further to pat Wilbur on the shoulder.

Techno came back after only a few minutes.

"What type of pizza did you put in?" Wilbur asked.

"Garlic anchovies and Hawaiian."

"No, you didn't," Wilbur said. "I didn't buy those flavors. You don't even like Hawaiian."

"I took a special trip."

"You did not!"

"Did so."

"What's Hawaiian pizza?" Tommy asked.

"Pineapple and ham," Wilbur said. "It's not bad, but I want pepperoni."

"You're not getting it," Techno said, picking up his book again.

It was, of course, revealed 15 minutes later that there was a pepperoni pizza in the oven. They ate it and the roasted mushroom and spinach pizza in a circle in the center of the fort that night.

"By the way," Techno said while they were stacking the dirty plates near the entrance to take to the kitchen later. "You're the one cleaning up the fort tomorrow."

Chapter End Notes

ACTUAL
PARENT

PHIL

SLEEPS THE
WHOLE TIME

WILBUR (GHOSTBUR)

BABYSITTER
SUPREME™

IS ANYONE A GOOD BABYSITTER HERE? NIKI?

MAY AS WELL
SOLD YOUR
KID TO THE
DEVIL

DREAM

SAYS THEY
DON'T CARE
BUT SECRETLY
KEEPS WATCH

TECHNO

THE CHILD

TOMMY

imgflip.com

[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Crime Lessons: Part 1 (Fuck this Politician in Particular)

Chapter Notes

I was going to write this night all at once but... alas... it seems it shall be a multi-parter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There was a light knock on the bedroom door, quiet enough that Tommy would have ignored it thinking it was just the house creaking if there wasn't a pause and then another knock a moment later. He shared a glance with Tubbo before getting out of bed and answering the door.

"What?" Tommy asked.

"Shh," Wilbur whispered, putting his finger to his lips.

"What?" Tommy asked again, matching his tone. Wilbur was not in pajamas like Tommy would have expected. He was still in day clothes and wearing a thick black coat.

"Get dressed," Wilbur said.

"Why?" Tommy asked.

"Stop asking questions. Get dressed. We're going somewhere."

Tommy glared at him suspiciously and then glanced back at Tubbo. Tubbo had gotten to his feet and crept closer to the door. "Where?" Tommy asked, crossing his arms.

"Out," Wilbur said, his face twisting in frustration, but his voice still quiet.

Tommy considered him for a long moment. "Is this hazing?"

"What?" Wilbur asked, bewildered or maybe that's just what he wanted Tommy to think. "No, it's not hazing."

"It feels like hazing," Tommy said, discarding the instructions to be quiet and speaking at a normal tone.

"Shh!" Wilbur reached up to put a hand over Tommy's mouth. He looked down the hallway for a long moment before looking back at Tommy. "It's not hazing," he hissed. "I'll explain more in the car, but we have to move."

Tommy licked the palm over his mouth, and Wilbur immediately yanked it back with a glare. He wiped the spit covered hand on his coat with a grimace.

"That sounds like something someone who was hazing us would say," Tommy said at full volume.

"It's not hazing," Tubbo said, softly and Tommy turned to blink at him. "It's sneaking out."

"Sneaking out?" Tommy said, instantly whispering again.

“It’s not sneaking out,” Wilbur said, quiet as a mouse as his eyes darted down the hall again. As his eyes darted towards *Phil’s* room again. “We’re allowed to leave whenever we want.”

“So, you wouldn’t mind if we invited Phil?” Tubbo challenged.

Wilbur pursed his lips. “Phil wouldn’t want to go.”

“We could check,” Tubbo said sweetly.

“Look,” Wilbur said, eyes darting down the hall once again. “We can go whenever and wherever we want, but if Phil figures out what we’re doing we’ll have to sit through a lecture about why we really shouldn’t before we we’re able to get out of here.”

Tommy looked at his cagey expression, his black clothing, and his old tennis shoes and his eyes widened in excitement. “Are we doing crime!?” he asked.

“Yes, we’re doing crime,” Wilbur said with an eyeroll. “Go get dressed.”

“Yes!” Tommy said, closing the door in his face.

“But I’m tired,” Tubbo complained with a frown.

“We’ll get coffee first,” Wilbur said through the door.

Tubbo sighed. “Fine,” he groaned and moved to dig through the dresser.

They were dressed within a couple of minutes in the darkest clothes they could find as well as thick black winter coats.

Wilbur instantly ushered them towards the garage door. Instead of getting into a car, however, they were led out of a side door and to the driveway. There they saw Technoblade sitting in a running car. Somehow, they’d managed to get the car outside the garage and running without Tubbo and Tommy hearing it when their room was right next to the garage. Tommy was impressed.

Tubbo and Tommy climbed into the back. Tommy noted there was a duffle bag sitting between him and Tubbo in the backseat with excitement.

“Drive,” Wilbur said when they were all inside. Techno took off without a word.

Tommy was already digging through the bag next to him before they were fully out of the driveway.

“Little raccoon gremlin,” Wilbur said when he glanced back and noticed. “Don’t just stick your hands into things. What if it was a bomb?” Yet, he didn’t move to stop Tommy as he pulled out four black masks and a roll of toilet paper.

“What crimes are we committing?” Tommy asked eagerly.

“Vandalism and destruction of private property,” Techno told him.

“Ooo is this spray paint?” Tommy asked, pulling out a can.

“Do not spray that in the car,” Wilbur warned.

“I’m not stupid,” Tommy said.

“Debatable,” Wilbur replied.

Tommy shook the can and pointed it at Wilbur’s stupid face, with no intention of using it. Wilbur snatched it from him, causing Tommy to cackle.

“Simmer down,” Technoblade said. “Save that energy for breaking windows.”

“We’re breaking windows?” Tommy asked, bouncing up and down.

“There’s a bat in the back,” Techno replied.

“Whose windows are we breaking?” Tubbo asked, curious.

“A slimy politician’s,” Technoblade said.

Wilbur snorted. “A failed politician thanks to us.”

“She’s attempting to run for mayor again,” Techno said, shaking his head. “So, we’re anonymously reminding her she doesn’t have a career in politics.”

“You’d think she’d have learned that by now,” Wilbur sang, “but power-hungry assholes have short memories.”

“Which politician?” Tubbo asked.

“Sanja Werner,” Wilbur answered.

“Oh!” Tommy said. “The Bitch-Bitch Lady.”

Techno grinned and Wilbur actually cackled when Tommy said it, and after a moment Tommy realized why.

“Wait that was you two?” Tommy asked.

Everyone knew Bitch-Bitch Lady. Bitch-Bitch Lady had run for mayor a couple of years ago and lost pitifully after an op ed was published about how shady she was. When she’d lost her bid for mayor, someone had gone to her house and wrote the words “Bitch-Bitch” on her car.

“It was,” Technoblade confirmed.

“And you’re going after her again?” Tubbo asked.

“We have a personal grievance with her,” Techno said.

“Fuck her,” Wilbur said.

“Fuck her,” Techno concurred, nodding sagely.

“Can I write Bitch-Bitch on her car?” Tommy asked.

“I was thinking we’d write it on her house this time,” Wilbur said, “and you can write one of the ‘Bitch’es. I insist on writing at least one ‘Bitch’.”

“Yes!” Tommy cheered.

“As long as I still get to slash her tires and smash her windows,” Techno said.

“I’m just here for coffee,” Tubbo said.

“We’ll be getting that too,” Techno assured with a nod.

“Ooo!” Tommy said. “What are we doing with the eggs?!”

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

The Death of TommyInnit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur stepped into the living room, sighing in relief at the warm air. Last night had been the first snow of the season, and while there hadn't been that much, just enough for it to stick to the ground in patches, the forecast said it was going to snow more the coming week.

Wilbur had taken that as a cue to get the couple of lawn chairs still outside by the lake inside. Since they no longer had a shed for a reason that was completely Technoblade's fault, Wilbur had brought the chairs up to the house. Not wanting to drag them through the hall and into the attic while still wet, he leaned the folded-up chairs next to the door before starting to pull off his coat.

When he eventually looked up (and he did mean *up*), it was to a strange sight. He had to do a double take to realize exactly what he was seeing, not expecting to see anything, let alone a teenager clinging to the ceiling.

Tommy was in the far corner of the living room above the door that let to the hallway. He had each foot on opposite walls, one hand on the top of the doorframe and the other hand gripping a picture hook Wilbur hadn't known was there and which probably wouldn't support his weight without his powers.

Now, Tommy clinging to ceilings like a rabid raccoon was not as unusual as Wilbur would have liked. In fact, it had gotten very, very usual in the last couple of weeks. However, he'd never actually seen Tommy in this waiting position. He'd only seen the little bastard flying through the air to tackle Wilbur himself. He looked like a demon straight out of hell all scrunched up up there.

Wilbur was about to inform him that he'd picked the wrong doorframe if he'd wanted to attack Wilbur again, but Tommy shifted as Wilbur opened his mouth, leaning his elbow on the doorframe instead of his hand so he could put a finger over his mouth.

Wilbur just squinted at him in confusion.

Then, he looked down the hallway as Techno came out of the kitchen.

Wilbur glanced up at Tommy and then down the hall at Techno. Well, *that* wasn't going to end well.

He walked over and sat in the armchair to watch.

Tommy was absolutely still and silent from his place over the doorway as Technoblade walked closer holding a bag of crisps.

The second Techno came through the door, Tommy let go of his grip on the walls and fell with perfect form. He didn't actually tackle Techno but performed a move that wouldn't have worked without his powers. That is, he landed with his feet on Techno's shoulders, light enough to not immediately break all of both of their bones. Then, he kicked off of him, making Techno stumble back as he went rolling forward into a crouch.

Techno threw his chips and made a sound Wilbur had never, ever heard him make before. It was somewhere between a shriek and a scream in an octave that Wilbur thought was only accessible to

someone with his own powers. Techno landed on his ass.

“That... was not the outcome I anticipated,” Wilbur said.

Techno looked up, still seeming uncharacteristically startled, even as he pushed himself back to his feet. He blinked, looked at the bag of crisps a few meters away from him, and then slowly turned his head to look at the still crouched Tommy.

“***You.***”

That was Tommy’s cue to finally bolt. He went diving over the couch, literally bounced over Wilbur’s head, and was out the door in seconds. Techno wasn’t far behind, also vaulting over the couch, but thankfully avoiding Wilbur on his trip to the door.

“L!” Wilbur shouted last second as the door slammed shut behind Techno.

They came back 15 minutes later, Techno without a hair out of place on his head and Tommy absolutely soaked and pouting, but otherwise unharmed.

“He won’t that again,” Technoblade stated, swiping his bag of crisps off the floor.

Wilbur could tell by the look in Tommy’s eyes as he went off to change that this was not the case. Wilbur let Techno believe he’d won for now.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy whenever his brothers leave the room for a moment to get crisps:



Brownie Bonding

Chapter Notes

This is very short and a follow up to the last chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno flipped idly through one of his books. It was an older one that Phil had gotten him once he'd started to learn how to read. It was a collection of Greek myths that he'd read cover to cover plenty of times before, but still found himself coming back to even now.

He was reclined on his bed while reading but had the bedroom door cracked open. Everyone in the house, even the newer ones, should know by now that this meant he was willing to be disturbed as long as it wasn't for something stupid. (If Wilbur always had the same definition of 'stupid' as Technoblade was another question.)

So, it wasn't irritating when someone knocked on his door.

"Come in," he called.

The door was pushed open, and Techno was slightly surprised to see Tommy instead of Wilbur or Phil on the other side. He didn't come into the room but lingered in the doorway.

"Here to cause more trouble?" Techno asked with a raised eyebrow. He had not nearly forgotten the incident earlier in the day when he'd been jumped by a floating pipsqueak while returning from getting chips from the kitchen.

"Phil made brownies," Tommy answered. "I brought you one."

Techno jerked his head to indicate he should come in and he walked into Techno's room. He was indeed holding a plate with a brownie on it.

"Is that a peace offering?" Techno asked.

"Sort of," Tommy said with a shrug. "Also, thanks."

"For what?" Techno asked.

"Eh," Tommy said. "You could have done worse then throw snow at me."

"You're an evil weasel from hell that got exactly what he deserved," Techno said, "but you didn't and weren't trying to cause any harm. No one here would hurt you for that."

"But you could have."

"You're a bit fucked up, you know that, Tommy?"

"Just take the brownie, Technoblade," Tommy said.

“Fine,” Techno said, putting down his book. “Give it here.”

Tommy handed him the plate and Techno immediately went about ripping the brownie in half.

“What are you doing?” Tommy asked.

“This is a Phil sized brownie,” Techno said, shoving one half into the teenager’s hand. “I’m not eating all of that. Sit.”

Tommy took the brownie reluctantly but sat down on Techno’s bed without argument. Techno ate his half of the brownie in a few bites, but Tommy just went about nibbling at his.

“We’re cool, kid,” Techno said, picking up his book again once finished eating. “You don’t have to worry about anything more than getting dunked in a lake.” He glanced over at him. “If you do it again, you are getting dunked in a lake though.”

“Good to know,” Tommy said, his voice amused. He finally took a real bite of his brownie. “What are you reading?”

“Greek mythology book,” Techno said. “Want me to read you a couple of the stories?”

Tommy immediately folded his legs together like a kindergartener getting ready for story time.

“Sure,” he said.

Techno went back to the beginning of the story he’d been reading when Tommy interrupted and started to read out loud this time. Tommy finished his brownie and eventually ended up laying down on the bed instead of sitting up.

About an hour later, Technoblade looked over at him and realized he definitely wasn’t listening to Techno read anymore. In fact, he was drooling on Techno’s comforter.

“Bruh, that was not an invitation to sleep here,” Techno said. As expected, the boy did not respond.

Technoblade sighed and got up to grab an extra quilt from his closet.

“You’ve managed to ruin my entire day,” Techno told him while covering him with a blanket. “I hope you’re satisfied.”

Considering the peaceful look on his face as he slept, he very much was.

Chapter End Notes

Tommy, after every time he's an actual bastard to his brothers:



Cape Caper

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There was a knock at Wilbur's door. "Come in," Wilbur said, not looking up from where he was writing out a few notes on a blank music sheet.

A body practically launched itself onto the foot of Wilbur's bed. Wilbur looked up, capped his pen, and carefully put the guitar in his arms to the side.

Tommy was now laying on his back on Wilbur's bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Everything okay?" Wilbur asked.

Tommy sighed in response. "I'm bored."

Wilbur stared at him for a moment. "...Is that my beanie?"

"This isn't about you."

Wilbur would argue, but the teen actually looked legitimately miserable. Wilbur thought back and remembered that Techno had canceled his and Tommy's training session for today because he and Phil had to go to town to do a supply run for Fairview hospital. Tommy hadn't seemed bothered and had taken the day off to watch movies.

However, Tommy was high energy as a rule and had missed his normal energy burning time today. Apparently, he'd gotten bored of relaxing quickly.

Now, there were two options when Tommy came to you telling you he was bored. You could let a feral raccoon rip up your room or help a feral raccoon rip up someone else's room. Now, Wilbur had just cleaned his room and was pretty happy with it so...

"Want to commit crimes against Technoblade?"

Tommy perked up like a puppy who'd just been offered a walk. He nodded eagerly.

Wilbur couldn't help but smile. "Alright," he said. "Ground rules for torturing Technoblade: no messing with hair products, no stealing his hidden stuffed animal-"

"Steve," Tommy contributed and the fact that he knew about that made Wilbur's smile widen.

"Yes, Steve," Wilbur confirmed, "and no permanent damage to the walls or furniture. That last one's more of a Phil rule."

Tommy tilted his head. "Are we allowed to commit crimes against Phil too?" he asked.

"We're not *allowed* to do shit," Wilbur said, "but yeah, sure."

Tommy thought about it for a moment, fingers fiddling with Wilbur's comforter. "That's probably not a good idea?" he said, his tone lilting at the end and turning it into a question.

Wilbur shrugged casually. "We could at least steal one of his stupid hats," he suggested.

"His hats?" Tommy asked.

"His supervillain hats."

"He has multiple of those?"

Wilbur nodded.

Tommy's nose screwed up. "We definitely need to steal them then."

"We'll start with Techno though," Wilbur said, getting off his bed. "Let me get some supplies."

"What supplies do we need?" Tommy asked, following suit, and getting to his own feet to trail after Wilbur.

"Saran wrap and yarn," Wilbur said, ducking into the kitchen where the first of these supplies would be. "They'll be gone for a while, so we're making Techno's room into a fun little maze. Give him some enrichment." He grabbed the saran wrap out of the cabinet. "Where is Tubbo by the way?" he asked, having seen the boys' bedroom door open when they walked by.

"He went on a walk," Tommy said with a shrug.

Wilbur frowned. "Why?" he asked, knowing Tubbo hated going out in the cold weather. True, it was getting warmer now, but still.

"I don't know," Tommy said.

Should... should Wilbur be worried about that?

"He did take one of the planter pots and some seeds with him," Tommy said.

He was probably fine then.

"Do you know where the yarn is in the library?" Wilbur asked.

"The one green bucket on the floor?" Tommy asked.

"That's the one. Can you go get whatever yarn you think it ugliest?" There was plenty of ugly yarn in there from when Phil had tried to learn to crochet. "Actually get 2."

"Got it," Tommy said, taking off. Wilbur snatched some scissors from the kitchen as well and then went to meet Tommy at Techno's room. Techno's room was right next to the "library" which was really just a glorified storage space that happened to have a few bookshelves. Tommy had chosen a weird green colored bundle of yarn along with one that looked less like yarn and more like string covered in little purple feathers. (What had Phil planned to do with that?)

"Perfect," Wilbur said, and Tommy grinned widely.

Wilbur reached forward to push open the door to Technoblade's room. It was a fairly clean room other than a couple of pieces of clothing lying around. Or at least it was clean for now.

"Alright," Wilbur said. "Maze comes last. First, go ahead."

“What?” Tommy asked.

Wilbur raised an eyebrow.

Tommy’s eyes widened. “I get to steal shit from Technoblade?!”

Wilbur stepped back from the door and waved him inside. “Go be a thieving little gremlin to your heart’s content,” he said.

“I’m going to steal his cape!” Tommy enthused, rushing straight past Wilbur towards Techno’s closet.

Since they were already going to die, Wilbur turned to Techno’s desk. Technoblade was a nerd. He loved to read and worse he liked to annotate books. If he only had a hardcover copy, he’d do this annotation on sticky notes, but usually he bought a cheap paperback version of his favorites that he was free to absolutely destroy with ink. No matter what method he was using however, he had a nice set of different colored pens (and some perplexing and obscure meanings behind every shade of every color) to write his notes with.

Wilbur started swapping out the caps.

It was an action he knew from experience he would regret, but one that he wouldn’t *regret*.

“What are you doing?” Tommy asked, sounding confused when he eventually surfaced from Techno’s closet. He’d nestled into Techno’s supervillain cape as promised, but he’d also found some other things of interest, apparently. One was a stress ball Wilbur doubted Techno even remembered he had and the other was a thin book, which was quite the development for Tommy.

Tommy would probably be allowed to keep the cape for at least a little bit and the other two things Techno would probably outright give him, but Wilbur could see the joy in his eyes from being able to get his thieving little fingers on Techno’s shit, so he didn’t mention it.

“Switching the colored pen caps,” Wilbur answered, putting back the one he’d just capped and scrambling them all in the pen holder for good measure.

“That’s a lame prank,” Tommy said.

“Techno’s lame,” Wilbur corrected, “and this will have me being murdered for months every time he finds a new one that was swapped. Now,” he clapped his hands. “Let’s make the maze so we have time to rob Phil too.”

Tommy once again proved he had a surprisingly good eye for design (which might be even more impressive when sowing chaos than with the crafts he and Phil did) by making the absolute worst (and therefore best) looking yarn and saran wrap disaster Wilbur had ever seen. Even Technoblade might have some trouble navigating it with how ingenious he was with some of the saran wrap placements.

“Great job,” Wilbur complimented, giving him a hair ruffle. “You’re a natural. Now let’s get Phil.” He closed Technoblade’s door behind them and pulled him towards Phil’s door.

Tommy was a lot more hesitant with Phil’s room, so Wilbur didn’t suggest anything as extreme as what they’d done to Techno, but he did eventually rifle through Phil’s closet for a bit after seeing Wilbur nick two of Phil’s hats from his dresser. Tommy ended up with a white graphic t-shirt.

“What is this?” Tommy asked, laughing uncontrollably at the picture on the front.

Wilbur recognized the “Fishing Dad Bod” shirt immediately, having bought it himself in some backwoods gas station during the ill-fated Grand Canyon road trip of ‘08. Phil was a sap who, despite how much he’d hated being forced to wear it then, had never been able to throw it away. He still occasionally wore it even with the frankly silly picture of a man fishing on it and the fact that the tagline was “Like Dad Bod but with Bigger Balls.” However, he usually only wore it to bed.

“What can I say, the man likes his fishing,” Wilbur said, pretending like Phil would have ever bought that shirt of his own free will.

Tommy, of course, instantly claimed the shirt as his own, probably forever.

They didn’t do much else in Phil’s room. Instead, Tommy quickly changed into his new favorite shirt, slinging Techno’s cape over it, and then they hung out in Wilbur’s room for the rest of the afternoon.

“You can’t be mad, Technoblade,” Wilbur said about two hours later. “Look at him.” He gestured to Tommy who was curled up at the edge of Wilbur’s bed, fast asleep.

“I am looking at him,” Technoblade replied dryly. “He’s wearing stolen goods and clearly participated in the mess that is my room.

“But *look* at him.”

“*Phil*.”

Phil shook his head. “I’ve got to go with Wilbur on this one, sorry mate.”

“You’re dead in 5000 ways,” Techno told Wilbur. He probably hadn’t even noticed the pens yet.

“This is what you get for leaving me with the feral raccoon you neglected to take on a walk this morning.”

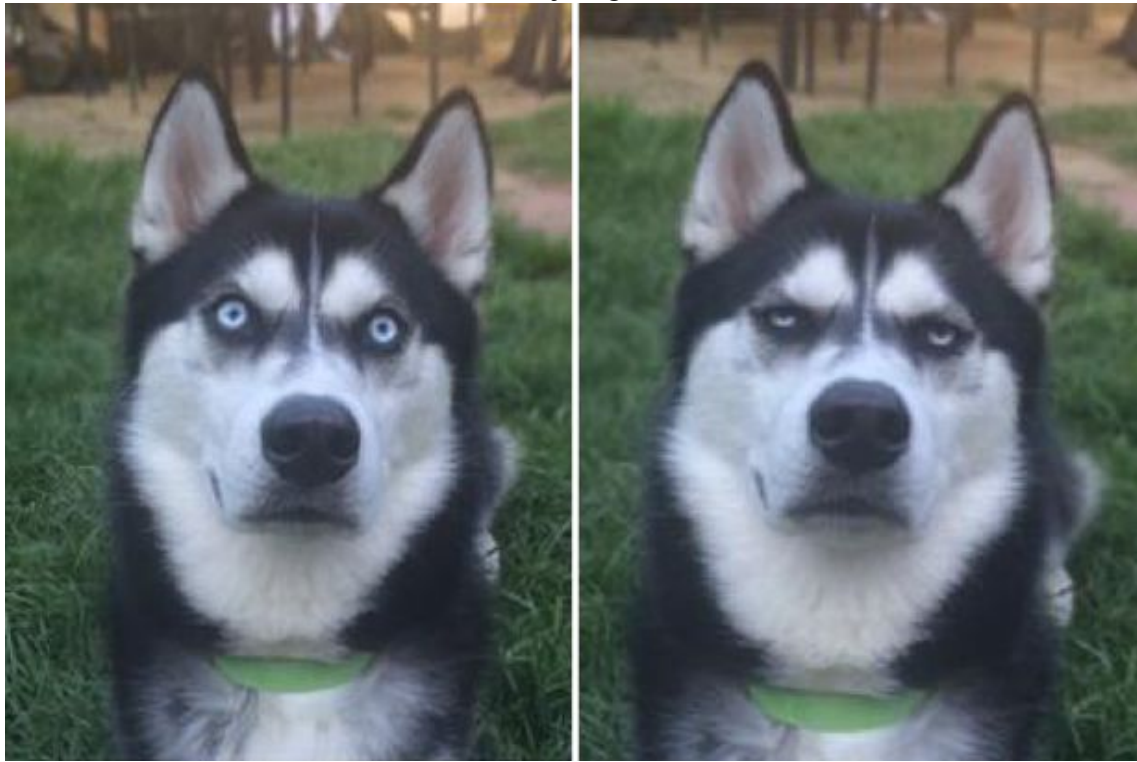
Chapter End Notes

This is the "Fishing Dad Bod" shirt:



Phil hates it and is glad to finally be rid of the curse that is his own nostalgia.

Technoblade with the "enrichment" Wilbur just gave him:



(FYI If you didn't guess, Tubbo took this opportunity to go hang out with his husband.)

(And yes, Tommy is still wearing the beanie though all of this. So it's Wilbur's beanie, Techno's cape, and Phil's shirt.)

3am Milkshakes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Tommy had plopped down on the couch at about 10pm to watch Techno play Bloodborne, it hadn't been anything unusual. Tommy did play video games with Techno sometimes, but usually not when he was tired. However, he seemed to like watching Techno play when he didn't feel like doing so himself. When the rest of the household went to sleep, but Tommy didn't feel like going to bed, he'd often curl up on the couch to watch Techno play for hours. Inevitably it would result in Techno carrying him to bed. (Now that he had permission from Tubbo to do so.)

Tonight, when Techno had reluctantly decided he should switch off the TV and go to bed, he'd expected it to be like every other night. He was already anticipating carrying the sleeping teen to bed. However, when he glanced over at Tommy, he found that the boy was not asleep, but had just been uncharacteristically quiet for the past couple of hours.

Techno set the game controller aside and watched as Tommy propped his chin up on his fist. "Hey," Techno said.

"I want a milkshake," Tommy declared.

Techno blinked at him. "It's 3am," he said. "I think it's sleeping time. Not milkshake time."

"Nah," Tommy argued. "It's milkshake time."

"We don't have any ice cream," Technoblade pointed out.

"And?" Tommy asked, an eyebrow raised.

"Good point," Techno replied. "Get your coat."

"Shouldn't I get dressed?"

"I'm not planning to get out of the car," Techno said, "and even if we were going to, no one respectable is out to judge us for wearing pajamas to get ice cream at 3am."

"Okay," Tommy agreed cheerfully enough, popping to his feet. Tommy grabbed a coat from the coat rack by the front door. It was not his, Techno noticed. At least, it wasn't the nice brand new one they'd bought him a few weeks after he'd come to stay with them. No, it was one of Phil's old ones he'd made the mistake of letting the kid "borrow" once. Techno rolled his eyes and grabbed his own coat and a hat.

"Take a hat too," Techno told him.

Tommy gave him a disgusted look.

"It's 3am in February. Wear a hat or we're not going."

Tommy pouted, but turned to look at the selection of hats, scrutinizing them for some unknown quality. Eventually Techno rolled his eyes and picked up one of his own hats he wasn't currently

wearing. It was a trapper hat he mostly wore when he was planning to be outside for an extended amount of time. He shoved it onto Tommy's head.

"Hey!" Tommy protested as Techno made sure the hat ended up over his eyes.

"Come on," Techno said, smirking as he turned around. "Let's go get you your 3am milkshake."

"Bitch," Tommy mumbled under his breath.

"What was that?" Techno asked.

"I called you a bitch, Technoblade," Tommy said, shoulder checking him as he flounced off down the hall in the direction of the garage door.

"I don't have to buy you ice cream, you know?" Techno said, following him into the garage.

"You will though," Tommy said confidently.

"Phil and Wilbur are spoiling you," Techno said, shaking his head. "Get in the car."

By the time Techno opened the drivers side door, Tommy had already climbed into the passenger seat. As soon as Techno put the keys in the ignition, he was fiddling with everything in reach.

"Leave my radio alone," Techno said, reaching over to swat his hands away. In the time Techno had glanced away from him to put his seat belt on and put his phone in the cup holder, Tommy had already found and turned on his seat warmer and had turned the heater up full blast. That would have been reasonable if it wasn't still pumping out cold air. Techno glared at him and turned the fan all the way back down until the car warmed up.

Tommy's hands, which had retreated temporarily, slid boldly under Techno's own aiming once again for the radio controls.

Techno turned to stare at him. "You're unbearable."

Tommy's response was to power on the radio and start pushing the button to flip through stations. He managed it twice before Techno fully processed his audacity and grabbed his wrist to stop him.

"It's my car. It's my radio," Techno said.

"But I want to listen to my tunes, Blade," Tommy said.

"You don't have 'tunes,'" Techno said with a snort.

"Yes, I do!"

"No. *You* listen to whatever Wilbur tells you is good and blindly agree with him."

"I do not!" Tommy gasped in offence.

"You really do, Tommy," Techno said dryly. "You can pick between my saved stations and only my saved stations."

"You suck."

Techno narrowed his eyes at the boy. Tommy narrowed his eyes back, but his nose was scrunched up in amusement. Techno sighed and released his wrist to punch the garage opener and put the car into drive.

Tommy was back to messing with the radio in a moment, though he did heed Techno for now and started flipping through Techno's saved stations. He settled on one after a bit of fiddling and Techno resisted rolling his eyes. He just *had* to pick the one Techno specifically had saved for Wilbur. Wilbur was ruining him.

At least the music seemed to get him to settle. He leaned back into his heated seat and turned to look out the window at the passing trees.

Other than the radio, the car was quiet for most of the trip to town.

There weren't many options for milkshakes between the hours of 3am and 4am, but Techno did know there was a local chain burger restaurant that had a 24 hour drive through and also served milkshakes.

"What type of shake do you want?" Techno asked, pulling into the restaurant's almost empty parking lot. There was a total of two cars in it right now, likely belonging to the workers.

"Mmm, cookies and cream."

"Got it," Techno said, pulling into the drive through. He ordered one cookies and cream and one chocolate peanut butter milkshake from a very tired employee and they had to wait about twenty minutes to get their order. At least the milkshakes ended up being good.

Tommy, of course, managed to very quickly give himself brain freeze.

"You're laughing?!" Tommy yelled, aghast. "I'm in pain and you're laughing!"

Technoblade very much was laughing even as he drove back in the direction of home. "L nerd. Learn how to eat."

"You're such a fucking *bitch*. I'm going to eat your milkshake in revenge."

"And get even worse brain freeze?"

The answer to that question was apparently 'yes,' because Tommy instantly lunged for Techno's milkshake in the cup holder. He sucked some through the straw and instantly whined in pain.

"Ow!"

"Idiot."

"Hey!"

Eventually Tommy managed to strike two braincells together and came up with fantastic idea of taking a break from the ice cream until his brain freeze went away. He left his (and Techno's) milkshake in the cup holder for now.

Techno glanced over at him after a couple of moments. "You doing alright, kid?"

"Fine."

“You haven’t been sleeping well?”

Tommy sighed. “It’s been off and on,” he said, picking at the edges of Phil’s old coat. “Weird dreams.”

“You can come to any of us if it helps, you know,” Techno said. “No one would be mad. Well,” he amended. “Wilbur will probably pout if you go to someone other than him, but he won’t mean it.”

“Well, I did, didn’t I?” Tommy asked, crossing his arms over his chest defensively.

“Well, I meant come to us and tell us what’s wrong instead of, yah know, demanding ice cream,” Techno said glancing at him again, “but yeah I guess you did.”

“But I wanted ice cream too,” Tommy said.

Techno chuckled. “Yeah, fair enough.”

Tommy seemed to think he’d waited enough and picked up his milkshake, sipping at it slower this time.

“Do you think more training might help you sleep better?” Techno asked. “Or less for that matter. I know sometimes something about it stresses you out for a bit.”

“Maybe more,” Tommy said. He took another sip of his milkshake and glanced at the clock. “Not tomorrow though.”

“Oh yeah, we are definitely not training tomorrow,” Techno agreed. “I don’t know if I’ll even be getting out of bed until lunch. Next time, when we didn’t go on an ice cream mission the night before, we can add a bit more running,” Techno suggested. “Make sure you’re worn out and see if that helps.”

Tommy groaned but nodded.

The car descended back into silence after that. A whole song played on the radio before Tommy spoke again.

“Thanks for the milkshake, Tech.”

“No problem, Tommy.”

Tommy polished off his milkshake and then settled back against his seat with a yawn.

Technoblade ended up carrying the teen to bed that night after all.

Chapter End Notes

Techno: Wilbur and Phil are spoiling him.

Also Techno:



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Crime Lessons: Part 2 (Coffee Break)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Usually when Techno visited Niki's bakery with Tommy and Tubbo, he'd park on the street out front. However, since they were visiting at night, he parked in one of the empty employee parking spots around back as to not draw attention to them being there. True, he wasn't doing anything illegal, (Well, he was doing anything illegal at *Niki's*. Or, well, *tonight* he wasn't doing anything illegal at *Niki's*.) but being cautious was never a bad thing. Besides, he never knew what illegal activities Niki herself might be up to and didn't want to give any passing cops or heroes an excuse to snoop.

Tommy and Tubbo had never been in through the back yet, so for once, Tommy was forced to wait for Wilbur and Techno to lead him to the correct door instead of blasting in to give Niki his starving orphan eyes before they could stop him. Niki was quickly becoming Tommy's favorite person because she was always willing to give him and Tubbo free samples of her merchandise without having to even be (verbally) asked. Of course, this might have been slightly self-serving on Niki's part because anytime Tommy or Tubbo liked something, Wilbur and Techno would inevitably end up buying some to take home.

Niki had left the back door unlocked for them which led into an entryway. There was a staircase to the side that led to Niki's apartment, but since the door to the bakery storage room was already propped open for them and the smell of baked goods was wafting from the kitchen, Techno figured she was in the bakery.

Tommy already had his aforementioned starving orphan look on his face as soon as he smelled whatever Niki was baking. One would think Phil hadn't fed him 2 and a half servings of meatloaf a few hours before.

"Are we getting snacks too?" he asked, sounding innocent enough. Techno was still unable to tell if he was truly oblivious to the fact that (even if they hadn't been planning to have snacks) Wilbur would be unable to resist shoveling food at him when he had that look in his eyes. He either had no idea or was a master manipulator and at this point it was a tossup.

"Yes, we're getting snacks," Wilbur replied with an eyeroll, proving Techno's point.

"You'll probably not be getting whatever you're smelling though," Techno pointed out. "Whatever it is most likely is still raw or in the oven." Niki usually started baking for the day at 4am, but she'd apparently started early while waiting for them.

"He can lick the bowl though," Niki offered with a smile as they stepped into the kitchen proper.

"Yes!" Tommy cheered, already bolting towards her to snatch the bowl of some sort of chocolate batter from her before anyone else could react. "Thank you, Niki!" he remembered to say before scrambling off with his prize.

"Gremlin child," Wilbur said fondly.

Techno heard Tommy make some sort of muffled noise of protest at being called a child but he was apparently too preoccupied to put up much of a fuss.

“He’s a sweet boy,” Niki said with a grin.

“Do you think all feral animals are cute?” Techno inquired.

She gave him a scolding, but amused look. Then she turned to Tubbo. “Hi Tubbo,” she said.

“Hi Niki,” he replied. He was starting to warm up to Niki a bit, Techno noticed, but he still seemed to want to keep his distance. Of course, he was like that or worse with everyone he met discounting Tommy.

“Don’t let Tommy hog all the brownie batter,” she said jerking her head at him. “I’d intended it for both of you.”

Techno had no doubt she was quite aware Tommy would share with Tubbo whether or not he was supposed to by now, but it was the thought that counted.

“Thanks,” Tubbo said with an awkward looking smile.

She turned back to Wilbur and Techno then. “So, what are you four out and about for tonight?” she asked sounding genuinely curious. That was fair considering while Techno and Wilbur weren’t strangers to showing up on her doorstep in the middle of the night, they usually didn’t bring Tommy and Tubbo with them at that time.

“Oh, just having some fun,” Wilbur said. “Got some spray paint, some eggs.”

“A bat,” Techno contributed, blandly.

“For property damage purposes only,” Wilbur assured her.

Niki glanced over at the two teenagers. “Do be careful with what you do,” she cautioned meaningfully. “You don’t want to get in any trouble.”

“I can handle any trouble we get into,” Tommy proclaimed. He was apparently done with his portion of the batter as Tubbo now had the bowl in his hands.

“You have chocolate all over your face, child,” Wilbur said, wadding up a nearby napkin to throw at his head.

Tommy caught it and glared at Wilbur. “I’m faster than Wilbur anyway,” he said, rubbing at his own mouth. “If anyone is going to get caught by the cops, it’s him.”

“I’ll have you know I’ve never been caught by the cops for any of my illegal activities,” Wilbur said.

“Well,” Techno said.

“The Doritos Incident doesn’t count.”

“I think it does,” Techno replied.

“I had shorter legs then!”

“And mine were even shorter than yours.”

“What’s The Doritos Incident?” Tommy asked.

“It doesn’t matter,” Wilbur replied.

Tommy looked at Techno. Techno nodded decisively, an ‘I’ll tell you later,’ and so Tommy let it go.

“Well,” Niki said. “I don’t want to keep you guys too long. You’ll need the cover of darkness, so what snacks and drinks do you all want?”

“I’ll have a triple shot Americano,” Wilbur said. “What all do you have left from yesterday food wise?”

“Most of it’s still in the display case,” Niki said, “but you can also glance in the fridge too. I have some carrot cake with cream cheese frosting.”

“I’ll have a hazelnut latte,” Techno said, and then glanced at Tommy.

Tommy and Tubbo still had trouble ordering for themselves when faced with too many options. They were both getting more comfortable with it, but often Tubbo just defaulted to something he’d already had or something Techno or Wilbur ordered. Tommy usually told them what type of thing he was in the mood for and then let someone pick for him based off that.

“Can I try coffee today?” Tommy asked.

Techno glanced over at Wilbur who’d looked up from his perusal of the refrigerator. They locked eyes.

“Do it,” Wilbur said.

“Do two of the hazelnut lattes,” Techno told Niki.

“You do know what you’re inviting,” Tubbo said, setting the mostly batterless bowl on the counter next to Niki.”

Techno shrugged. “Sometimes you have to unleash a feral raccoon on a corrupt politician’s lawn,” Techno replied.

“I’m rabid,” Tommy said, baring his teeth.

“No, you’re not,” Wilbur said. “We gave you all your shots a month ago.”

“And I will *never* forgive you for that injustice,” Tommy hissed, turning to face him. Techno didn’t put much stock in that claim. He said that every time he was reminded about the missing immunizations Wilbur had ~~manipulated~~ persuaded him into taking. Yet, without fail, he’d be found dozing on the edge of Wilbur’s bed by the end of the day.

“If you’re going to bite me as much as you do, you’re staying up to date on your shots.”

“I’ll bite harder next time,” Tommy threatened.

“See that doesn’t really make me not want to give you shots. It just makes me want to buy a good muzzle.”

“You fucker! I-”

“What do you want, Tubbo?” Niki asked, ignoring the pissing match going on around her.

He thought about it for long enough that Techno wondered if he'd actually choose something original, but instead he said, "I'll have what Wilbur's getting."

"Alright," Niki said with a smile, turning to go out to the front where the coffee machines were. "Two triple americanos and two hazelnut lattes, coming right up."

By the time Techno focused back in on Wilbur and Tommy's conversation, the argument had already blown over (Not a surprised.) and Wilbur was trying to convince Tommy a cake made with carrots was not actually gross. (Also not a surprise.)

"Want to see if Niki has cinnamon rolls in the front?" Techno asked Tubbo.

"Sure," he agreed.

By the time Niki finished making their coffees, the four of them had picked out what Wilbur referred to as a "Niki's dozen" which ended up being 9 random sweets (including two cinnamon rolls and three pieces of carrot cake), four bags of potato chips, and a yogurt parfait all shoved in a cake box.

Niki told them all to be careful one last time before they thanked her and got back in the car. Techno could already feel Tommy getting jittery from the caffeine like the energy coming off him was static electricity, but he didn't mind tonight.

Fuck Sanja Werner after all.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone else remember that one [scene](#) from *Over the Hedge* where the raccoon and turtle look at each other and simultaneously decide the best option is to feed the hyperactive squirrel caffeine? Yeah. Me too.

Crime Lessons: Part 3 (Crime Occurs)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur was very well acquainted with Sanja Werner's house. At one point in time, when Wilbur first began his heckling (even before he'd started inviting Techno along), she'd tried moving to get away from her personal prankster. But, almost like there was some vengeful spirit haunting her in particular, she never could find a place to live a peaceful life.

She'd eventually given up on moving and instead focused her efforts on fortify her house. All of these attempts were in vain. (Someone could walk through walls whenever he pleased.) Her security cameras always mysteriously fritzed when the vengeful spirits were about. They would be mysteriously fritzed tonight too.

The only thing that had ever alleviated the unrelenting heckling was Werner not getting within 20 meters of any government building (including the DMV). She had apparently forgotten this fact sometime in the last couple of years.

Tommy was practically vibrating by the time they parked directly in front of Werner's two-story bungalow. If that was because the coffee was kicking in or if it was purely due to excitement, Wilbur didn't know.

For his part, Tubbo looked awake which was a vast improvement over how he'd looked before coffee.

"Okay, ground rules," Wilbur said, turning to face the boys in the back. Tommy groaned dramatically.

"Tommy," Techno warned, and Tommy crossed his arms sullenly, but didn't protest.

"1. Quiet things go first, attention drawing things go last. That goes for you too, Techno. I know you like the sound of glass shattering, but it summons cops so fast. 2. Werner has a dog, so no doing anything that could inadvertently harm it like leaving nails in the yard. Everything we've got is nontoxic. Nails in shoes are fine."

Tommy opened his mouth but thought better of it and raised his hand.

"Yes?" Wilbur said.

"Can we steal the dog?"

"Yes," Techno said immediately.

"Unfortunately," Wilbur said, glancing at him. It would not be the first pet Techno had stolen from her, "the dog usually sleeps in her room, but if you get a chance, absolutely. The poor thing needs to be liberated. 3. I probably don't have to tell you two this, but no taking off your masks until we're home free. 4. Assuming rule 1 is followed, it takes an average of 10 minutes for someone to call the cops and 10 minutes for the cops to get here. So, we restrict ourselves to 15 minutes. You can do whatever you want in that time, but again adhere to rule 1. 5. If the cops arrive or anything else goes amiss, you get to the car. It probably won't come to this, but if you cannot get to the car, you go 3 blocks that way and hide in the basement of the old fire department. If you meet a man named Jimmy, he's cool. Last resort is Niki's café."

Both Tommy and Tubbo were paying rapt attention.

“Got it?” Wilbur asked.

Both nodded.

“Alright then, that’s all the rules.”

“I’m going to set fire to her lawn!” Tommy declared with glee.

“Rule 1,” Wilbur reminded.

“I know, I know,” Tommy said. He’d grabbed one of the black masks and was shoving it on.

“Can you grab the bat out of the back for me, Tommy?” Techno asked.

Tommy obeyed, throwing himself half over the backseat to grab the bat. He handed it over to Techno and almost bludgeoned Tubbo with it who was distracted trying to get his hair in the mask and not over his eyes.

“Rule 1,” Wilbur reminded as Techno got a good grip on the bat and moved to put his hand on the door.

Techno responded by reaching over and bonking him on the head with the bat.

“Ow,” Wilbur hissed even though it didn’t really hurt.”

“Ready?” Techno said ignoring his (fake) pain.

Tommy had an entire carton of eggs in his hands and was shoving a roll of toilet paper into Tubbo’s. They both nodded. Wilbur grabbed the open bag with the rest of the supplies, though he left the zipper open for easy access.

“15 minutes on the clock,” Techno said, checking his watch. “Go.”

It was a chaotic blur for the next few minutes. Techno melted into the shadows while Tommy dragged Tubbo off to decorate the house with eggs and toilet paper. Wilbur himself restrained himself mostly to spray paint (at least during the quiet bit). He drew a dick in her yard: a dick with a frowning face on it.

When he was done, it was quiet in the front yard. There was very little light at this point in the night except for one solitary streetlamp. The most Wilbur heard from his co-conspirators was the sound of feet running in the dark and a few suspicious soft smashing sounds. He thought he caught a shadow vault over the fence into the back yard at some point.

Ghostbur had the calling card ready already, just something to prove to Werner that this was him (even if she had no idea who he actually was) and not some random prankster. He snuck up to the front porch and shoved the piece of printer paper with very distinct blue blotches on it under her door. Then, he went back to making an art piece of her lawn, house, car and driveway.

“You promised I’d get a ‘bitch,’” a voice reminded from the darkness, almost sending Wilbur back into the grave. Wilbur clutched at his heart. How could someone so *loud* be so *quiet*?

“And I saved you a ‘bitch’,” Wilbur told Tommy once he’d recovered, tossing one of the paint can’s over to him. “That wall.” He didn’t ask where Tubbo was, figuring that the boy could handle himself.

He heard the sound of spray paint being dispensed from Tommy’s direction and then a breathy chuckle. Wilbur moved over to squint in the dark. It was a perfectly spelled out ‘bitch’ matching the one he himself had drawn previously.

“Good job,” Wilbur praised in a whisper.

“Thanks,” Tommy replied just as quietly.

Wilbur had a moment to bask in the joy of this, all of it, not just fucking over Sanja Werner, but of the lingering taste of too sweet coffee on his tongue and the cool night breeze biting at the few pieces of exposed skin his mask and outfit left. Wilbur had one brother just as angry as himself shredding every single electrical and cable wire leading to the house (Wilbur was guessing from past experience) and two who did not understand why they were doing all of this but were enthusiastically participating anyway. He had a father at home who maybe knew they were gone by now and maybe didn’t but would surely find out and be cross even though he of all people should relish in this the most (but that was just his way).

And then, Tommy was grabbing his hand, his fingers a bit too cold (He really should have been wearing gloves.) and they were off running together off the front porch. Wilbur really had no idea where to; all of his plans had been completed before schedule and he was almost out of spray paint. Tommy was giggling though, sounding more like the wind than a boy.

Wilbur heard the hiss of water as they passed the side of the house and realized someone had turned on Werner’s hose. Tommy led him around any dangerously slippery zones with sure feet. Wilbur saw a flash of toilet paper really high on the roof and wondered if Tommy had *been* on the roof at some point. Lord knew the boy was good at getting on top of things he shouldn’t.

They stopped, breathing only slightly heavily and Tommy grabbed for the backpack. Wilbur let him. There wasn’t much that wouldn’t make noise left in it except some extra toilet paper and a few containers of glitter Wilbur had honestly forgotten about.

Being the demon that he was Tommy, of course, chose the glitter. He pushed two of the glitter containers into Wilbur hand and then was running, glitter flying everywhere. Wilbur had to spit a bit of the glitter out of his mouth as he followed him. Having chased Tommy before, Wilbur could tell he was letting Wilbur catch up.

They stopped when they heard the sound of glass being smashed, the time for quiet hijinks finally running out. Tommy whooped, dumped the rest of the glitter where he stood and dashed off in the opposite direction of glass sounds. Wilbur chose to leave him to do as he willed and loped towards where he’d heard the smashing glass. He saw a Technoblade shaped shadow swing a bat through a window on the side of the house. Wordlessly, Wilbur threw a smoke bomb through the opening. Techno nodded at him and moved on to the next window.

By the time they made it to the front of the house, the lawn was on fire in multiple places. In the light from it, Wilbur could see the garden hose that had been outside muddying the lawn had been shoved into a smashed window. Tubbo and Tommy were booking it towards the car probably because they could hear sirens in the distance. Techno took a moment to smash the window of Werner’s car in the driveway (the tires, Wilbur noticed, had already been slashed) on their way to the van.

They both hopped in, and Techno's foot was on the gas before Wilbur even had the door all the way closed.

"Woo!" Tommy said, throwing his hands in the air. Wilbur took off his mask and smiled back at them. Tubbo had already taken his mask off, and his hair was everywhere. He was flushed and his eyes were sparkling in a way Wilbur hadn't seen before. Tommy was still in his mask. "That was so much fun!" he declared. He pushed up his mask enough to stuff a potato chip in his mouth. "I feel like I could run a marathon!"

Wilbur eyed him skeptically.

"He'll crash in 30 minutes, tops," Wilbur said.

"15," Techno replied.

"10," Tubbo said.

"Fuck you all! I'll never sleep again!!"

Chapter End Notes



Crime Lessons: Part 4 (Consequences)

Chapter Notes

Last time on "Crime Lessons"

“He’ll crash in 30 minutes, tops,” Wilbur said.

“15,” Techno replied.

“10,” Tubbo said.

“Fuck you all! I’ll never sleep again!!”

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was asleep by the time they got back to the house. He’d fallen asleep in a little over 14 minutes and Tubbo wasn’t sure how to take the fact that Techno had won the bet. He was honestly a bit irritated.

Tubbo had always been good at Tommy management, his highs and his lows. He’d forgotten to factor in the increase in food and the more consistent (well, except tonight) sleep schedule of the past few weeks. So, his guess had been off. Tommy had had the energy to stay up longer than Tubbo had expected. It was only 4 minutes, but Techno had guessed more accurately, and it set Tubbo’s teeth on edge.

They pulled into the garage. “He’s up,” Techno said. He kept his tone quiet so as to not disturb Tommy.

Wilbur clicked his tongue. “Yeah, he is,” he confirmed.

Tubbo didn’t know how they knew.

“Well,” Wilbur said. “Time to face the music.”

Instead of making Tommy wake up and walk inside, Technoblade opened the car door and undid his seatbelt. Tommy didn’t stir when Techno slotted his arms around him with the upmost care that had agitation sparking in Tubbo’s gut. Wilbur brushed up against Tubbo purposefully as he walked by and almost lost an arm.

Tubbo was doing just fine.

Tubbo didn’t know what was wrong with him. The outing had honestly been fun, but now there was a squirming sense of anticipation in his gut that made him want to tear his own skin off.

And he was agitated that Techno knew Tommy better even if it was just one thing and that Tommy’s head was tilted to sit comfortably against Techno’s shoulder and that Techno was strong enough to carry Tommy like that.

Wilbur opened the garage door for Techno and Tommy and then waved Tubbo through.

The second he stepped inside, he realized that Techno and Wilbur's guess that Phil was awake, was correct. A lamp was on in the living room, and he could hear the sound of the television on.

Tubbo knew exactly one thing. He wanted absolutely no part in that. Nope. Not him. Wilbur was the man's son and Techno was his whatever. Tubbo was not at fault for being kidnapped in the middle of the night.

Unfortunately, Wilbur was an idiot who closed the door behind them too loudly. There was immediate rustling from the living room and then Phil was standing at the end of the hall, his arms crossed in the most typical angry dad pose that it made Tubbo's head hurt.

He must have noticed Tommy was sleeping because his tone was quiet. "Really?" he asked.

"We just went on a drive," Wilbur lied.

"Bullshit," Phil replied. "It's already on the news."

"Really?" Wilbur asked. "Already? Score!"

"I set 'er lawn on fi'e, Phil," Tommy said groggily.

"Was that you?" Phil asked, his tone going back to a more normal level now that Tommy was awake.

"It was awesome," Tommy replied, unsticking his face from Techno's shirt.

Techno was strong, but Tubbo could see he was starting to struggle under Tommy's weight while standing still. "Bedroom or living room?" he asked.

"Living room," Tommy requested. "I want to see the news."

Techno complied, walking down the hall. Phil let him pass by him easily.

Wilbur sauntered towards the living room after them. He had the look about him of a cat who'd just brought its owner a dead snake. Phil, the owner, gave him a disapproving frown.

Tubbo contemplated just ducking into the room he and Tommy slept in and going to sleep but couldn't leave a half-asleep Tommy alone with them when Phil was pissed.

He walked to the living room himself. Technoblade was setting Tommy down on the couch. He yawned and rolled over to squint at the television. As Phil had mentioned, the 24-hour news broadcast was already covering the story.

"Holy shit, you set the dick I drew on fire," Wilbur said, laughing.

And indeed, they'd just flashed up an overhead picture from before the firefighters had arrived on scene and, while many patches of the lawn were on fire, the shape of a dick blazed hotter, probably because the spray paint was flammable.

Wilbur threw himself down on the couch next to Tommy.

"Truly, I think this is the best destruction of Werner's property yet!"

"To be fair, we had two extra people," Techno pointed out.

"Still!"

“You two,” Phil said with a sigh that made Tubbo’s nose scrunch up. “Why did you do that?”

Wilbur lolled his head back on the couch to look at him. “Because it was justified. And funny.”

“You two know better,” Phil said. His tone was scolding, and it made Tubbo’s hackles raise.

Wilbur made a face and glanced at Techno. “Techno, do we know better?”

“No,” said Techno gravely.

“Yeah, sorry pops. We don’t know better.”

“You took Tommy and Tubbo,” Phil said with a frown.

“Bonding,” Wilbur said with jazz hands.

Phil gave an eyeroll and a shake of his head before walking over to sit in the chair nearest to the couch. He looked at the newscaster describing their crimes in detail on the screen and sighed. Wilbur just grinned and stretched out an arm so it smacked against the arm of Phil’s chair. Phil flicked the arm, but Wilbur just smacked his arm against the chair more insistently. Phil looked at it with a raised eyebrow, but then took Wilbur’s hand in his.

“It’s all for you, Father,” Wilbur declared. “It’s all for you.”

“Even if I ask you not too?”

“Especially then,” Wilbur said. “Vengeance.”

“Vengeance,” Technoblade agreed from the other chair.

Phil just squeezed Wilbur’s hand and looked back at the newscast. Apparently, he was done with his scolding and that... that made something angry stir in Tubbo’s chest.

He’d expected... at least yelling. Especially with the way Wilbur had acted when sneaking out. Yet, there’d barely been a scolding. There were no harsh words that made their victim want to cry or things said in anger that Phil would later claim he didn’t actually mean, but made you always wonder.

It was unexpected and Tubbo found himself hating Phil more for it for a reason he couldn’t quite name. (He refused to name it jealousy.)

Wilbur and Techno were chatting happily about their various crimes and discussing plans for next time. Phil was protesting that there wouldn’t be a ‘next time,’ but both Wilbur and Techno just laughed at him. Tommy joined in the laughter but sounded mostly asleep, so Tubbo didn’t even know if he knew what he was laughing at.

It made Tubbo irrationally angry, and he briefly wondered if half of it was that he was crashing himself, just in a very different way than Tommy.

“I might head to bed,” Tubbo said.

“No,” Wilbur whined. “Come on. We’ve got to figure out what exactly everyone did, and Tommy isn’t going to be any help!”

“Shut up,” Tommy grumbled. “I’m so much help.”

“I’m really about to pass out,” Tubbo said, keeping his eyes off of Wilbur’s hand. He realized as he said it that it was actually true. He was really, really tired.

“Okay, if you’re sure. You could also do what Tommy’s doing. I could sit on the floor.”

“No,” Tubbo said immediately. Then, he tacked on. “Thanks.”

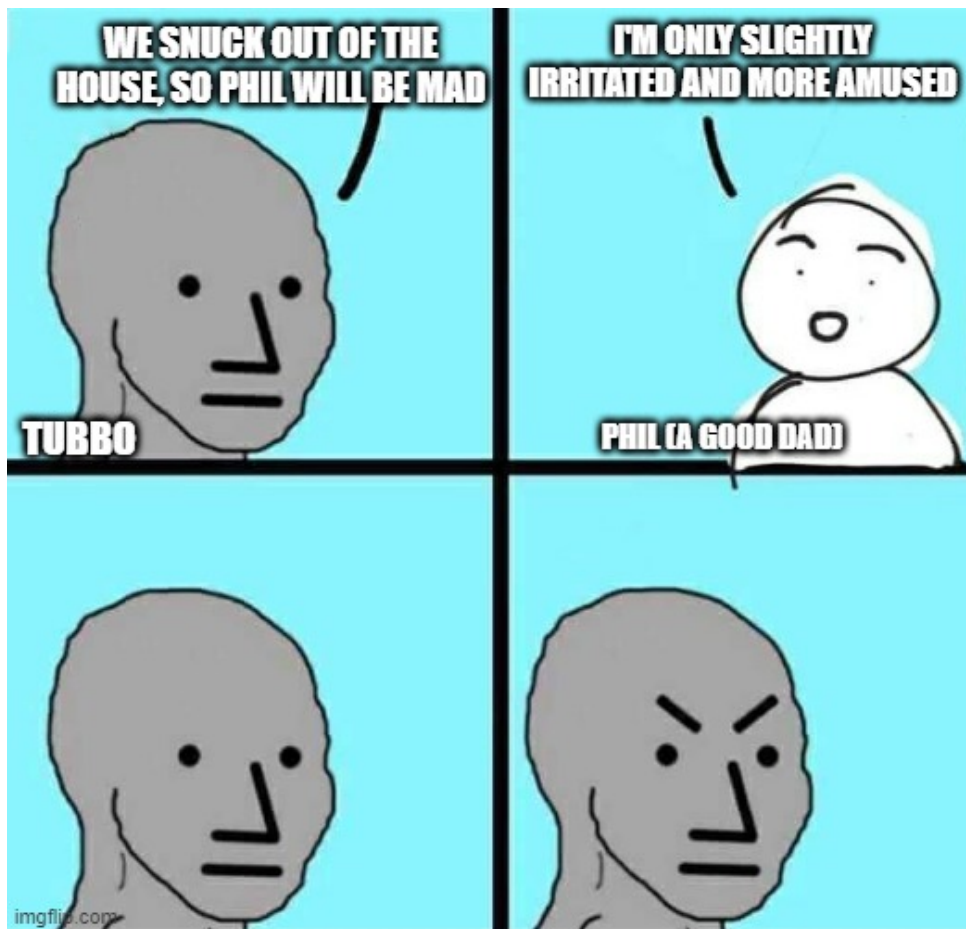
“Well, goodnight then. We’ll have to compare notes in the morning... the later morning.”

“Yeah, sure. We can do that. Goodnight.”

And with that, he went back to the bedroom alone and unsure if what he was feeling was anger, a caffeine crash, or something else.

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to read the new One Step Forward chapter. ;)



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

The Curator

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Whoa,” Tommy said when they stepped into “The Museum” as Wilbur had called it earlier. He’d honestly not been expecting much considering they’d had to walk through a sewer to get here after parking in a very sketchy parking garage, but apparently, he should not underestimate criminal enterprises.

“Told you it’s cool,” said Wilbur, sounding smug.

Despite the fact that it was underground and surrounded by sewage, the inside of the building they stepped into looked like it had come straight from a Disney movie. This could be the entryway of a castle, not just a museum.

“How big is this place?” Tommy asked.

“We’re not actually 100% sure,” Phil told him. “Techno’s seen more of it than Wilbur and I.”

Techno was already moving towards a sign that said “Library” without glancing back to see if anyone was following him.

Phil shook his head at his retreating figure and then ushered them all to follow. The woman at the front desk clearly knew Techno, or at least knew Blade.

They all had masks on today. Phil was wearing a mask Tommy had never seen and Wilbur and Techno were wearing their supervillain masks. Tubbo and Tommy had been given plain black masks. (Tommy had tried to convince them to let him wear the mask that came with the costume Techno often had him train in, but everyone had vetoed that idea to his chagrin.) Even the lady at the front desk was wearing a more interesting mask than Tommy.

Techno had a list in his hands and was talking to the lady about his “holds.”

“Why don’t you two go take a look around,” Phil suggested. “You can each pick out a book or two.”

Tubbo frowned at that.

“There’s a whole section of plant books with pictures over there,” Wilbur told him, pointing.

Tubbo still frowned, but he turned to walk that way. Tommy followed him at first, leaving the others behind to do whatever they did at the Library. However, when Tubbo had spent 10 minutes flipping through different books, Tommy started to get bored.

“I’m going to go look for that one book Techno mentioned I could probably read on my own,” Tommy told him.

“Okay,” Tubbo agreed, “just don’t get into trouble.”

“It’s a library, Tubbo. What trouble could I get into?” Tommy asked, already walking away from him.

Tommy, of course, had never been to a library in his life, at least not to get books. He didn't know how to find one specific book amongst what had to be thousands on the two stories worth of bookshelves. He ended up giving up that venture rather quickly. Instead, he turned his attention to exploring.

Now... Tommy had to admit... he *may* have taken a wrong turn or two (and ignored a few signs he probably *could* have read if he'd bothered). Luckily, he was pretty sure he could retrace his steps if he wanted to. Besides, the dimly lit hallway he'd found himself in was still filled with books, so he figured he was still somewhere in the library.

He tried to read the titles of a few of the books he found, but he was starting to think they weren't in English.

His wandering took him down a few different halls and past a good number of rooms, some locked and some open for him to peer into. What finally made him pause was the sound of pages turning coming from a room up ahead. This was one of the rooms with its door open, so he glanced inside.

There was a figure standing at a large desk. They wore a full-faced ornate mask that looked vaguely familiar to Tommy. Scattered around the desk was a bunch of equipment and they were focusing intently on what appeared to be a very old and torn up book. They carefully turned a page with what looked like surgical gloves on their hands.

Tommy observed them for a few minutes. They were completely absorbed in their task and didn't notice him until they happened to look up while turning a page and spotted him. They startled.

"How do?" Tommy said.

"Ah, hello?" the person said. They were using some sort of voice modulator, Tommy noted, making the words come out all weird.

"Who are you?" asked Tommy.

"I... well, I'm the Curator," the person said.

"Oh," Tommy replied. "The one supervillain who steals museum artifacts all the time?" He'd never fought the villain himself, but he'd heard of their exploits.

"Personally, I would say I saved such artifacts," they replied, pulling off their gloves and rounding the desk, "but yes."

They tilted their head at him and held out a hand for a handshake. "And you are?"

Tommy glanced at their hand with narrowed eyes. "I'm wearing a mask. That's a bit of a rude question, innit?"

The person paused. "I believe you asked me that question first."

"Yeah, but you're wearing a *fancy* mask," Tommy pointed out, waving a hand at the mask in question. "*Obviously*, you have a villain name to share."

"And you don't?" The hand that had been hanging untaken between them was slowly lowered to their side.

"I've been workshopping Wife Haver, but there have been some critiques."

“I see.”

“So, is this, like, your museum then?” Tommy asked.

“It is in a way,” they said, “though I prefer to think of it as the people’s library. I bring artifacts and books here to protect them so people will always have access to them when needed. Knowledge is our greatest resource and it’s under attack. It must be preserved in order to prevent us from making the same mistakes again.”

“Cool,” Tommy said. “Do you know where *The Lorax* is? Blade said I could probably read that.”

The person hesitated. “Yes. Of course. Allow me to help you find your way. Back to the public areas of the library.” That sounded like a scolding, but Tommy chose to ignore that fact.

“What were you doing by the way?” Tommy asked as he followed the Curator back down the hall he’d come from.

“I was working on restoring a book.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s very old,” they said, “and important.”

“What’s it about?”

“It’s a thought piece on a possible cure for zombification,” they said. “It is actually a document I found at The Blade’s bequest.”

“Zombification can be cured?” Tommy asked. He’d never seen a case of the disease himself, but he knew it was horrible. Techno mentioned it offhand every so often.

“There are some accounts that say it can be cured if treated within a certain amount of time after infection, but such sources are few and far in-between. The Blade seems convinced it can be. I am perhaps beginning to believe him. Ah, here we are.”

The Curator pushed open a door and they stepped into a more illuminated area of the Library.

“*The Lorax*, was it?”

Tommy nodded and let the person lead him through the shelves.

The Curator found the book with an ease the told Tommy there was *some* sort of organization to this place. He’d make Techno explain it to him later. After handing him the book, The Curator explained that he needed to “check-out” the book with some sort of library credit card thing. This seemed like a lot of red tape for a crime library, but it was The Curator’s library, so Tommy let them take him back to the front desk.

Techno and Phil were both there.

“Curator,” Techno greeted when he saw them.

“Blade,” The Curator inclined their head. “I believe this one is yours.” He waved at Tommy. “I found him wandering the Rare Collections maintenance rooms.”

Techno turned to Tommy and Tommy shrugged. “They should lock their doors. I found *The Lorax*.”

“Sorry for any inconvenience, mate,” Phil said.

“Not a bother at all,” The Curator waved him off. “I was unaware there was anyone else in your group.”

“He’s not in our group,” Wilbur said, walking back towards them through the aisles. Tubbo trailed after him. “Red and Green here are just hanging out with us for a bit.”

“I understand,” The Curator said. “It was nice to meet you ‘Red’,” he said to Tommy. “And you as well, ‘Green’,” he said to Tubbo, offering out his hand to shake. Tubbo took it.

Then, The Curator nodded at them all politely. “Have a good day at the Library.”

“They’re weird,” Tommy commented once they’d disappeared behind the stacks. “Now who’s going to give me the money to buy a book credit card?”

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Hmm. Well, there are some lore drops in this. Bet you didn't even see the most important one. ;)

Also, check out [The Stepping Stones Universe Guide](#) for exclusives, including a deleted scene from this chapter and some snippets from One Stone Loose Upon the Footpath!

Henry III

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Kurtis was a good friend, Phil thought, who dealt with far more bullshit from the three of them than was conceivable. Though, today, there were no smuggling operations, random people who needed a place to stay for a night, or crying children in his sheep pen. Today there was just a teenager... with a lot of questions.

Tommy was currently racing through a barrage of questions as he sometimes did when he got overly excited and Kurtis... Well, Kurtis was a man of few words especially to strange teenagers he'd never met before. Phil thought the man would take a vow of silence if he didn't need to talk to a vet occasionally. After today, he might just decide to learn sign language.

Tommy was unrelenting. He did not accept simple, short answers to his questions. He pushed and pried like an investigative reporter would interrogate a politician (pre-Public Decency Act 13, of course).

Phil was pretty sure the only reason Kurtis hadn't shut down completely was that they were at least talking about Kurtis's animals.

"Tommy," Phil interrupted their conversation when Tommy was midword, unable to find an appropriate gap in the conversation. "Don't you want to *see* the animals." Techno probably was already riding his horse by now and Wilbur had wandered off. Tommy had waylaid the rest of the group (which consisted of Phil, Tubbo, and Kurtis) up by the house with his questions.

"Yes!" Tommy exclaimed. Phil had known he'd probably like to see the barn animals, but he honestly hadn't expected this much excitement.

"Then, maybe save some questions for later."

Tommy frowned, but agreed.

"We'll introduce you to Elenore first," Kurtis said.

Elenore, Phil knew, was a mild mannered donkey that Kurtis brought out when preschoolers visited the farm. Phil had seen her calmly chew on hay while three kids climbed all over her.

Kurtis led them over to a smaller pen and left them there while he got Elenore from her stall. Tommy was practically vibrating in excitement.

Tubbo rolled his eyes at him. "You like animals way too much."

"I do not."

Tubbo glanced at Phil. He'd gotten slightly less antagonistic recently and he always was in a better mood outside (at least when it was warm). "He brought home and attempted to hide multiple pigeons from me in our apartment."

"They were cold!" Tommy hissed.

“They were *pigeons*.”

Phil made a note to himself to buy a heat lamp for the shed in case there were any emergency visitors in the future.

Kurtis returned with Elenore and let her loose in the small pen before walking back over to them.

“Here,” Kurtis said, holding out a couple of sugar cubes. “Why don’t you feed her some of these through the fence? They’re her favorites.”

Tommy happily plucked one of the sugar cubes from Kurtis’s hand and trotted over to the fence. Tubbo took his sugar cube a bit more sedately.

Phil observed Tommy as he walked closer to where the donkey stood grazing. His footsteps slowed and got lighter as he approached.

“Hello there, girl,” he said softly in a tone Phil had never heard from him before even after almost 6 months. “Aren’t you pretty? Do you want a treat?” He held his hand out flat to offer the sugar cube and waited patiently as Elenore sized him up for a moment before abandoning the grass she’d been eating to plod over. She delicately took the sugar cube in her mouth and started to chew it. Tommy paused for a moment once she pulled away before slowly reaching out to stroke one of her ears.

“...Huh,” said Kurtis.

“Tubbo,” Tommy called softly. “Bring the other sugar cube. She deserves it.”

Tubbo rolled his eyes yet again, but walked over to the fence. He fed Eleanore under Tommy’s instructions and then they both stroked Elenore’s ears for a few minutes.

“Where do you *get* these kids?” Kurtis asked Phil.

Tommy apparently had proven himself with Eleanore and continued to prove himself as time went on because Kurtis began to introduce him to increasingly less docile animals. When they got to some of the bigger horses, Tubbo started to hang back a bit, but Tommy never faltered. He cooed gently over everything he saw and Phil could tell despite the slightly rough start, Kurtis was starting to like Tommy. Kurtis always liked animals first and liked people who were good with animals second.

They spent about an hour slowly going around to the different horses before Techno returned from his ride. Phil pointed him out when he saw him approaching at a trot.

“Wow, that’s a fancy horse,” Tommy said, and he had no idea how correct he was. (That thing had cost Phil an arm and a leg.) The horse and Techno did cut an impressive figure. (Show offs, the both of them.)

They went out to meet them and Techno slowed to a stop in front of them.

“Is this your horse?” Tommy asked.

“Yep,” Techno said. “This is Carl.”

“Hello, Carl,” Tommy said, eyes shining.

Techno slipped off Carl’s back. “You can pet him if you want.”

Tommy instantly reached out to pat the horse's nose. "He's great."

Techno patted Carl's flank. "He is."

Techno let Tommy help untack Carl, though with Tommy's lack of experience he didn't so much help as hold things for Techno as Techno untacked Carl. He did seem to like brushing Carl though.

Once Carl was contently eating grain in his stall, they went to find Wilbur who was, surprise, surprise, in the sheep pen.

Wilbur introduced Tommy and Tubbo to the noticeably blue stained sheep he'd forced Phil to buy him years ago. Friend insisted on getting many pats from Tommy and Tubbo before they were allowed to leave his pen.

"There's one more animal you've got to see," Wilbur said after saying his goodbyes to Friend.

"What?" Tommy asked. Wilbur glanced at Kurtis and at his nod began to lead them all into another barn. Wilbur pointed out a specific pen and they all peered into it.

"Oh!" Tommy said excitedly. "It's a cow!"

"Not just a cow," Wilbur said. "Look."

A little head popped up and Tommy actually gasped. "It's a baby cow."

"Yep," Wilbur said smiling. "Kurtis mentioned a calf had just been born and I thought, considering how much you liked cows, you'd like to meet her."

Tommy nodded eagerly.

Kurtis went in first to make sure the mother was calm and only then let Tommy enter the pen. The mother considered Tommy for a moment before seeming to decide he wasn't a threat to her calf.

Kurtis had Tommy pet the mother first for a few moments before letting him reach for the calf. He softly patted the calf's head and got a soft moo in return to his clear delight. The baby leaned its head towards him and Tommy stroked its ear.

"Hi baby," Tommy said. "Oh, you're so good." His hand trailed down the little cow's nose. "What are their names?"

"Well," Kurtis replied. "The mom's name is Starburst. We haven't named the baby yet. She's still pretty new."

"Oh," Tommy said.

Kurtis eyed him for a moment. "You can name her if you'd like."

"Really?"

Kurtis nodded.

"Henry," Tommy said instantly, because of course. "You can be Henry III."

Techno leaned over to mumbled to Wilbur, "Who's Henry II?"


Wilbur shrugged.

“I love you Henry,” Tommy said softly, voice warm.

Phil watched him and sighed internally. He was going to have to buy a cow this time, wasn't he?

Chapter End Notes

Oh, Technoblade. The question is not 'Who is Henry II?'. The question is 'Who is Henry I?'.



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

But anyway oh look fluff!

2am Coffee Time

Chapter Notes

Based off a prompt from an anon on the [Stepping Stones Tumblr](#). I am currently (2/23/2025) taking prompts for post omsootp fluff. You can come join us over there if you'd like.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Techno could identify the new set of footsteps by sound even though it had been little more than a week since they'd moved the two teenagers into their home.

Phil's footsteps were long familiar and unchanging. He was lighter on his feet than most despite his wings weighing him down, and he always brought down his right heel slightly quicker than his left when stepping forward. He had broken his left leg once long before Techno had met him, and though it was perfectly healed and functional, his body had never completely forgotten the habit of hesitating before stepping down fully.

The sound of Wilbur's footsteps had changed quite a lot in the time that Techno had known him. His weight and height had increased, and he'd also trained to fight. Still, there were some constants. He stepped with a bit of a flatter foot which caused every step to make more of a slapping sound. He also took long steps (even for his height), unless, of course, he was doing his (less than) half-awake shuffle to the bathroom in the middle of the night.

The footsteps Techno heard now did not belong to Phil nor to Wilbur. By process of elimination, the person walking down the hall was Tommy or Tubbo.

Tommy's footsteps were naturally light, lighter than Phil's (especially now that he had his powers). At least, this was true when he was casually walking around. When he was running around being a terror, his footsteps were as loud as everything else about him.

These footsteps were louder than Techno would expect from Tommy in the middle of the night, and the gait was more uneven than Phil's. (Techno had not asked if there was an old injury or some other cause.) So, it was Tubbo.

He expected Tubbo was just going to the bathroom off the living room, so didn't pay the footsteps much mind after identifying them. And Tubbo did go to the bathroom. He walked down the hallway past the kitchen and Techno heard the pipes running after a few minutes.

He'd filtered out the sounds of Tubbo's movements through the house, and so was not prepared for there to suddenly be a presence in the kitchen. He looked up, spoonful of cocoa puffs halfway to his mouth.

In the shadows of the kitchen entryway, Tubbo's eyes stood out. They were the wrong color, but they reminded Techno a little bit of a wolf stalking its prey in the dark. He was clutching his potted plant... had he *really* taken his potted plant to the bathroom at 2am?

They stared at each other for an uncomfortable amount of time.

Mind still on wolves, Techno glanced at the cereal box in front of him. It wasn't a steak, but Tubbo probably wouldn't appreciate a raw steak anyway. "Want cereal?"

"I want coffee," Tubbo replied, glancing at the mug next to Techno's cereal bowl.

Techno nodded. "Sure. Just don't tell Phil I let you have it at 2am," Techno paused. "For that matter, don't tell Phil I had it at 2am."

"Deal."

Techno got to his feet to grab a mug. Luckily, he'd made himself a full pot and it was still being kept warm in the coffee machine.

He kept his back to the kid, but listened carefully to his movements. The kid sat at the chair across from Techno's and there was a clunk as he sat his potted plant down on the table. Techno did not hear him trying to take a bit of the poisonous plant in the pot and slip it into Techno's cereal, so that was good.

"We have hazelnut coffee creamer. Want some?" Techno asked.

"Sure," he said.

Techno nodded. He left space to add the creamer when pouring the coffee. Then, he added a generous portion of the creamer to the mug.

He set the mug next to Tubbo, but far away from the potted plant. He didn't need to accidentally poison the kid somehow.

Tubbo took a sip of the coffee as Techno sat back down and continued to eat his cereal.

"Are you going to ask me why I'm awake?" Tubbo asked. Techno wasn't sure why, but that question seemed like a trap.

"Considering you asked for coffee at 2am, I assume you can't sleep." Techno shrugged.

"Why are you awake?"

"Wanted cereal."

The way Tubbo's eye slightly twitched told Techno there was indeed something going on in his head... that or he really shouldn't be giving teenagers 2am coffee.

Techno ate a bit more of his cereal.

Tubbo aggressively drank more of his coffee in response.

Techno slowly picked up his own coffee to take a sip of it.

Only then did Tubbo look away.

They sat in semi-companionable silence for the next few minutes. Tubbo relaxed slowly, though he never became completely calm. Techno finished his cocoa puffs and then moved on to drinking the rest of his coffee.

"You sure you don't want anything to eat?" Techno asked once he'd finished.

"No," Tubbo said.

"Cool." Techno stood to rinse his bowl and mug in the sink. "Do me a favor and dump the rest of the coffee once you're finished," Techno said once he'd semi-cleaned his dishes. "Also turn off the warmer."

Tubbo considered him. "Alright," he said. "Going to bed?"

"Going to lay in bed and listen to an audiobook," Techno told him.

Tubbo hummed. "Goodnight then."

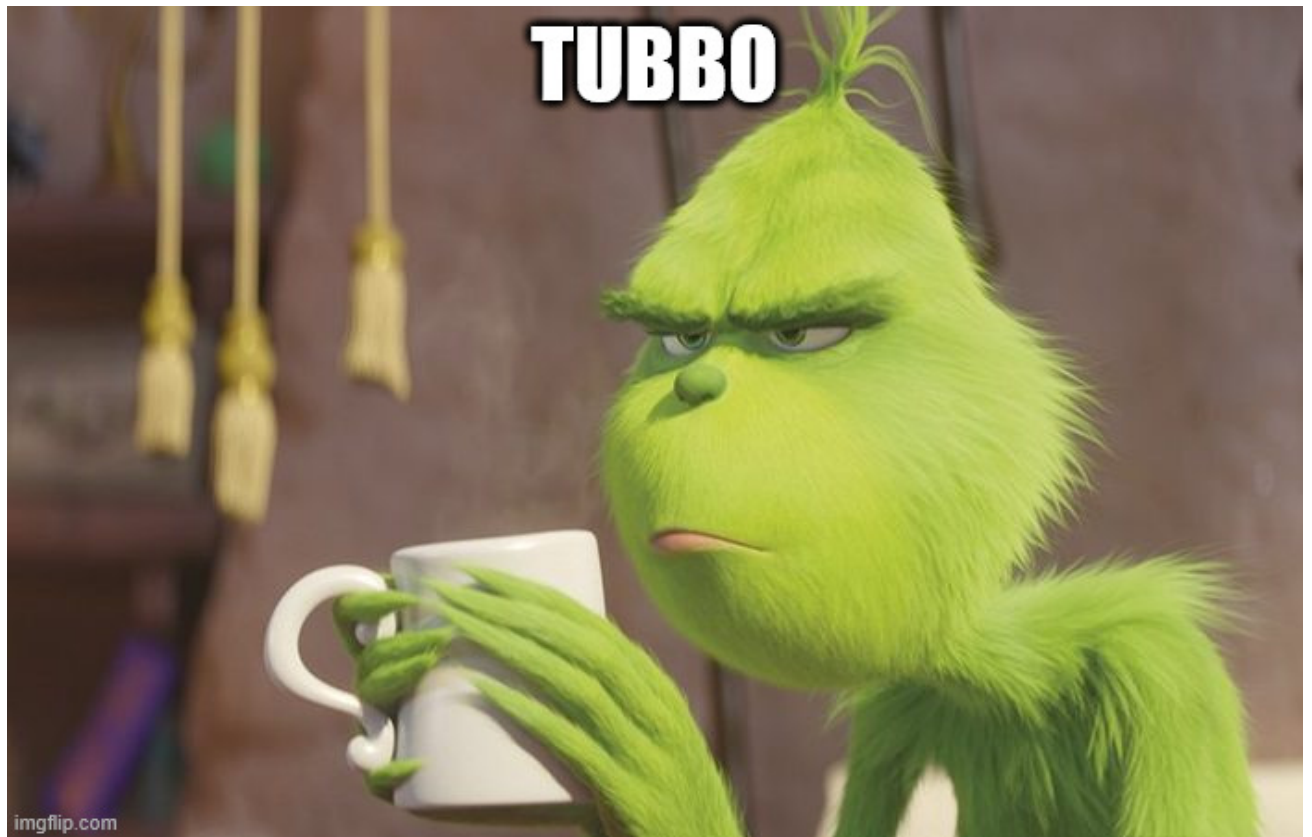
"Night."

Techno left him alone then, only slightly worried he might try to poison the food supply with his potted plant.

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Swimming Lessons (Possibly Part 1)

Chapter Notes

FYI: Two chapter happened today! I am taking prompts on Tumblr, so you'll probably get a few more short ones this week too. :)

Prompt from enby-bobinho on tumblr

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"This may have been a mistake," Techno contemplated.

"This was *such* a mistake," Wilbur groaned.

"I honestly don't know how we didn't consider this." And Techno really didn't. He'd seen Tommy use his powers in endlessly inventive ways, but he'd never thought about how they could be used in water. Or... more pertinent, *on* water.

It was the first day of the year where swimming in the pond could possibly be comfortable, and there were likely many days that would be too cold for it still upcoming. Techno liked swimming in the pond himself and they were always looking for a way to let Tommy exhaust himself, so taking the rare warm day this time of year to swim had seemed like a good idea. 5 minutes ago.

That was before Tommy had happily ran down the dock and proceeded to... continue to run across the top of the pond until he was standing in the middle of the body of water. He'd turned around to wave at them cheerfully.

It was not the fact that Tommy could, apparently, walk on water that horrified them. It was the sudden realization of what type of monster they'd just released into their pond. They had known, of course, that they were releasing a monster upon themselves by giving Tommy access to unlimited water. But a monster that could choose exactly how much water to displace with his own body-weight? That was terrifying.

It made both Techno and Wilbur hesitate at the edge of the pond. Tommy hopped happily around like he was splashing in puddles on the sidewalk.

"Hey, Tommy," Wilbur called.

"Yeah?"

"Have you considered swimming like normal?"

"Oh, I don't know how to swim!" Tommy called back cheerfully.

"You *what*?!" Wilbur shrieked. He was taking off his shoes and heading towards the end of the dock in moments. "You're in the middle of the water!"

"Well, I can float!" Tommy called back. "No one ever taught me!"

"Holy *shit*, what the fuck is wrong with the heroes?" Wilbur dived off the edge of the dock without another word and began swimming towards Tommy.

Techno glanced at Tubbo. "Can you swim?" he asked.

"My hero mentor wasn't *Dream*," Tubbo replied, the same distaste on his tongue that had been on Wilbur's a moment before. He walked about a foot onto the dock and frowned down at the water. He slipped one foot out of his flip-flop and bent down to put it in the water. After a moment, he pulled it back up and put his shoe back on. "Nope," he said. "That is not going to happen. Absolutely not."

Tubbo walked back up the dock and past Techno. He sat down in a large patch of sunlight and then glared up at Techno like he thought Techno might say something about it.

"That cold?"

"I'll swim in July."

Meanwhile, Wilbur had managed to make it to Tommy and had coaxed him further down into the water, slightly past his knees.

"What's going on out there?" Phil asked, having just arrived. He'd been the only one of them to remember they'd need towels and was carrying a stack of them.

"Tommy can walk on water," Techno said.

"Oh," Phil said. "That does not bode well."

"He also can't actually swim."

"What the fuck?" Phil asked. "Did the Guild even train him?"

"As someone who has been training him for a few months now, signs point to no."

"No," Tubbo said, leaning back into the grass. Techno noticed that a bit of the grass near his head grew longer and weaved itself together, making him something of a pillow.

Techno shook his head. "Once again, we're going to have to fix the Guild's negligence."

Tommy was almost in the water up to his waist now, however, he seemed to have gotten sick of Wilbur's coaxing and was now splashing him in the face.

"Do you think we should help him or let him deal with the wet, feral, raccoon by himself?" Techno asked Phil.

Phil raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, yeah, alright. Here we go."

Chapter End Notes

Tommy:



The Fire Burns Bright

Chapter Notes

From a prompt given on [Tumblr](#).

(To those not paying attention, this is the third chapter posted in two days... make sure you didn't miss anything.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’ll need a bit more kindling before I can start the fire,” Phil said, looking up from the pile of firewood that had been gathered already. “Will you boys go get some?”

“Sure,” Will said, getting up from the lawn chair he’d been reclining in.

“What’s kindling?” Tubbo asked, oddly curiously for him. He’d seemed intrigued by the concept of making a fire since Wilbur had first mentioned their plans for a bonfire.

“It’s, like, little sticks and bark,” Wilbur informed him.

“Why does he need that?” Tubbo asked. “He has an entire stack of big pieces of wood.”

“Those are too big,” Wilbur explained. “The fire won’t be hot enough to catch entire logs on fire at the start. Kindling lets the fire grow and get hot enough to burn the bigger pieces.”

“Huh,” he said.

“Come on, let’s go find some.”

Wilbur led him into the woods and Tubbo went willingly, surprisingly, not even hesitating when Tommy didn’t follow them.

Phil glanced up at Tommy, not questioning why he stuck back. “Want to help me get everything else set up?” Phil asked.

“Sure,” Tommy agreed. “What should I do?”

“Let’s clean out the firepit and then start putting down the tinder.”

The firepit was well maintained, but a few inches worth of leaves had fallen into it since the last time they’d used it.

“Have you ever been to a bonfire?” Phil asked as they began digging out the leaves.

“That depends,” Tommy said. “What’s the difference between a bonfire and a regular fire?”

“They’re usually bigger,” Phil said, “and always outside. They’re sometimes made for celebrations or to get rid of burnable waste, sometimes both. We’re making a pretty small one though.”

“Hmm,” Tommy said. “Maybe then. We mostly used them to cook food though.”

“We’ll be cooking food too,” Phil told him. “We’ve got hotdogs and stuff for s’mores.”

“What are s’mores?” Tommy asked.

“It’s a type of dessert,” Phil informed him and grinned when Tommy immediately looked interested.

They’d cleaned the firepit and spread out tinder by the time Wilbur and Tubbo got back with armfuls of thin sticks. While Tubbo didn’t know anything about fires, Tommy clearly knew a lot about them. He helped Phil stack the kindling and firewood in a crosshatch pattern without instruction. The lighter, however, did throw him for a loop.

“That’s so much easier!” Tommy exclaimed in awe as Phil set a piece of newspaper on fire with a click of a button. “Can I try?”

“Sure,” Phil agreed, handing over the lighter. “You have to push that button forward before clicking that one.”

Tommy took it. It took him a couple of tries to get the grip right, but then the flame flickered to life. He lit another bit of the kindling and grinned.

“Phil,” Techno said, “did you really just gift the child fire?”

Phil rolled his eyes and Tommy turned to glare at Techno. “Be careful Blade,” he said, waving the lighter threateningly. “I now have the power to burn your sheets.”

“Which is why Phil shouldn’t have given it to you,” Techno said dryly. He moved to set the roasting sticks he’d just cleaned in the kitchen on the table they’d set up nearby.

“Please, do not burn anything that isn’t firewood,” Phil requested.

Tommy sighed heavily with a grin on his face. “Fine,” he agreed. He went back to lighting the fire in a few more places before relinquishing the lighter back into Phil’s care.

Phil and Techno went to grab the food from the kitchen while the fire grew.

The sun had started to set by the time the fire was ready to cook on and the air was chilly when they stepped away from the fire.

They ended up sitting in a circle around the fire. Tommy continuously had to push Tubbo’s arm so he was holding the hotdog over the coals instead of over the flames. Eventually, he just gave Tubbo his cooked hotdog, brushed the ash off of the one Tubbo had been trying to cook, and set about cooking the second hotdog himself.

“You’re pretty good at that,” Wilbur commented. (Despite how many times Wilbur had roasted hotdogs over fires, he always was too impatient and ended up with a partially burned, partially cold one. He always ate it anyway.)

“We used to cook dead rats over our fires,” Tommy said cheerfully. Disgust immediately pinched both Wilbur and Tubbo’s faces. Technoblade just snorted out an aborted laugh.

“Well, I bet hotdogs are easier to cook than those,” Phil replied neutrally.

“And less hairy!”

Phil watched Tubbo stare at the hotdog he’d just finished slathering with mustard. He glanced at Techno briefly before shoving the hotdog into his hands.

Techno looked like he was trying very hard not to start laughing in earnest.

Wilbur, meanwhile, shoved the rest of his hotdog into his mouth, but didn’t look particularly pleased about it. “Well, that’s my cue to start on the marshmallows.”

Usually, Phil would protest breaking out the dessert already, but he didn’t say anything this time.

“Marshmallows?” Tommy asked, “Like for hot chocolate?”

“Yep,” Wilbur said, pausing to ruffle Tommy’s hair on his way to grab the bag of marshmallows as well as the rest of the s’mores supplies. “This time, we’re roasting them though.”

Wilbur tossed the bag of marshmallows at Techno when he returned, almost making Techno drop one of his two hotdogs. Techno rolled his eyes, but did finish his first hotdog in two bites so he could rip open the bag. He put four marshmallows on his roasting stick: two for Wilbur and two for himself. Then, he passed the bag to Tubbo.

No one else was ready to roast marshmallows yet, so Tubbo ended up just clutching the bag for a few minutes. Tommy ate his now finished hotdog while carefully watching Techno roasting the four marshmallows and Wilbur setting up graham crackers and chocolate on a paper plate.

After observing the s’more making process and finishing his hot dog, Tommy grabbed the bag of marshmallows from Tubbo’s lap. He also put four marshmallows on his roasting stick and held it over the fire. For it only being his first time cooking marshmallows, Phil was impressed that he only set one of them on fire once. Wilbur told him to blow on it, and he responded quickly enough to save it.

Tubbo had the rest of the s’mores prepped by the time Tommy finished roasting the marshmallows. Tommy slid them onto the graham crackers, and they ended up only a little bit messier than Wilbur and Techno’s.

It was a little harder to tell with Tubbo, but both boys seemed happy with their snack.

Phil was the only one to cook himself two hotdogs before moving onto marshmallows, but after distracting themselves from the rat roasting conversation, both Wilbur and Tubbo ended up with another hotdog. (Tommy cooked Tubbo’s for him.)

The graham crackers and chocolate were used up almost comically quickly. It wasn’t much of a surprise. Just Techno and Wilbur alone could consume more s’mores than should be humanly possible. Tommy and Tubbo gave them a run for their money.

They still had half a bag of leftover marshmallows and Techno and Tommy slowly cooked them two at a time while the fire continued to burn. Wilbur got up every so often to add a log or two to the fire. The air was freezing by the time the entire bag was finished, but it was warm near the fire.

“Alright,” Wilbur said, after polishing off his last marshmallow. “One more tradition.”

Tubbo and Tommy looked at him in interest as he pulled a bundle of fabric out from under his chair. He dumped it unceremoniously into the fire.

“My least favorite outfit of the year,” Wilbur said in explanation.

“You’re burning clothes?” Tommy asked, confused.

“I didn’t like them.”

“Did you consider just returning them to the store?” Tubbo asked.

“It’s symbolic,” Wilbur said, waving him off. “Plus, they were itchy.”

“Can I burn things too?” Tommy asked, watching the clothing start to burn.

“What would you want to burn?” Wilbur asked.

Tommy shrugged.

Phil saw Wilbur’s eyes suddenly light up brighter than the flames. “I have an idea!” he said, almost knocking down his chair before bolting into the house.

It took him a good 20 minutes to get back. His symbolic bad outfit had already burned almost completely by then, and Techno had added another log. Phil wondered what had taken him that long to find until he caught sight of the fabric he was carrying.

Ah.

Wilbur’s smile was actually evil when he handed it over to Tommy.

Tommy, of course, instantly recognized it. You didn’t exactly forget the outfit you almost bled to death in.

“I didn’t realize you’d kept this,” he said.

They had. Phil had even (tried to) clean the blood off of it before he’d been aware Tommy and his super-suit were not going to be returned to the heroes. He’d forgotten about it since.

Wilbur just shrugged, that smile still on his face. The flickering light from the fire made him look a bit deranged. Techno had sat forward in his chair to watch.

Tommy only hesitated for a few moments before tossing his old super-suit on the fire. Phil felt himself grin.

The suit was designed to be sturdy, so they needed to put another log on top of it to get it to fully burn, but it did burn in the end.

“I think I understand Wilbur’s clothes burning thing,” Tommy said decisively once the outfit was nothing but ash.

“It cathartic,” Wilbur said. His smile was a bit softer at this point, but there was still a hint of derangement to it.

Tommy turned to Tubbo. “Do you want to burn anything?” he asked.

Tubbo shook his head. “Nah,” he said. “My hero suit got destroyed before I came here.”

They didn't add any more logs to the fire after, letting it burn down until it was too cold to stay outside. They doused the fire before going back inside for the night.

Chapter End Notes

What Tubbo sees when they bring that super-suit out over the fire:



(He is... honestly... kinda correct)

A Headache Song

Chapter Notes

Prompt from [tumblr](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Something’s wrong with Techno,” Tommy said, his voice low.

“Huh?” Wilbur said, glancing across the room at Techno. They were in the training building, though Wilbur and Tubbo hadn’t really been doing much in the way of training recently. Today they’d been lazily playing a game of bean bag toss under the guise of... Tubbo didn’t even remember. Probably something to do with aiming?

Wilbur was supposed to be training Tubbo as they were both long distance fighters, but he wasn’t doing a particularly good job. Anytime Tubbo said “no” to something, Wilbur shrugged, and they just didn’t do that thing. Over the course of the last few weeks, Tubbo had said “no” to pretty much everything Wilbur suggested. The man still hadn’t gotten mad about that.

The only reason Tubbo didn’t say “no” to even coming to these things was because he wanted to keep an eye on Tommy’s training sessions with Technoblade. He was... starting to wonder if he needed to bother.

Tommy’s training sessions were a lot more intense than Tubbo’s, though not in the way training sessions at the Guild had been intense. Tommy was constantly running and jumping and weightlifting and sparing. He made Tubbo tired just watching him. He seemed to like it though, and Technoblade had yet to push it too far.

“What’s wrong with him?” Wilbur asked.

Tommy shrugged. “Dunno. Running made it worse.”

“Hmm,” Wilbur said, eyes squinted at Techno. He pursed his lips together and gave a sharp whistle that made both Tommy and Tubbo jump. Technoblade whipped around, a murderous expression on his face that had Tubbo suddenly remembering that he was a supervillain known for mowing down entire superhero teams in seconds.

Wilbur did not seem concerned; he seemed exasperated. “*You* are getting a headache,” Wilbur informed him.

Techno continued to stare at him, though the homicide in his eyes faded... somewhat.

“C’mere,” Wilbur said, beckoning him. He glanced at Tubbo and Tommy. “Everyone, grab a yoga mat. You two are doing silent yoga and I’m helping Techo’s head not explode.”

They all obeyed the instructions, moving to a smaller room in the building instead of staying in the larger arena type area. It had mirrors on all 4 walls and bright lights, though Wilbur dimmed those instantly. Techno handed both Tubbo and Tommy a printout of yoga exercises to do before laying

down face first on a yoga mat. Tubbo ignored the printout, but Tommy actually looked at the pictures for a few moments before attempting the first stretch.

“Do not do the lyrics,” Technoblade warned when Wilbur folded himself down to sit next to him.

“You *know* it doesn’t work as well without the lyrics,” Wilbur said, a downright malicious grin on his face, not that Techno could see it.

Techno groaned. “I hate you.”

“Mhmm?”

“Fine.”

With a grin, Wilbur started to sing. Tubbo’s immediate thought was that the song was stupid. He understood why Techno did not want Wilbur to use the lyrics because they were pretty dumb. He mostly just declared “this is Technoblade’s headache song” in a sing-song voice and every so often sprinkled in other lyrics and sounds.

Yet, even as Tubbo thought that, he also felt something shift in his head. Wilbur was clearly using his power, though not in the way Tubbo was familiar with. To be fair, he knew his experiences with Wilbur’s powers were rather limited. He’d mostly seen Wilbur use his powers in the little bit of training they’d done together where the man was clearly pulling punches.

Wilbur could use soundwaves to manipulate his physical environment. Mostly, this was him pushing and pulling objects around or occasionally breaking things. On one occasion where Tubbo had seen him spar with Techno, he’d used little disks to make himself a staircase Techno couldn’t follow him up.

This use of his powers was very different though. Everything Tubbo had seen from him before had been chaotic and forceful, but this was the opposite. It was incredibly precise and gentle, and it was a bit horrifying to be honest.

People who could use their powers full force to rip, tear, and destroy were dangerous of course, but ones with an abundance of control were an entirely different type of threat.

Tubbo could feel himself relaxing even though he didn’t think the song was perfectly suited for his brain. It was an odd experience, because he didn’t feel like he wanted to relax, but tension still left his shoulders.

He wondered what else Wilbur could do, and hoped he didn’t get a chance to learn.

Wilbur finished the song, and Techno didn’t bother to get off the mat or to go back to training Tommy. Tommy did a good chunk of the suggested yoga poses, but mostly they just hung out on the yoga mats until they were ready to go back to the house.

**WHEN THE "LEAST POWERFUL"
MEMBER OF THE SUPERVILLAIN
TEAM REVEALS THEY HAVE PRECISION.**



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Spring Morning; Hashbrown Breakfast

Chapter Notes

Short chapter (and the second one today)! Make sure you aren't missing some of these lol.

Prompt from thatguy99998 on [Tumblr](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil liked the springtime. The mornings were still cool, but with a warm cup of coffee in his hands and a soft sweater thrown over his pajamas, he was comfortable standing on the porch. The air was crisp and smelled like the rain that had come over night. When the wind picked up, the leaves rustled gently in the trees, and a light mist of water hit his face. The world seemed alive around him.

“That’s *cheating*.”

Very alive.

He took another sip of coffee.

“Is not.”

“You cannot challenge me to a potato growing competition and then use Tubbo’s powers.”

“I didn’t.”

“You *did*. You *clearly* did.”

Phil didn’t need creamer in his coffee, but Technoblade always had a fancy flavored one in the fridge. He switched them out about every month. March’s was chocolate chip cookie flavored. It left a sweet aftertaste on his tongue that contrasted with the familiar bitter coffee taste.

“Can’t prove it.”

“March is not potato harvesting season, Tommy. It’s barely potato planting season!”

“Maybe the potatoes wanted to grow in March.”

“Did they also want to grow in less than 24 hours?”

“... Yes.”

“Potatoes cannot be grown in less than 24 hours.”

“Skill issue, Blade.”

“Using your friend’s powers to *cheat* is a skill issue.”

Phil thought it might be a good day for a flight. He always got a little stir crazy during the winter months since it was a harder to fly when it was too cold.

“There’s no evidence of that claim.”

“The evidence is the box of potatoes in your arms.”

“I think this is just evidence that I *win*.”

“You do *not* win.”

Hashbrowns would pair nicely with the sausage links Phil had in the refrigerator. Maybe some eggs. More coffee.

“You’re a sore loser, Technoblade.”

“You’re a *cheater*.”

“And you still cannot prove that.”

He wondered if it was too early in the season to put the outside furniture on the porch. It was warmer today, but it still may snow yet. It’d be nice have somewhere to sit though.

“Phil, can I kill him?”

“No,” Phil answered, taking another sip of coffee. He really did like this coffee creamer.

“Ha!”

“There are things worse than death, Tommy.”

“Yeah, like sucking at growing potatoes.”

“That’s it. You’re going in the pond.”

Phil closed his eyes, leaning against the porch railing. Ah, the sounds of spring.

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

There's just something about the image of Phil just... peacefully drinking his morning coffee on the porch while Techno and Tommy argue on the front lawn.

Nighttime "Walks"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo had mapped out every single creaky floorboard and squeaky hinge in the SBI's house within the first month. So, sneaking out to meet up with his husband in the middle of the night wasn't too difficult.

He and Ranboo didn't always meet in the middle of the night. In the winter months there were times when just stepping outside at night was miserable. They more frequently tried to meet during the day, usually when Techno and Tommy were off training (after Tubbo had stopped attending those training sessions at least). It was easiest on the days when Wilbur decided to go with them. Phil and Tubbo tended to try to keep out of each other's ways when everyone else was gone, so it was prime sneaking around time.

However, the past couple of weeks Phil had gotten a little more... hovery for a reason Tubbo hadn't been able to discern yet. So, sneaking out during the day had become harder. He hadn't touched base with Ranboo in person for 2 weeks, so he'd decided to do a midnight run.

It was going to get even more complicated meeting with Ranboo soon; his suspension from hero work was about to end.

That looming date made Tubbo feel slightly sick. Dream had mostly ignored Ranboo in the last 6 months, in a way that would have been cruel if Tubbo wasn't constantly sneaking him food either by growing it or borrowing it from the SBI. However, Dream would not be ignoring Ranboo soon.

(Some irrational, wild part of him had started to have thoughts of bringing Ranboo here to live. He could hide him in the training center or the attic or the lava cavern below the house. On occasion, he'd even had the much more dangerous thought of bringing him to the front door.)

Speaking of, he knew how to open the front door without making the hinges squeak. There was only really a danger of it when it was about 1/3 of the way open. If he was slow and patient, it would open silently.

He stepped into the front room, happy for the warmth. It may be spring now, but it was still pretty cold at night. He closed the door softly behind him and turned. He paused when he saw someone on the couch.

The first few times, Tubbo had freaked when he'd been caught sneaking out like this, but the panic over it had faded by now.

It was just Ghostbur.

They met eyes; somehow, Ghostbur's unnatural glowing void eyes no longer freaked Tubbo out.

"Hello Tubbo," Ghostbur said.

"Hey, Ghostbur," Tubbo replied.

"Have a nice walk?"

The way he said it made Tubbo unsure if he really did believe Tubbo's claims that he liked going on midnight walks sometimes or if he was fully aware it was bullshit. What Tubbo was sure about was that he'd never snitched to Wilbur or the other two for that matter. So, it wasn't really a concern.

"It was fine," Tubbo told him. "What are you doing out here?"

"Waiting for you," Ghostbur answered, and began to explain before Tubbo could even frown. "You only put the Do Not Disturb sign on red if you're planning to go on a walk."

...Dammit. That really defeated the purpose of the Do Not Disturb sign.

"Right," Tubbo said with a sigh. "Yeah, that makes sense."

"I brought you a cookie," Ghostbur said cheerfully. "In case you got hungry on your walk."

He gestured at a plate on the coffee table.

"Thanks, Ghostbur," Tubbo said, moving to sit on the couch next to him. At one point, he probably would have refused this, but he'd found it was better just to indulge the ghost. (Also, the cookies in this house were always good.)

The ghost seemed happy about his acquiescence, bobbing up and down just slightly as Tubbo picked up the cookie.

"Can I ask you a question, Ghostbur?" Tubbo asked. "One I don't want you to share I asked."

"Of course," said Ghostbur, his voice soft and genuine like always.

Tubbo hesitated, unsure the exact thing he wanted to ask. "You can sort of teleport as a ghost, right?"

"Yep," Ghostbur confirmed.

"But only as a ghost, and you can't take anyone along?"

"Uh huh."

Tubbo thought for a moment and chewed on the cookie. "Do you think the SBI would consider a teleporter an asset?"

Ghostbur looked at him for a moment with slightly puckered lips. "I think that a teleporter would be welcomed."

"Hmm. Okay."

Ghostbur continued to watch him with uncharacteristic intensity as Tubbo finished the cookie. Yet, he didn't question Tubbo further unlike anyone else would have (including Wilbur).

"I think I'm going to head to bed," Tubbo told him. He stood up and hesitated before rolling up his hoodie sleeve. "You can leave blue if you want," he said.

Ghostbur looked ecstatic at the offer. He reached forward to briefly press a cold thumb into the crook of Tubbo's arm.

"Night," Tubbo said, when he drew back.

“Goodnight, Tubbo,” Ghostbur said with a smile. “Sleep well.”

Chapter End Notes



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

Fits the Crime

Chapter Summary

From a [tumblr prompt](#).

I really, really like this one. I have no idea if I did justice to what I see in my head, but here this is! (I'm going to go lay on the floor for a bit.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“But I’m *bored*,” Tommy bemoaned. “It hasn’t been swollen since the first day, and it doesn’t even hurt at all anymore!”

“Doctor’s orders,” Techno replied, zipping up his coat.

“The ‘doctor’ is Wilbur and he’s being a prick,” Tommy whined back. He’d been allowed to walk to the couch today instead of being carried by Phil or Techno, but he still was not content with his limited mobility.

“Don’t want to be on ankle rest for a week, don’t train on an injured ankle,” Techno said simply.

“This is just a punishment at this point,” Tommy grumbled. He was currently covered with two blankets and had a stack of pillows. The remote and the game controller were within his reach, and he had a cup of steaming tea. He’d also been provided with a small pile of snacks that he hadn’t yet touched today.

Technoblade would roll his eyes and say Tommy didn’t know what punishment was except for, of course, the fact that he very clearly did.

“It’s not a punishment,” Techno said, calmly. “You were injured, and you need time to heal.”

“I’m fine!”

“I also have the right not to train you when I don’t want to,” Techno reminded. “I do not want to be the cause of worsening injuries, and I can’t trust you to communicate your own pain. Watching someone I am trying to help become stronger repeatedly injure themselves is not something I want.”

“And I’m sure you’d refuse to train Phil or Wilbur if they insisted to train after an injury.”

“First, yes, I would. Second, they wouldn’t be arguing with me about it to begin with.”

Techno saw a muscle tick in Tommy’s jaw.

“You can train with me tomorrow when you’ve been cleared for all activity,” Techno promised, “and we’ll do something fun when I get back.”

“Training’s fun,” Tommy muttered.

“What if I say, your training for today is to do the ankle stretches Wilbur prescribed?”

Tommy glared at him.

Techno sighed. “You have the time and space to heal here. Just take it. I’ll be back in an hour.”

He grumbled something under his breath, but Techno chose to ignore him, leaving to go train. Hopefully, Tommy would be in a less tetchy mood when he returned.

However, this wasn’t to be so. When Techno returned to the house an hour later, it was to a sulking lump of blankets on the couch. Tommy hadn’t moved except to throw a blanket over his own head to express his current abject misery.

“I’m back,” Techno said. The blanket pile deliberately did not stir. Techno sighed and walked over to the couch. “Pouting doesn’t work on me,” Techno said. “We can go on a walk if you’re really feeling that stir crazy.”

The blanket pile stayed still.

...

The blanket pile stayed *suspiciously* st-

Weight descended on him before his ears managed to register the sound of rushing air. The weight was less than Tommy’s actual weight, but it was enough to push Techno slightly off balance as arms locked around his neck and legs wrapped around waist from behind. Before Techno had time to regain his balance, Tommy’s weight suddenly became much heavier for a split second. They toppled backwards.

Techno currently had a lot of regrets. First and foremost, teaching the bastard how to do that.

They did not hit the ground hard luckily. If Tommy hadn’t had the forethought to use his powers, he would have been crushed by Techno’s weight.

Techno stared for a brief moment at the ceiling fan above them. The ceiling fan that Tommy had most certainly been hanging from a moment before.

“You *despicable* creature,” Techno said. He used the coffee table to leverage himself up and off of the child and into a standing position. “Why are you like this?” he asked, looking down at the child still laying between the couch and the coffee table.

Tommy’s expression was different than what Techno had expected. He’d expected the mischievous expression Tommy normally had whenever sowing chaos, but instead, Techno saw something flinty. His eyes were like stones and his mouth was set in a line. “What are you going to do about it?” he asked, sitting up. He pushed himself up with the coffee table’s help, but he didn’t stand. Instead, he sat on the couch. Techno thought it was supposed to make him look relaxed and casual, like he didn’t care. However, he looked like he might strain a neck muscle with how tense he was.

What... *was* this? Techno wondered. “I think I’ve made it perfectly clear in the past what I’ll ‘do about it,’” Techno said.

“Yeah, well, then go ahead,” Tommy said, sounding almost... vindicated? Yeah... that wasn’t the normal Tommy reaction to something like this. Normal Tommy would have bolted by now, and Techno honestly did not think the ankle would have stopped him despite the fact that he hadn’t been

medically cleared for running. Techno would have been dragging him out of a tree by now probably. Normal Tommy would have been laughing as Techno did so.

This Tommy looked like he did when he expected one of them to actually be mad at him. At least, half the time, this is what he looked like. Sometimes he would get small and quiet when he thought they were mad at him, and that's not what this was. This was the defiant Tommy, the angry one, the one that dared them to punish him.

And that's when it clicked for Techno what was happening. Earlier, Tommy had accused Techno of punishing him by not training him the past week. Techno had thought it was just him being dramatic and grumpy, but perhaps not.

In the last hour, it seemed Tommy had convinced himself that if he pissed Techno off, Techno would extend his suspension from training, thereby proving that it was indeed a punishment and not, in fact, about Tommy's health.

Luckily, the most convenient cure for that maladapted mindset was for Techno to do exactly what he'd planned to do.

"Alright, come here," Techno said. He bent down to pick Tommy up.

Tommy went surprisingly docilely considering he was in a defiant mood, but then again, he'd gotten used to being carried around the last week. Perhaps he just thought Techno was taking him somewhere else to have this conversation, and he wasn't letting Tommy walk because of the ankle rest. The fool.

Techno did hesitate for a split second because it was February and freezing, which made things difficult. A solution came to mind a moment later however, and he turned to walk down the hallway towards the kitchen. That was not his destination, however.

He paused in front of the cabinet that hid the entrance to the basement and looked at Tommy's face. He was still scowling defiantly. "We are going into the supervillain basement," Techno told him. "I am not locking you in a cell or anything like that. I just need something down there. Do not panic."

He looked surprised and confused by Techno's statement, clearly wondering what Techno could possibly need downstairs to tell Tommy he was banned from training. He was clearly too caught up on what he thought was going to happen to realize what was happening, even though Techno had spelled it out for him the last time he'd jumped Techno. L for him.

"I know you're not," Tommy said, rolling his eyes. "I won't panic."

Yet, despite his assurances, Techno found Tommy was a bit heavier to carry as they walked down the steps. It wasn't much and it clearly wasn't something conscious on his part. (If it was, Techno wouldn't be able to hold him.) It was a sign he was anxious about their destination though.

Tommy knew the layout of their secret base well by now (even though no one had ever given him a tour), and when Techno's path took them far away from the cells, Tommy's weight lightened once again.

"Why are we going towards the generator?"

"I think you really should already know," Techno said. Tommy just looked even more confused. It was hilarious.

They kept walking until Techno found the exact room he was looking for.

“What’s this?” Tommy asked, his brain clearly scrambling for an explanation.

“This is a pool of water we maintain in case we ever need to cool the generator or need an emergency source of water,” Techno said, standing next to the about 6-foot-deep carved out water filled area. They’d set up filters when they’d built the pool to keep the water clean and routinely dumped and refilled it with underground pipes from the lake. It was not big enough to swim in, but Wilbur had on occasion used it to “pre-bathe” as he called it after getting particularly messy on missions. Techno looked down and raised an eyebrow at Tommy. “It’s basically just an underground portion of the lake.”

Techno watched as the synapses finally connected in Tommy’s brain. “Wait.”

Techno dropped him into the water.

Tommy came up sputtering a moment later, and he grabbed the three-rung ladder on the side of the pool. “You bitch! You fucking bitch!”

“I told you last time what would happen if you jumped me again,” Techno said. “What did you expect to happen?”

“You! You! Ugh!”

“Count yourself lucky I was nice enough not to make you do a polar plunge.”

Tommy paused in his quest to climb up the ladder to flip Techno off. Techno just smirked.

“You’re cleared to walk, but if you want, I can carry you back upstairs,” Techno offered once Tommy was standing, dripping wet, on solid ground.

“Go fuck yourself, Technoblade,” Tommy said, already turning to walk back in the direction they’d come from.

“It’s your last day on ankle rest,” Techno called after him. “So, if you need to be carried, just say something.”

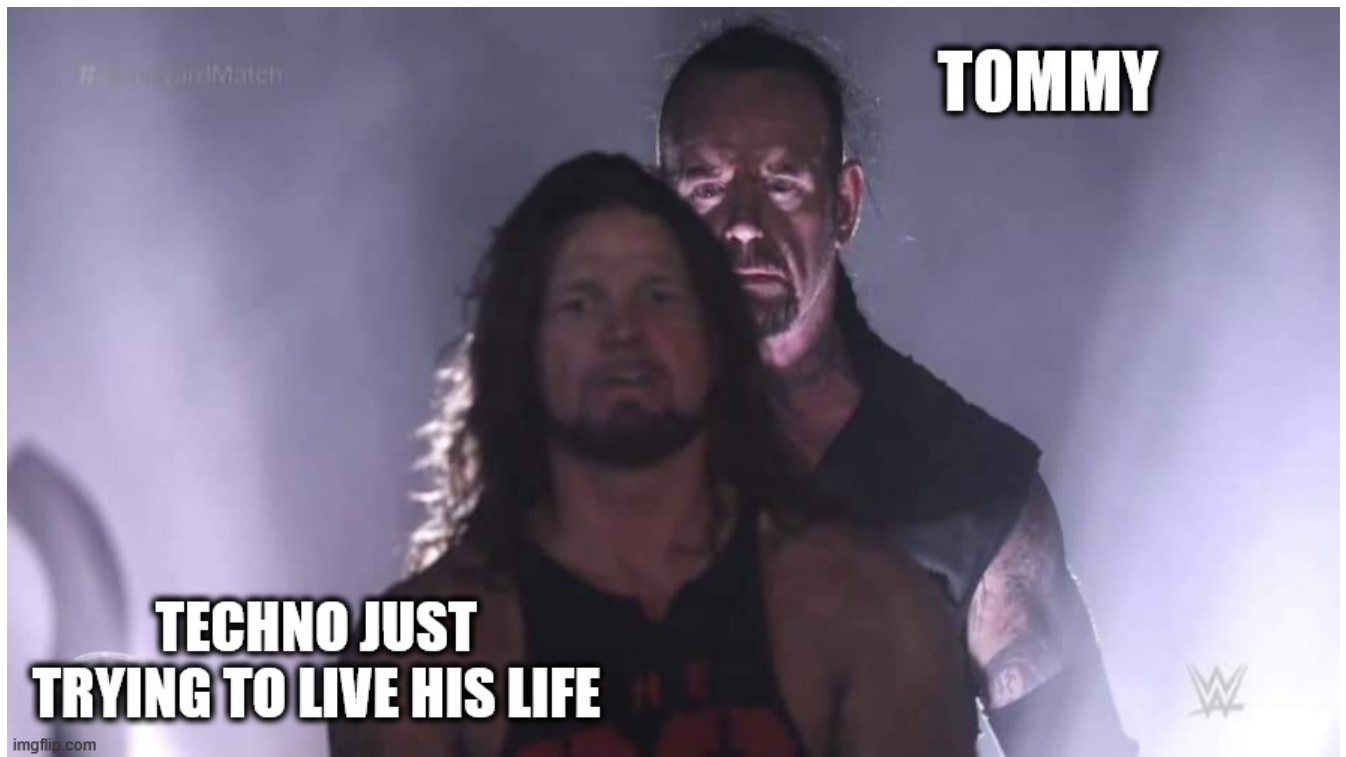
Tommy turned to look back at him. Techno raised both eyebrows. “You’re going to regret this, Technoblade.” He turned back around and continued to walk.

Techno snorted. “Sure kid.”

With his head start and Techno’s leisurely pace, Tommy made it upstairs about 10 seconds before Techno.

The little monster used that time to walk directly into Techno’s bedroom and lay on his bed.

At least this time, the expression on Tommy’s face when he turned to look at Techno was exactly what was expected: evil bastard.



[from Imgflip Meme Generator](#)

(Pumpkin) Seeds of Learning

Chapter Summary

(Aka: No, Techno, please, don't pavlovian the children with pumpkin seeds.

Chapter Notes

From a [tumblr prompt](#). (I am not currently taking prompts.)

Also, note that I don't have a lot of experience teaching people to read, especially almost adult people and ones with dyslexia. To be fair, neither does Techno, and he's trying his best. If anything seems very wrong, I do apologize.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“This is Tahoma,” Techno said, placing a sheet of printer paper on the desk in front of Tubbo. Tubbo glared up at Techno like Techno had just killed his first-born child. A few months ago, Techno would have been anticipating a tree branch busting into their home “library” and through Techno’s chest. But “murderous” just happened to be Tubbo’s default slightly cranky expression. He was only actually pissed when his face went blank. So, Techno just patted him on the head. “Have fun. Let me know what you think.”

Tubbo grumbled something spiteful under his breath, but the kid didn’t *have* to be here. Yet, here he was. Techno turned away from him.

Tommy was, as expected, slumped in the old bean bag chair. He looked comfortable even though his “chair” inched closer to being a rug every time it was used. “What about you?” Techno asked.

Tommy raised his arm up, his hand holding a thin book aloft as though in victory. “Finished it.”

“And what did you think?” Technoblade asked, taking it from him.

“Peter Pan’s a dick.”

Techno nodded. “An accurate literary analysis.” He handed Tommy a sheet of printer paper as well, though his was in Times New Roman. “You know what to do with this by now.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Tommy said, taking the sheet and attaching it to a clipboard. He picked up the dictionary he’d stored on the shelf next to him and opened it to look up the first vocabulary word on the page.

His handwriting really was atrocious, Techno thought as he began to write out the first definition. It was perhaps even worse than Tubbo’s (which was saying something), but it had gotten more legible as time had passed.

Tubbo was mouthing the words of his short story as he read. He didn't like Techno hovering over him, so Techno took a seat in a spare desk chair next to Tommy's beanbag chair. It was mostly quiet for a few minutes. Techno watched Tommy slowly fill out his vocab sheet. (Tommy was the opposite of Tubbo; he didn't mind Techno watching him work.)

"Done," Tubbo eventually said.

"Cool," Techno said, standing up to move back over to the desk. He grabbed an old iPod and scrolled to the right file. "Here's the audio version." Tubbo accepted the iPod and the headphones but looked up at him expectantly. Techno put a handful of roasted pumpkin seeds in a bowl next to him. Satisfied, Tubbo began the audio file, eyes dutifully on the piece of paper while he reached for a pumpkin seed.

Techno did not know if bribing children with pumpkin seeds was an approved method of teaching them to read, but it seemed to soothe Tubbo's resentment about being asked to read the same thing multiple times.

Speaking of, Tommy had finished his vocab sheet at this point. Techno handed him his laptop so he could type up the sentences he'd just written down. (This was partially so Tommy got more experience typing and was partially so Techno could actually read the sentences he made up for every vocab word.) Tommy also got a handful of pumpkin seeds so he wouldn't complain about having to write his sentences a second time.

They continued to work in silence for a bit more (well, silence except for the pumpkin seed chewing). Techno eventually handed Tubbo a reading comprehension worksheet for the short story he'd read before moving on to grading the vocab sheet Tommy had filled out and making him correct a few sentences that didn't make sense. Each child got another handful of pumpkin seeds at this point.

Tommy finished his vocab sheet corrections before Tubbo finished his worksheet and was rewarded with more pumpkin seeds. Then, Techno helped him pick out a new book to read. After a few minutes of deliberation, he ended up with *The Wizard of Oz*.

Tommy started the new book silently while Techno talked through the reading comprehension worksheet with Tubbo. They went over what he'd gotten wrong and what he'd gotten right. For the ones that were wrong, Techno had him go back through the story and highlight where he could find the correct answer. He only struggled with a few of the corrections and was able to fix them with some prompting from Techno. (He only looked semi-murderous while doing so.) Techno gave him another handful of pumpkin seeds once they were done.

Once he knew Tubbo was done with his reading, Tommy instantly became more talkative, giving a running commentary on what was happening in the book he was reading every few lines while Tubbo finished eating his pumpkin seeds.

"How was Tahoma?" Techno asked Tubbo.

"Shit," Tubbo said instantly, but then seemed to think about it for a moment more, "but better than Calibri."

"Good to know," Techno said, making a mental note of that for next time. He also made a mental note to get some more pumpkin seeds.

Chapter End Notes

Five Years Later:

Tubbo: (Reads a billboard on a road trip)

Tubbo: Why am I craving seeds?

End Notes

The first chapter of this fic is a timeline guide for these because they're getting a little hard for people to sort through lol.

In recent news about Technoblade, I made a statement regarding if this and my other fics will be continued [here](#). The short answer is yes.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!